This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 06730213 7

SPENSER.

——— forgat his furious force.
Instead thereof he kist her wearie feet.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

VOL. II.

SPENSER, &c.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY MITCHELL, AMES, AND WHITE.
William Brown, Printer.
1819.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the sixteenth day of Ma
in the forty-third year of the independence of the United St
of America, A. D. 1819, Ezekiel Sanford, of the said district, h
deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof
claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"The Works of the British Poets. With Lives of the Authors
Ezekiel Sanford."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United St
entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by se
ing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors
proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned
And also to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an
entitled, 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by secu
the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and prop
tors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,'
extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engrav
and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylva

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

SELECT POEMS OF EDMUND SPENSER.

Page

Life of the Author, ... 3

THE FAERIE QUEENE, BOOK I.

Containing the Legend of the Knight of the Red Cross, or of Holiness, ... 19

Canto I. 20
Canto II. 37
Canto III. 51
Canto IV. 64
Canto V. 80
Canto VI. 96
Canto VII. 111
Canto VIII. 127
Canto IX. 143
Canto X. 160
Canto XI. 181
Canto XII. 198

SELECTIONS FROM BOOK II. OF THE FAERIE QUEENE.

Guyon and Cymochles, ... 211

Sir Guyon, *guided by* the palmer, Temperance, *passes the dangers* of the Temple of Bliss, 223

SELECTIONS FROM BOOK III. OF THE FAERIE QUEENE.

Page
Glause and Britomart exploring the cave of Merlin, ... 240
Belphœbe finds Timias wounded, and conveys him to her dwelling, ... 245
Sonnets, ... 251
Epithalamion, ... 253
Hymn—On Heavenly Love, ... 260
On Heavenly Beauty, ... 270

SELECT POEMS OF SAMUEL DANIEL.

Life of the Author, ... 283
The Complaint of Rosamond, ... 287
Ulysses and the Syren, ... 318

SELECT POEMS OF MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Life of the Author, ... 323
Nymphidia: the Court of Fairy, ... 327
The Moon-Calf, ... 349

THE

WORKS

OF THE

RITISH POETS.

WITH

VES OF THE AUTHORS,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

VOL. II.

SPENSER, &c.

PHILADELPHIA:
ED BY MITCHELL, AMES, AND WHITE.
William Brown, Printer.
1819.

District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

T REMEMBERED, that on the sixteenth day of March,
rty-third year of the independence of the United States
ica, A. D. 1819, Ezekiel Sanford, of the said district, hath
l in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he
proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

orks of the British Poets. With Lives of the Authors,
Ezekiel Sanford."

nformity to the act of the Congress of the United
"An act for the encouragement of learning, by
copies of maps, charts, and books, to the auth
ors of such copies, during the times therein menti
to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary
'An act for the encouragement of learning, b
es of maps, charts, and books, to the authors a
uch copies, during the times therein men
g the benefits thereof to the arts of designin
ing historical and other prints."

D. CALD
Clerk of the Eastern District

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

SELECT POEMS OF EDMUND SPENSER.

Page

: of the Author, ... 3

THE FAERIE QUEENE, BOOK I.

taining the Legend of the Knight of the Red
ross, or of Holiness, ... 19
Canto I. 20
Canto II. 37
Canto III. 51
Canto IV. 64
Canto V. 80
Canto VI. 96
Canto VII. 111
Canto VIII. 127
Canto IX. 143
Canto X. 160
Canto XI. 181
Canto XII. 198

ECTIONS FROM BOOK II. OF THE FAERIE QUEENE.

/on and Cymochles, ... 211
Guyon, guided by the palmer, Temperance,
asses the dangers of the Temple of Bliss, 225

SELECTIONS FROM BOOK III. OF THE FAERIE QUEENE.

Page
Glause and Britomart exploring the cave of Merlin, ... 240
Belphœbe finds Timias wounded, and conveys him to her dwelling, ... 245
Sonnets, ... 251
Epithalamion, ... 253
Hymn—On Heavenly Love, ... 260
On Heavenly Beauty, ... 270

SELECT POEMS OF SAMUEL DANIEL.

Life of the Author, ... 283
The Complaint of Rosamond, ... 287
Ulysses and the Syren, ... 318

SELECT POEMS OF MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Life of the Author, ... 323
Nymphidia: the Court of Fairy, ... 327
The Moon-Calf, ... 349

SELECT POEMS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

FROM DR. AIKIN.

LIFE OF SPENSER.

THE early efforts in poetry of all nations are necessarily rude and imperfect. Many attempts must be made, before a barbarous language can be so disciplined into correctness of diction, and melody of sound, as to afford a material which even genius itself can work into any thing truly excellent. And when improvement has proceeded so far that lines and passages are to be found deserving of real admiration, these will long be of rare occurrence, like specks of gold in a matrix of brute earth. Productions of such a period, however interesting they may be to the critical enquirer into the history of national literature, will give more disgust than pleasure to one who reads for amusement only, and who has already formed his taste upon the best models of different ages and countries.

It might be difficult to determine with whom of the English poets commences that degree of masterly execution which is capable of satisfying a cultivated taste; but that Spenser is within this limit, will hardly be questioned by any one who has sufficiently familiarised himself with his writings to disregard the uncouthness of an antiquated diction. His name, too, by long possession, has obtained a permanent rank among the major poets of the na-

tion; so that the student of English verse cannot, even through regard to his reputation, safely remain altogether unacquainted with the works of one who fills such a space in the history of his art. As the undoubted head of a peculiar class of writers, Spenser, too, claims the notice of literary curiosity; for no adequate idea can be formed of the extent to which personification and allegory may be carried, without a perusal of parts of the *Faery Queene*.

Few of the eminent English writers are less known by authentic biographical records than Spenser; and it is necessary to be contented with such a defective and partly dubious account of him as can be derived from a few traditionary notices, and from circumstances incidentally alluded to in his works.

Edmund Spenser was born in London, probably of obscure parentage, since he has given us no information on that point. He was entered as a sizer (the lowest order of students) at Pembroke-hall, Cambridge, in the year 1569. From this date may with probability be inferred that of his birth, which has been strangely misrepresented in the inscription on his tomb. Supposing him, when he entered at the university, to have been sixteen, the usual academical age at that period, he must have been born about the year 1553. He took the degrees of bachelor and master of arts, the latter in 1576, in which year he was an unsuccessful competitor for a fellowship. Mortification for this disappointment probably drove him from college; and we find that he took up his residence for some time in the north, but in what quality we do not learn. Here, an accident of importance in a poet's life occurred, that of his falling in love. His mistress, whom he has commemorated under the name of Rosalinde, after leading him through the usual vicissitudes of a love adventure, finally deserted

him. Nothing could be more natural, than that such a circumstance should, in a mind addicted to the muses, produce pastoral poetry; accordingly, he wrote his "*Shepheards Calender*," a part of which is devoted to amorous complaints, and of which the general strain is serious and pensive. This he published in 1579, dedicated, under the humble signature of *Immerito*, to Mr. afterwards Sir Philip Sidney. To the acquaintance of this celebrated person he was introduced by a friend named Gabriel Harvey.

It is not to be doubted that Sidney was a warm and liberal friend to Spenser. He caused him to quit his rural retreat, and try his fortune at court; and by his means Spenser was made known to the earl of Leicester, and finally to queen Elizabeth. The earl of Leicester's friendship produced some valuable fruits. In 1579 he sent Spenser upon some commission to France; and it was probably through this nobleman's recommendation, that he was appointed secretary to Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton, when he went as lord-deputy to Ireland, in 1580. In this situation Spenser displayed those talents for business, which many examples show to be very compatible with a genius for elegant literature. He wrote a "Discourse on the State of Ireland," containing many judicious observations on the schemes of policy proper for that country. His services to the crown were rewarded with a grant of 3028 acres in the county of Cork, out of the vast forfeited property of the earl of Desmond:—an ample possession, upon an insecure tenure; like all those which different rebellions have conveyed from Irish to English proprietors, and which have been usually bestowed with a profuseness proportional to the celerity with which they were acquired. Spenser's residence was the castle of Kilcolman near Doneraile, one of the Earl of Desmond's seats. Here he describes himself in

the style of pastoral poetry, as keeping his sheep "under the foot of Mole, that mountain hore," and frequenting "the cooly shade of the green alders by the Mulla's shore;"—names which have in some measure been rendered classical by his Muse. It was here that he first received a visit from that splendid character, Sir Walter Raleigh, then a captain under Lord Grey. In his pastoral fiction, Spenser gives Raleigh the title of the *Shepherd of the Ocean*, and highly extols his courtesy and elegant accomplishments. Raleigh proved his friendship by some court services which he rendered the poets; indeed Spenser says, that he "first enhanced to him the grace of his queen." Perhaps he was instrumental in procuring from the crown a confirmation of Spenser's grant of land, which he obtained in 1585. They went together to England, where it seems that our poet wished to obtain a settlement, rather than to continue in a country which, whatever might be its rural charms, was little better than barbarous in point of society and civilization. It might be during his attendance on the court in this visit, that he was made fully sensible of the chagrins and mortifications which he has so forcibly described in the following best lines of his "Mother Hubbard's Tale:"

> Full little knowest thou that hast not try'd,
> What hell it is in suing long to byde;
> To lose good days that might be better spent,
> To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
> To speed to-day, to be put back to morrow,
> To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
> To have thy prince's grace, yet want her peers',
> To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
> To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares,
> To eat thy heart with comfortless despairs;
> To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
> To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.

Spenser returned to Ireland; and if the leisure of *an involuntary* retreat was the cause of his writing

the Faery Queene, we must rejoice at the disappointment of his wishes, which detached him from the obscure group of placemen and courtiers. Of that poem, it appears from the author's letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, that the whole plan was formed, and three books were written, in the beginning of 1589. These were published with a dedication to Queen Elizabeth, in 1590; and it can scarcely be doubted, that in a learned and poetical age they would excite much notice and admiration. The queen rewarded him for his poetry and compliments by a pension of *50l.* per annum, granted in February, 1591, and he may thenceforth be considered as her *laureate*, though the title was not formally given him.

It was not till his fortieth year that he repaired the loss of his Rosalinde, by a marriage with "a country lass of low degree," but who had a stock of charms sufficient to inspire the happy lover with matter for a very poetical and rapturous epithalamium. It is to be supposed, that with such a partner his life passed more agreeably in his rural banishment, and that he ceased to regret that court, the disquiets of which he had so acutely felt. In 1596 he published a new edition of the Faery Queene, with the addition of three more books, which only half completed his design. If the traditionary story be true, that the remaining six books were lost by a servant who had the charge of bringing them over to England, the event may be reckoned among the most afflictive that could happen to a poet, and would probably be felt by him as severely as his subsequent misfortune of the plunder of his house, and the destruction of his whole property, in the rebellion of Tyrone. He himself was driven for refuge to England, where he soon after died, in 1598, probably a victim to grief or despondence. He was interred in Westminster-abbey, near the remains of his poetical father, Chaucer, and at the

charge of the noble minded, though imprudent and unfortunate, Earl of Essex. Several of his brother poets (Shakespeare was probably of the number) attended his obsequies, and threw into his grave copies of verses to his honour. Jonson held the pall. Nothing is known of his family or posterity, further than that one of his descendants came over from Ireland in king William's reign, as a claimant of his estate.

Of the manners, conversation, and private character of Spenser, we have no information from contemporaries; our conclusions must therefore be only drawn from his writings, and the few known events of his life. To the intimate friend of Sidney and Raleigh, especially of the former, it is reasonable to attribute virtue as well as genius. His works breathe a fervent spirit of piety and morality; and it would be difficult to conceive any thing base or dissolute in conduct, in conjunction with the dignity of sentiment which is uniformly supported in the productions of his Muse. A querulous disposition, however, occasionally breaks forth; nor does he seem to have been contented while enjoying a fortune more affluent than usually falls to the lot of a poet. He paid considerable court to the great, but without that extravagance of adulation which was not uncommon even among the eminent persons of that age. He possessed friends as well as patrons, and his death was lamented as a public loss to the literature of his country.

We are now to speak of Spenser in his poetical capacity. Fraught with the stores of ancient learning and of the school-philosophy of his time, and conversant with the poets of Italy, and the tales of popular romance, he came fully prepared for the execution of any plan of poetical invention which his genius, modelled by the taste of the age, might suggest; and he found his native language sufficiently cultivated to serve as a vehicle of poetical

conceptions of any class. The revival of letters had not as yet produced in Europe the revival of that pure and natural taste which distinguished the best periods of Greece and Rome. A passion for marvellous adventure, carried to the limits of the absurd and burlesque, and a disposition to veil truth under the disguise of allegory, characterized the writers who were the favourites of the day. Spenser did not possess that rare elevation of genius which places a man above the level of the age; but he had the richness of invention, and the warmth of feeling, which present the manner of the age in its highest form. His first performance the *Shepheard's Calender* did not, however, indicate a marked superiority over the contemporary poets of his country.

The *Faery Queene*, the inseparable companion of Spenser's fame, is one of the most singular poems extant in our language; and, from the unfinished state in which we possess it, we should probably have found it impossible to form a clear conception of the author's plan in writing it, had he not, in a letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, prefixed to the publication of the first three books, given its general argument. We there learn, that his leading purpose—a truly noble one—was to train a person of rank in "virtuous and gentle discipline," by exhibiting a perfect example of the twelve private moral virtues, as they are enumerated by Aristotle. This is done in "a continued allegory or dark conceit," rendered more dark than the usual obscurity of allegorical fiction, by an extraordinary involution of the plot. The general hero, or image of perfect excellence, is the British prince Arthur, so renowned in legendary history; yet each several book has its particular hero, whose adventures allegorically display the exercise of that virtue which is the proper subject of the book. In order, therefore, to preserve the unity of the whole,

Prince Arthur is occasionally introduced as an auxiliary of these allegorical knights, in their most dangerous adventures. The quality peculiarly attributed to him is magnificience, which, in modern language, would perhaps rather be termed magnanimity, or greatness of soul, as being the sum and perfection of all the other virtues. He is enamoured in a vision with the beauty of the *Faery* Queene, and comes to seek her in Faery Land: and this is the grand fable of the piece. But while the Faery Queene represents glory in the general intention, she is also, in the particular meaning, a type of Queen Elizabeth, whose dominion is the Faery Land. Arthur, then, wooes glory in his proper person; and the *time* of the fable is represented to be that of the real commencement of his history, part of which is here copied from Geoffrey of Monmouth. But Queen Elizabeth, or Gloriana is likewise identified by circumstances in her real history; and the great persons in her court are frequently alluded to in the characters of the fairy or allegorical knights. And, as if all this confusion were not sufficient to perplex the reader, Spenser had thought proper to reserve till the twelfth or last book, the developement of the occasion which puts all his knights in motion; and which, it seems was to be an annual feast kept by the Faery Queen for twelve days; on each of which, in conformity to the manners of chivalry, some distressed damsel orphan, or other sufferer under injustice and oppression, appears as a suitor for aid, and receives from the queen a champion. The reason given by the poet for delaying this piece of information is that he might imitate his epic predecessors, in breaking at once into the action, without the formality of an historical introduction. But to suffer the whole action to elapse, before the reader is made properly acquainted with the actors, and the cause in which they are engaged, is surely a vio

lent sacrifice to a principle, the justness of which, even in a much more sober application, may be questioned. On commencing the Faery Queene, it is now impossible, without consulting the author's prefatory epistle, to conceive that it is to have any other subject than the adventures of the Red Cross Knight; or to form any notion concerning the title of the poem, and the connection this imaginary *Queen* is to have with its persons and events.

From this view of the plans of Spenser's great poem, it will probably appear that its merit consists rather in affording a boundless field for the range of fancy, than in that concentration of the interest upon some one important point, which is the essential character of the genuine epic. Were each book, indeed, to be regarded as a separate and complete piece, having its own distinct hero, this effect might be said to be in some measure produced; but such was not the author's intention, since he avowedly aims at connecting the whole by means of his general hero, Prince Arthur. But this personage, who seldom appears but as a subordinate and auxiliary character, and in some of the books absolutely performs nothing, can only, in the theory of the poem be regarded as serving this purpose; in the practice, he is found to excite little either of curiosity or interest. Relinquishing, therefore, any further consideration of plan or design, we shall proceed to consider Spencer's character as an allegorical painter, in the detached figures and groups which strike the eye in ranging through his gallery of pictures.

The groundwork of all Spenser's fictions is the system of chivalry, as displayed in the romances of the time, and in the principal productions of Italian poetry. Knights wandering in search of adventures, distressed ladies, giants, Saracens, savages, dragons, enchantments, forests, and castles, were

the materials with which these creations of the fancy were fabricated. Some of them professed to be histories, or real narrations; but in many "more was meant than met the ear," and moral or metaphysical ideas were darkly presented under the garb of visible beings. So meritorious was thought this alliance of a secret meaning with an obvious one, that Tasso, after he had formed a noble epic poem on the basis of true history, and indeed with an uncommon attention to reality in manners and characters, thought it advisable to add a key to the whole, by which it was turned into a theological allegory. Fortunately, this appears to have been a mere afterthought, which had no influence upon the plan and conduct of the poem. Ariosto, on the other hand, who is generally a simple narrator of adventures, given as real, however extravagant, occasionally intermixed fictions of pure allegory. But Spenser is throughout allegorical in his design, except as far as he meant to interweave the legendary tales of ancient British history, on account of their connection with his human hero, Prince Arthur. All his other heroes are virtues personified by knights-errant; and this uniformity of fiction would have produced a tiresome sameness in the action, had not the poet possessed that uncommon fertility of invention, and force of description, which are his characteristics. In all the records of poetry, no author can probably be found who approaches him in the facility with which he embodies abstract ideas, and converts them into actors in his fable. It is true, he found in the extensive regions of romance a vast variety of forms ready to assume the moral characters most appropriated to their natures; nor was he very nice in the choice of these beings, or very careful to preserve consistency in their figures or employment. Yet, on the whole, he may be reckoned the greatest master of *personification* that ever existed; and more original

delineations of this kind are to be met with in the Faery Queene, than, perhaps, in all other poems united. Some of these are truly excellent, and are wrought into scenes of wonderful power. The allegory of *Despair*, in the first book, may be placed almost at the head of all such fictions, as well for just conception and skilful management, as for unrivalled strength of description.

It may readily be conceived, that this variety of delineation will produce occasional inconsistencies; that action and passion will often be confounded; and that the manner in which the fancy-formed beings are employed, will frequently be unsuitable to their nature. These are defects, from which complex and continued allegory can never be free. To create a new system of things is too great an effort of the imagination to be long uniformly supported; and Spenser, as the the most copious of allegorists, is perhaps the most exuberant in faults. His forms are often grotesque and disgusting, sometimes impossible; and he not unfrequently makes a breach in the personification, by intermixing the ideas of reality with those of fiction. In a critical commentary it might be proper to point out all these imperfections; but in a preliminary essay it is sufficient to apprise the reader of taste that they exist, and leave the detection of them to his own attentive research. He will find them exemplified not only in Spenser, but in every other writer who has ventured far into the perilous regions of allegory.

Though there is a large fund of original matter in the Faery Queene, there is also much imitation, and even translation. Various passages from the classics, and still more from the Italian poets, are closely copied. The stores of ancient mythology are freely ransacked; nor is Spenser more careful than his Italian masters, in avoiding the incongruity of mixing Heathen with christian ideas. To con-

as the truth, he wrote too much to write with uniform attention and judgment. His plan was vast; and to fill it up, required great industry as well as invention. He could not afford to be nice in selection; and, like all other composers of very long poems, he was obliged to be contented with such matter as occurred, rather than with such as he would deliberately have approved. Most readers will think he too much abounds in prolix descriptions of single combats, which he found ready drawn to his hand in Bojardo, Ariosto, and Tasso. Indeed, his device of making all the virtues knights errant, necessarily renders their contests with the opposite vices so many battles.

The form of stanza he adopted (to proceed to the subject of *versification*) favoured redundancy of style; and that, not merely in words, but in idea. Dryden observes of himself, that a rhyme often helped him to a thought. Spenser's verse, requiring in each stanza four and three similar rhyming terminations, put him upon a perpetual effort to bring in words of a certain sound, however unconnected in their meaning with the current subject. This gave rise to distant associations, which sometimes produced images that really enriched the diction; though more frequently it flattened and debased it by impertinent additions. It likewise often compelled the poet to employ expedients, that indicate the cruelty of the yoke to which he had injudiciously subjected himself. Expletives, tautologies, and circumlocutions, occur in almost every stanza, and gross improprieties of speech are but too frequent. Vulgar and obsolete words are often mixed with those of a higher order; and when all those licenses fail in producing the requisite *tale* of rhyme, the writer does not scruple to mis-spell words, and to satisfy the eye at the expense of the ear. Yet the stanza of Spenser, when well executed, has a fullness of melody, and a sonorous majes-

ty, scarcely equalled by any other English measure; and some later poets, who have bestowed due pains upon their versification, have copied it with great success. The concluding Alexandrine, which Spenser added to the eight-line stanza of the Italians, produces a fine effect when it accords with the subject; but in a long piece such a coincidence must frequently be wanting.

The *language* of the Faery Queene is cast in a more antique mould than that of the age in which the writer lived. Spenser doubtless thought thereby to throw round his work a venerable air, which suited the sober morality of the design, and the antiquity of the manners represented in its action. Many of the words and phrases, too, which even in his day had become obsolete, possessed a peculiar strength and vigour, which happily coincided with his own very forcible style of description. It may be added that, as we have already hinted, by the free employment of words of different ages, he often found means to extricate himself from the difficulties imposed by his system of rhymes. On the whole, however, it is probably best for a writer to confine himself to the current language of his time, and bend his efforts to give it all the perfections of which it is susceptible. In aiming at an antique diction, he will never do more than make a heterogenous mixture, which is the real language of no one period, and must often appear quaint and affected, rather than simple and nervous. The English of Edward III. was too far distant from that of Elizabeth to admit of an easy combination: and as Spenser could not avoid making the substance of his style of the staple of his own age, the intermingled threads of Chaucer show like spots and stains, rather than agreeable variations. The effects of his system of language has been, that the Faery Queene cannot safely be quoted as authority for the proper use of words; and that while it is

t intelligible to the common reader witho
glossary, it affords an uncertain light to the ve
researches of the antiquarian critic.

What has been said may serve as a general
troduction to the perusal of this work, which,
all its defects, will ever be considered as on
the capital productions of English poetry, an
conferring high honour on the writer and
country. It will probably not often be *read thro*
nor will many think it worth while to bestow n
study on its plan, or on the particular significa
of all its mysteries and historical illusions.
detached parts will continue to give pleasure
repeated perusals.

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE.

THE FAERIE QUEENE.

BOOK I.

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE, OR OF HOLINESSE.

Lo! I, the man whose Muse whylome did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly shepherds weeds,
Am now enforst, a farre unfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine oaten reeds,
And sing of knights and ladies gentle deeds;
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broade emongst her learned throng:
Fierce warres and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

Help then, O holy virgin, chiefe of nyne,
Thy weaker novice to perform thy will;
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
Of Faerie knights, and fayrest Tanaquill,
Whom that most noble Briton prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong: [tong!
O, helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull

And thou, most dreaded impe of highest love,
Faire Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart;
Lay now thy deadly heben bowe apart,
And, with thy mother mylde, come to mine ayde;
Come, both; and with you bring triumphant Mart,
In loves and gentle iollities arraid,
After his murdrous spoyles and bloudie rage allayd.

And with them eke, O goddesse heavenly bright,
Mirrour of grace and majestie divine,
Great ladie of the greatest isle, whose light
Like Phœbus lampe throughout the world doth shine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted stile: [while.
The which to heare vouchsafe, O dearest dread, a

CANTO I.

The patron of true Holinesse
Foule Errour doth defeate;
Hypocrisie, him to entrappe,
Doth to his home entreate.

A GENTLE knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruel markes of many a bloody fielde;

Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full iolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living ever, him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had.
Right, faithfull, true he was in deede and word;
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest glorious queene of Faery lond)
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave:
And ever, as he rode, his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne,
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stearne.

A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly asse more white than snow;
Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low;
And over all a blacke stole she did throw;

As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in hart some hidden care she had;
And by her in a line a milke-white lambe she lad.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore;
And by descent from royall lynage came
Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore
Their sceptres stretcht from east to western shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernal feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld; [peld.
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far com-

Behind her farre away a dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
And angry Iove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his lemans lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain; [fain.
And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves were

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not far away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;
Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that Heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any star:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farr:
Faire harbour that them seemes; so in they entred ar.

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Ioying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruel sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling pine; the cedar proud and tall;
The vine-propp elme; the poplar never dry;
The builder oake, sole king of forrests all;
The aspine good for staves; the cypresse funerall;

The laurell, meed of mighty conquerours
And poets sage; the firre that weepeth still;
The willow, worne of forlorne paramours;
The eugh, obedient to the benders will,
The birch for shaftes; the sallow for the mill;
The mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;
The warlike beech; the ash for nothing ill;
The fruitfull olive; and the platane round;
The carver holme; the maple seeldom inward
sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Until the blustring storme is overblowne;
When, weening to returne whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:
So many pathes, so many turnings seene, [been.
That, which of them to take, in diverse doubt they

At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they finde, or in or out,
That path they take, that beaten seemd most bare,

And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollow cave,
Amid the thickest woods. The champion stout
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
And to the dwarfe a while his needlesse spere he gave.

" Be well aware," quoth then that ladie milde,
" Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke:
The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
Breedes dreadfull doubts; oft fire is without smoke,
And perill without show: therefore your stroke,
Sir Knight, with-hold, till further tryall made."
" Ah, ladie," said he, " shame were to revoke
The forward footing for and hidden shade: [wade."
Vertue gives her selfe light through darknesse for to

" Yea but," quoth she," the perill of this place
I better wot then you: Though nowe too late
To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
Yet wisedome warnes, whilst foot is in the gate,
To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.
This is the Wandring Wood, this *Errours Den*,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore I read beware."—" Fly, fly," quoth then
The fearfull dwarfe; "this is no place for living men."

But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthful knight could not for ought be staide;
But forth unto the darksom hole he went,
And looked in: his glistring armor made
A little glooming light, much like a shade;

By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Half like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th' other halfe did womans shape retaine,
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

And, as she lay upon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overspread,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
Pointed with mortall sting: of her there bred
A thousand young ones, which she daily fed,
Sucking upon her poisonous dugs: each one
Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favoured:
Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

Their dam upstart out of her den effraide,
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile,
About her cursed head; whose folds displaid
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile,
She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle,
Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe;
For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darknes to remaine, [plaine.
Where plain none might her see, nor she see any

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he lept
As lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay:
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce her speckled taile advaunst,
Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay;
Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst:
The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst.

Much daunted with that dint her sense was dazd;
Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered round,
And all attonce her beastly bodie raizd
With doubled forces high above the ground:
Tho, wrapping up her wrethed sterne arownd,
Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine.
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse traine!

His lady, sad to see his sore constraint,
Cride out, "Now, now, sir Knight, shew what ye bee;
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint;
Strangle her, els she sure will strangle thee."
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for griefe and high disdaine:
And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,
That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine.

Therewith she spewd out of her filthie maw
A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him slacke
His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe:
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:
Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled has.

As when old father Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,
His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,

And overflow each plaine and lowly dale:
But, when his later spring gins to avale,
Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherin there breed
Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
And partly femall, of his fruitful seed; [reed.
Such ugly monstrous shapes elsewhere may no man

The same so sore annoyed has the knight,
That, wel-nigh choked with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight.
Whose corage when the feend perceivd to shrinke,
She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursed spawne of serpents small,
(Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,)
Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

As gentle shepheard in sweete eventide,
When ruddy Phebus gins to welke in west,
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
Markes which doe byte their hasty supper best;
A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest,
All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,
That from their noyance he no where can rest;
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame
Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
Resolvd in minde all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin;
And stroke at her with more then manly force,
That from her body, full of filthie sin,

He raft her hatefull heade without remorse : [corse.
A streame of cole-black blood forth gushed from her

Her scattred brood, soone as their parent deare
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly all with troublous feare
Gathred themselves about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth ; but, being there withstood,
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked up their dying mothers bloud ; [good.
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their

That detestable sight him much amazde,
To see th' unkindly impes, of Heaven accurst,
Devoure their dam ; on whom while so he gazd,
Having all satisfide their bloudy thurst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,
And bowels gushing forth : well worthy end
Of such, as drunke her life, the which them nurst!
Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,
His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he should
contend.

His lady seeing all, that chaunst, from farre,
Approcht in hast to greet his victorie ;
And saide, " Faire knight, borne under happie starre,
Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye ;
Well worthie be you of that armory,
Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,
And proov'd your strength on a strong enimie ;
Your first adventure : many such I pray,
And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may !"

Then mounted he upon his steede againe,
And with the lady backward sought to wend:
That path he kept, which beaten was most plaine,
Ne ever would to any by-way bend;
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way (with God to friend)
He passed forth, and new adventure sought:
Long way he traveiled, before he heard of ought.

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An aged sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad;
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad;
And all the way he prayed, as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was;
And after asked him, if he did know
Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas.
"Ah! my dear sonne," quoth he, "how should, alas!
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespás,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits not with such things to mell.

"But if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,
And homebredd evil ye desire to heare,
Of a straunge man I can your tidings tell,
That wasteth all this countrie farre and neare."

" Of such," saide he, " I chiefly doe inquere ;
And shall thee well rewarde to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare :
For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
That such a cursed creature lives so long a space."

" Far hence," quoth he, " in wastfull wildernesse
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever passe, but thorough great distresse."
" Now," saide the ladie, " draweth toward night ;
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be ; for what so strong,
But, wanting rest, will also want of might ?
The Sunne, that measures Heaven all day long,
At night doth baite his steedes the ocean waves emong.

" Then with the Sunne take, sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new worke at once begin ;
Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell best."
" Right well, sir Knight, ye have advised bin."
Quoth then that aged man ; " the way to win
Is wisely to advise : now day is spent ;
Therefore with me ye may take up your in
For this same night." The knight was well content :
So with that godly father to his home they went.

A litle lowly hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
Far from resort of people, that did pas
In traveill to and froe : a litle wyde
There was an holy chappell edifyde,
Wherein the hermite dewly wont to say
His holy things each morne and eventyde :

Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth away.

Arrived there, the litle house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainement, where none was;
Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their will:
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pas;
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue, as smooth as glas:
He told of saintes and popes, and evermore
He strowd an Ave-Mary after and before.

The drouping night thus creepeth on them fast;
And the sad humor loading their eye-liddes,
As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast [biddes.
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleep them
Unto their lodgings then his guestes he riddes:
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to his studie goes; and their amiddes
His magick bookes, and artes of sundrie kindes,
He seeks out mighty charmes to trouble sleepy
minds.

Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read!) thereof did verses frame:
With which, and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly dame;
And cursed Heven; and spake reprochful shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light.
A bold bad man! that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead night;
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

And forth he cald out of deepe darknes dredd
Legions of sprights, the which, like litle flyes,
Flutring about his ever-damned hedd,
Awaite whereto their service he applyes,
To aide his friendes, or fray his enimies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest two,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gave a message too,
The other by himselfe staide other worke to doo.

He, making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the Earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed, [spred.
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast;
The one faire fram'd of burnisht yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowsie fit he findes; of nothing he takes keepe.

And, more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne

warming bees, did cast him in a swowne.
other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
still are wont t' annoy the walled towne,
ht there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,
ıpt in eternall silence farre from enimyes.

: messenger approching to him spake;
his waste wordes retourned to him in vaine:
ound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
n rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
ereat he gan to stretch: but he againe
oke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
ne then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
st with troubled sights and fancies weake,
mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

: sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
l threatned unto him the dreaded name
Hecaté: whereat he gan to quake,
l, lifting up his lompish head, with blame
fe angrie asked him, for what he came.
ether," quoth he, "me Archimago sent,
that the stubborne sprites can wisely tame,
bids thee to him send for his intent
it false Dreame, that can elude the sleepers sent."

: god obayde; and, calling forth straight way
iverse dreame out of his prison darke,
ivered it to him, and downe did lay
heavie head, devoide of careful carke;
ose sences all were straight benumbd and starke.
backe *returning by the yvorie dore,*

Remounted up as light as chearefull larke;
And on his litle winges the Dreame he bore
In hast unto his lord, where he him left afore.

Who all this while, with charmes and hidden artes,
Had made a lady of that other spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,
So lively, and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight:
The maker selfe, for all his wandrous witt,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight.
Her all in white he clad, and over it,
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Una fit.

Now when that ydle Dreame was to him brought,
Unto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly, void of evil thought,
And with false shewes abusd his fantasy;
In sort as he him schooled privily.
And that new creature, borne without her dew,
Full of the makers guyle, with usage sly
He taught to imitate that lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned hew

Thus, well instructed, to their worke they haste;
And, comming where the knight in slomber lay,
The one upon his hardie head him plaste,
And made him dreame of loves and lustfull play;
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton blis and wicked joy.
Then seemed him his lady by him lay,
And to him playnd, how that false winged boy
Her chaste hart had subdewd to learne dame Plea
sures toy.

And she her selfe, of beautie soveraigne queene,
Fayre Venus, seemde unto his bed to bring
Her, whom he, waking, evermore did weene
To bee the chastest flowre that aye did spring
On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,
Now a loose leman to vile service bound:
And eke the Graces seemed all to sing,
Hymen, Io Hymen, dauncing all around;
Whylst freshest Flora her with yvie girlone crownd.

In this great passion of unwonted lust,
Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,
He starteth up, as seeming to mistrust
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his:
Lo, there before his face his ladie is,
Under blacke stole hyding her bayted hooke;
And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
With gentle blandishment and lovely looke, [took.
Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him

All cleane dismayd to see so uncouth sight,
And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise,
He thought have slaine her in his fierce despight;
But, hastie heat tempring with sufferance wise,
He stayde his hand; and gan himselfe advise
To prove his sense, and tempt her faigned truth.
Wringing her hands, in wemens pitteous wise,
Tho can she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

And sayd, "Ah, sir, my liege lord, and my love,
Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,
And mightie causes wrought in Heaven above,

Or the blind god, that doth me thus amale,
For hoped love to winne me certaine hate?
Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
Die is my dew; yet rew my wretched state,
You, whom my hard avenging destinie
Hath made iudge of my life or death indifferently.

"Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leave
My fathers kingdom"—There she stopt with teares;
Her swollen hart her speech seemd to bereave;
And then againe begun; "My weaker yeares,
Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
Fly to your fayth for succour and sure ayde:
Let me not die in languor and long teares."
"Why, dame," quoth he, "what hath ye thus dismayd? [frayd?"
What frays ye, that were wont to comfort me af-

"Love of yourselfe," she saide, "and deare constraint,
Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night
In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,
Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quight."
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
Suspect her truth; yet since no untruth he knew,
Her fawning love with foule disdainefull spight
He would not shend; but said, "Deare dame, I rew,
That for my sake unknowne such griefe unto you grew:

"Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;
For all so deare, as life is to my hart,
I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound:
Ne let vaine fears procure your needlesse smart,
Where cause is none; but to your rest depart."

Not all content, yet seemd she to appease
Her mournefull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
And fep with words, that could not chose but please:
So, slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her ease.

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much griev'd to thinke that gentle dame so light,
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
At last dull weariness of former fight
Having yrockt asleepe his irksome spriget,
That troublous Dreame gan freshly tosse his braine
With bowres, and beds, and ladies deare delight:
But, when he saw his labour all was vaine,
With that misformed spright he backe returnd
againe.

CANTO II.

The guilefull great enchaunter parts
The Redcrosse knight from truth:
Into whose stead faire Falshood steps,
And workes him woefull ruth.

By this the northerne wagoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To all that in the wide deepe wandring arre;
And chearefull chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that Phoebus fiery carre
In hast was climbing up the easterne hill,
Full *envious that Night so long* his roome did fill:

When those accursed messengers of Hell,
That feigning Dreame, and that faire-forged spright,
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tell
Their bootelesse paines, and ill-succeeding night:
Who, all in rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine
And sad Proserpines wrath, them to affright.
But, when he saw his threatning was but vaine,
He cast about, and searcht his baleful bokes againe.

Eftsoones he tooke that miscreated Faire,
And that false other spright, on whom he spred
A seeming body of the subtle aire,
Like a young squire, in loves and lustyhed
His wanton daies that ever loosely led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight;
Those two he tooke, and in a secrete bed,
Covered with darkenes and misdeeming night,
Them both together laid, to ioy in vaine delight.

Forthwith he runnes with feigned-faithfull hast
Unto his guest, who, after troublous sights
And dreames, gan now to take more sound repast;
Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful frights,
As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,
And to him calls; "Rise, rise, unhappy swaine,
That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights
Have knit themselves in Venus shameful chaine:
Come, see where your false lady doth her honor
staine."

All in a maze he suddenly up start
With sword in hand, and with the old man went;
Who soone him brought into a secret part,

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,
He so ungently left her, whome she loved best.

But subtill Archimago, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts,
And Una wandring in woods and forrests,
(Th' end of his drift,) he praised his divelish arts,
That had such might over true-meaning harts:
Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
How he may worke unto her further smarts:
For her he hated as the hissing snake,
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

He then devisde himselfe how to disguise;
For by his mighty science he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
As ever Proteus to himselfe could make:
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell;
That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away. O who can tell [spell!
The hidden powre of herbes, and might of magick

But now seemde best the person to put on
Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest:—
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
And silver shield; upon his coward brest
A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest
A bounch of heares discolourd d'verly.
Full iolly knight he seemde, and wel addrest;
And, when he sate upon his courser free, [to be.
Saint George himselfe ye would have deemed him

But he, the knight, whose semblaunt he did beare,
The true Saint George, was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare:
Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray.
At last him chaunst to meete upon the way
A faithless Sarazin, all armde to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy; full large of limbe and every ioint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

Hee had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly lady clad in scarlot red,
Purfled with gold and pearle of rich assay;
And like a Persian mitre on her hed
Shee wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
The which her lavish lovers to her gave:
Her wanton palfry all was overspred
With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridle rung with golden bels and bosses brave.

With faire disport, and courting dalliaunce,
She intertainde her lover all the way:
But, when she saw the knight his speare advaunce,
Shee soone left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight addresse him to the fray;
His foe was nigh at hand. He, prickte with pride,
And hope to winne his ladies hearte that day,
Forth spurred fast; adowne his coursers side [ride.
The red bloud trickling staind the way, as he did

The knight of the Redcrosse, when him he spide
Spurring so hote wsth rage dispiteous,
Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride:
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
That, *daunted with* their forces hideous,

Their steeds doe stagger, and amezed stand;
And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
Astonied with the stroke of their own hand,
Doe backe rebutte, and each to other yealdeth land.

As when two rams, stird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich-fleeced flocke,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Doe meete, that, with the terrour of the shocke
Astonied, both stand senceless as a blocke,
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
Both staring fierce, and holding idely
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

The Sarazin, sore daunted with the buffe,
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff:
Each others equall puissaunce envies,
And through their iron sides with cruell spies
Does seeke to perce; repining courage yields
No foote to foe: the flashing fier flies,
As from a forge, out of their burning shields;
And streams of purple bloud new die the verdant fields.

"Curse on that crosse," quoth then the Sarazin,
"That keeps thy body from the bitter fitt;
Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou haddest bin,
Had not that charme from thee forwarned itt:
But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
And hide thy head." Therewith upon his crest
With rigour so outrageous he smitt,

hat a large snare it hewd out of the rest,
d glauncing downe his shield from blame him
fairly blest.

ho, thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
native vertue gan eftsoones revive;
d, at his haughty helmet making mark,
hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
d cleft his head: he tumbling downe alive,
th bloody mouth his mother Earth did kis,
eeting his grave; his grudging ghost did strive
th the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is,
hether the soules doe fly of men, that live amis.

e lady, when she saw her champion fall,
te the old ruines of a broken towre,
id not to waile his woefull funerall;
t from him fled away with all her powre:
ho after her as hastily gan scowre,
lding the dwarfe with him to bring away
e Sarazins shield, signe of the conqueroure:
r soone he overtooke, and bad to stay:
r present cause was none of dread her to dismay.

ee turning backe, with ruefull countenaunce,
ide, "Mercy, mercy, sir, vouchsafe to show
silly dame, subiect to hard mischaunce,
d to your mighty will." Her humblesse low
so ritch weedes, and seeming glorious show,
d much emmove his stout heroicke heart;
d said, "Deare dame, your suddein overthrow
ch rueth me: but now put feare apart, [part."
d tel, both who ye be, and who that tooke your

Melting in teares, then gan shee thus lament;
" The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre
Hath now made thrall to your commandëment,
Before that angry Heavens list to lowre,
And fortune false betraide me to your powre,
Was, (O what now availeth that I was!)
Borne the sole daughter of an emperour;
He that the wide west under his rule has,
And high hath set his throne where Tiberis doth pas.

" He, in the first flowre of my freshest age,
Betrothed me unto the onely haire
Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage;
Was never prince so faithfull and so faire,
Was never prince so meeke and debonaire!
But, ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
My dearest lord fell from high honours staire
Into the hands of hys accursed fone,
And cruelly was slaine; that shall I ever mone!

" His blessed body, spoild of lively breath,
Was afterward, I know not how, convaid,
And fro me hid; of whose most innocent death
When tidings came to mee unhappy maid,
O, how great sorrow my sad soule assaid;
Then forth I went his woeful corse to find,
And many years throughout the world I straid,
A virgin widow; whose deepe-wounded mind
With love long time did languish, as the striken hind.

" At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin
To meete me wandring; who perforce me led
With him away; but yet could never win

The fort, that ladies hold in soveraigne dread.
There lies he now with foule dishonor dead,
Who, while he livde, was called proud Sansfoy,
The eldest of three brethren; all three bred
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sansioy; [sloy.
And twixt them both was born the bloudy bold San-

" In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,
Now miserable I Fidessa dwell,
Craving of you, in pitty of my state,
To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well."
He in great passion all this while did dwell,
More busying his quicke eies, her face to view,
Then his dull eares, to heare what shee did tell;
And said, " Faire lady, hart of flint would rew
The undeserved woes and sorrowes which ye shew.

" Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest,
Having both found a new friend you to aid,
And lost an old foe that did you molest:
Better new friend then an old foe is said."
With chaunce of chear the seeming-simple maid
Let fal her eien, as shamefast, to the earth,
And yeelding soft, in that shee nought gainsaid.
So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,
And shee coy lookes: so dainty, they say, maketh derth.

Long time they thus together traveiled;
Til, weary of their way, they came at last
Where grew too goodly trees, that faire did spred
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast;
And their greene leaves, trembling with every blast,
Made a calme shadow far in compasse round:
The fearefull *shepherd,* often there aghast,

Under them never sat, ne wont there sound
His merry oaten pipe; but shund th' unlucky ground.

But this good knight, soone as he them can spie,
For the coole shade him thither hastly got:
For golden Phœbus, now ymounted hie,
From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot
Hurled his beame so scorching cruel hot,
That living creature mote it not abide;
And his new lady it endureth not.
There they alight, in hope themselves to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs atide.

Faire-seemely pleasaunce each to other makes,
With goodly purposes, there as they sit;
And in his falsed fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight that lived yit;
Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit;
And, thinking of those braunches greene to frame
A girlond, for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluckt a bough; out of whose rifte there came
Smal drops of gory bloud, that trickled down the same.

Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,
Crying, " O spare with guilty hands to teare
My tender sides in this rough rynd embard:
But fly, ah! fly far hence away, for feare
Least to you hap, that happened to me heare,
And to this wretched lady, my deare love;
O too deare love, love bought with death too deare!"
Astond he stood, and up his heare did hove;
And with that suddein horror could no member *move*.

At last whenas the dreadfull passion
Was overpast, and manhood well awake;
Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake;
" What voice of damned ghost from Limbo lake,
Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,
(Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake)
Sends to my doubtful eares these speaches rare,
And rurful plaints, me bidding guiltlesse blood to
spare?"

Then, groning deep; "Nor damned ghost," quoth he,
"Nor guileful sprite, to thee these words doth speake,
But once a man Fradubio, now a tree;
Wretched man, wretched tree! whose nature weake
A cruell witch, her cursed will to wreake,
Hath thus transformd, and plast in open planes,
Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,
And scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines;
For though a tree I seeme, yet cold and heat me
paines."

" Say on, Fradubio, then, or man or tree,"
Quoth then the knight; " by whose mischievous arts
Art thou mishaped thus, as now I see?
He oft finds med'cine who his griefe imparts;
But double griefs afflict concealing harts;
As raging flames who striveth to suppresse."
" The author then," said he, " of all my smarts,
Is one Duessa, a false sorceresse, [nesse.
That many errant knights hath brought to wretched-

" In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hott
The fire of love and ioy of chevalree
First kindled *in my brest*, it was my lott

To love this gentle lady, whome ye see
Now not a lady, but a seeming tree;
With whome as once I rode accompanyde,
Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
That had a like faire lady by his syde;
Lyke a faire lady, but did fowle Duessa hyde;

" Whose forged beauty he did take in hand
All other dames to have exceded farre;
I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
Mine, that did then shine as the morning starre.
So both to batteill fierce arraunged arre;
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Under my speare; such is the dye of warre.
His lady, left as a prise martiall,
Did yield her comely person to be at my call.

" So doubly lov'd of ladies unlike faire,
Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede,
One day in doubt I cast for to compare
Whether in beauties glorie did exceede:
A rosy girlond was the victors meede.
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee
So hard the discord was to be agreede.
Frælissa was as faire as faire mote bee,
And ever false Duessa seemde as faire as shee.

" The wicked witch, now seeming all this while
The doubtful ballaunce equally to sway,
What not by right, she cast to win by guile;
And, by her hellish science, raisd streight way
A foggy mist that overcast the day,
And a dull blast that breathing on her face
Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,

c before bewitched all mens sight:
e her soone, or let her soone be slaine!'
ithly visage viewing with disdaine,
ies I thought her such as she me told,
ould have kild her; but with faigned paine
lse witch did my wrathfull hand withhold:
her, where she now is turnd to treën mould

isforth I tooke Duessa for my dame,
the witch unweeting ioyd long time;
r wist, but that she was the same:
a day (that day is everie prime,
witches wont do penance for their crime,)
ist to see her in her proper hew,
g her selfe in origane and thyme:
y foule old woman I did vew,
ver to have toucht her I did deadly rew.

" The divelish hag, by chaunges of my cheare,
Perceiv'd my thought; and, drownd in sleepie nigh
With wicked herbes and oyntments did besmear
My body, all through charmes and magicke migh
That all my senses were bereaved quight:
Then brought she me into this desert waste,
And by my wretched lovers side me pight;
Where now enclosd in wooden wals full faste,
Banisht from living wights, our wearie daies w
waste."

" But how long time," said then the Elfin knight
" Are you in this misformed hous to dwell?"
" We may not chaunge," quoth he, " this evi
Till we be bathed in a living well: [pligh
That is the term prescribed by the spell."
" O how," sayd he, " mote I that well out find,
That may restore you to your wonted well?"
" Time and suffised fates to former kynd [bynd.
Shall us restore; none else from hence may us ur

The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,
Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
And knew well all was true, But the good knight
Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,
When all his speech the living tree had spent,
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
That from the blood he might be innocent,
And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound
Then turning to his lady dead with fear he fownd.

Her seeming dead he fownd with feigned feare,
As all unweeting of that well she knew;
And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare

out of carelesse swowne. Her eyelids blew,
dimmed sight with pale and deadly hew,
ast she up gan lift; with trembling cheare
up he tooke, (too simple and too trew)
oft her kist. At length, all passed feare,
et her on her steede, and forward forth did
beare.

CANTO III.

Forsaken Truth long seekes her love,
And makes the lyon mylde;
Marres blind Devotions mart, and fals
In hand of leachour vylde.

HER is there under Heav'ns wide hollownesse,
: moves more deare compassion of mind,
n beautie brought t' unworthie wretchednesse
ough envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind
ether lately through her brightnes blynd,
rough alleageance, and fast fealty,
ch I do owe unto all womankynd,
e my hart prest with so great agony,
n such I see, that all for pitty I could dy.

now it is empassioned so deepe,
fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe,
hinke how she through guyléful handeling,
gh true as touch, though daughter of a king,
gh faire as ever living wight was fayre,
gh nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
m her knight divorced in despayre,
her dew loves deryv'd to that vile witches
shayre.

Yet she, most faithfull ladie, all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd,
To seeke her knight; who, subtily betrayd
Through that late vision which th' enchaun
wrought,
Had her abandond: she, of nought affrayd,
Through woods and wastnes wide him daily soug
Yet wished tydinges none of him unto her brou

One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
From her unhastie beast she did alight;
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight;
From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
And layd her stole aside: her angels face,
As the great eye of Heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly gra

It fortuned, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lyon rushed suddeinly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood:
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devourd her tender corse:
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
And, with the sight amazd, forgat his furious fo

Instead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong;
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O how can beautie maister the most strong,

And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion;
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

"The lyon, lord of everie beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:—
But he, my lyon, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruell hart to hate
Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adord
As the god of my life? why hath he me abhord?"

Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got agayne,
To seeke her strayed champion if she might attayne,

The lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and word;
And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepard:
From her fayre eyes he took commandëment,
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

Long she thus traveiled through deserts wyde,
By which she thought her wandring knight shold
pas,
Yet never shew of living wight espyde:
Till that at length she found the troden gras,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Under the steepe foot of a mountaine hore:
The same she followes, till at last she has
A damzel spyde slow-footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

To whom approching she to her gan call,
To weet, if dwelling place were nigh at hand:
But the rude wench her answerd nought at all;
She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand
Till, seeing by her side the lyon stand,
With suddein feare her pitcher downe she threw,
And fled away: for never in that land
Face of fayre lady she before did vew,
And that dredd lyons looke her cast in deadly hew

Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd,
As if her life upon the wager lay;
And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
Sate in eternall night; nought could she say;
But, suddeine catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signes of feare:
Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there
Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance did requere

Which when none yielded, her unruly page
With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,

let her in; where, of his cruell rage
dead with feare, and faint astonishment,
found them both in darksome corner pent:
e that old woman day and night did pray
her beads, devoutly penitent;
hundred *Pater nosters* every day,
hrise nine hundred *Aves* she was wont to say.

to augment her painefull penaunce more,
e every weeke in ashes shee did sitt,
next her wrinkled skin rough sackecloth wore,
hrise-three times did fast from any bitt:
ow for feare her beads she did forgett,
e needlesse dread for to remove away,
Una framed words and count'naunce fitt:
h hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,
in their cotage small that night she rest her
may.

lay is spent; and commeth drowsie night,
1 every creature shrowded is in sleepe:
Una downe her laies in weary plight,
it her feete the lyon watch doth keepe:
ad of rest, she does lament, and weepe,
1e late losse of her deare-loved knight,
ighes, and grones, and evermore does steepe
ender brest in bitter teares all night; [light.
ght she thinks too long, and often lookes for

when Aldeboran was mounted hye
e the shinie Cassiopeias chaire,
ll in deadly sleepe did drowned lye,
nocked at the dore, and in would fare;
nocked fast, and often curst, and sware,

That ready entraunce was not at his call;
For on his backe a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stelths, and pillage severall,
Which he had got abroad by purchas criminall.

He was, to weete, a stout and sturdy thiefe,
Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which given was to them for good intents:
The holy saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept;
And spoild the priests of their habiliments;
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
Then he by conning sleights in at the window cre

And all, that he by right or wrong could find,
Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,
With whom he whoredome usd that few did kno
And fed her fatt with feast of offerings,
And plenty, which in all the land did grow;
Ne spared he to give her gold and rings:
And now he to her brought part of his stolen thin

Thus, long the dore with rage and threats he be
Yet of those fearfull women none durst rize,
(The lyon frayed them) him in to lett;
He would no lenger stay him to advize,
But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
And entring is; when that disdainfull beast,
Encountring fierce, him suddein doth surprize;
And, seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest,
Under his lordly foot him proudly hath supprest

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand;
Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,
And quite dismembred hath: the thirsty land
Dronke up his life; his corse left on the strand.
His fearefull freends weare out the wofull night,
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand
The heavie hap, which on them is alight;
Affraid, least to themselves the like mishapen might.

Now when broad day the world discovered has,
Up Una rose, up rose the lyon eke;
And on their former iourney forward pas,
In waies unknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,
With paines far passing that long-wandring Greeke,
That for his love refused deitye:
Such were the labours of this lady meeke,
Still seeking him, that from her still did flye; [nye.
Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened

Soone as she parted thence, the fearfull twayne,
That blind old woman, and her daughter dear,
Came forth; and, finding Kirkrapine there slayne,
For anguish great they gan to rend their heare,
And beat their brests, and nsked flesh to teare:
And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,
Then forth they ran, like two amazed deare,
Halfe mad through malice and revenging will,
To follow her, that was the causer of their ill:

Whome overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow houling, and lamenting cry;
Shamefully at her rayling all the way,

And her accusing of dishonesty,
That was the flowre of faith and chastity:
And still, amidst her rayling, she did pray
That plagues, and mischiefes, and long misery,
Might fall on her, and follow all the way;
And that in endlesse error she might ever stray.

But, when she saw her prayers nought prevaile,
Shee backe retourned with some labour lost:
And in the way, as shee did weepe and waile,
A knight her mett in mighty armes embost,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging bost;
But subtill Archimag, that Una sought
By traynes into new troubles to have toste;
Of that old woman tidings he besought,
If that of such a lady shee could tellen ought.

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,
Saying, that harlott she too lately knew,
That causd her shed so many a bitter teare;
And so forth told the story of her feare.
Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,
And after for that lady did inquere;
Which being taught, he forward gan advaunce
His fair enchaunted steed, and eke his charmed launce.

Ere long he came where Una traveild slow,
And that wilde champion wayting her besyde;
Whome seeing such, for dread hee durst not show
Him selfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
Unto an hil; from whence when she him spyde,
By his like-seeming shield her knight by name

hee weend it was, and towards him gan ride:
pproching nigh she wist it was the same; [came:
nd with faire fearefull humblesse towards him shee

nd weeping said, " Ah my long-lacked lord,
here have ye bene thus long out of my sight?
uch feared I to have bene quite abhord,
ought have done, that ye displeasen might;
at should as death unto my deare heart light;
r since mine eie your ioyous sight did mis,
y chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night.
d eke my night of death the shadow is: [blis!"
t welcome now, my light, and shinning lamp of

thereto meeting said, " My dearest dame,
r be it from your thought, and fro my wil,
thinke that knighthood I so much should shame
you to leave that have me loved stil,
d chose in Faery court, of meere goodwil,
here noblest knights were to be found on Earth.
e Earth shall sooner leave her kindly skil
bring forth fruit, and make eternal derth,
en I leave you, my liefe, yborn of hevenly berth.

nd sooth to say, why I lefte you so long,
s for to seeke adventure in straunge place;
here, Archimago said, a felon strong
many knights did daily worke disgrace;
t knight he now shall never more deface:
od cause of mine excuse that mote ye please
ll to accept, and evermore embrace
faithfull service, that by land and seas
ve vowd you to defend: now then your plaint
appease."

His lovely words her seemd due recompence
Of all her passed paines: one loving howre
For many yeares of sorrow can dispence;
A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre.
Shee has forgott how many a woeful stowre
For him she late endurd; she speakes no more
Of past: true is, that true love hath no powre
To looken backe; his eies be fixt before. [so sore
Before her stands her knight, for whom she toyl

Much like, as when the beaten marinere,
That long hath wandred in the ocean wide,
Ofte soust in swelling Tethys saltish teare;
And long time having tand his tawny hide
With blustring breath of Heaven that none can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce Orion's hound;
Soone as the port from far he has espide,
His chearfull whistle merily doth sound,
And Nereus crownes with cups; his mates hi
pledge around.

Such ioy made Una, when her knight she found;
And eke th' enchaunter ioyous seemde no lesse
Then the glad marchant, that does vew from grou
His ship far come from watrie wildernesse;
He hurles out vows, and Neptune oft doth blesse
So forth they past; and all the way they spent
Discoursing of her dreadful late distresse,
In which he askt her, what the lyon ment;
Who told her all that fell in iourney, as she went

They had not ridden far, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hastie heat,
Full strongly armd, and on a courser free

through his fiersnesse fomed all with sweat,
the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
ı his hot ryder spurd his chauffed side;
›oke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
ıl revenge, which he in hart did hyde:
›n his shield *Sans loy* in bloody lines was dyde.

ı nigh he drew unto this gentle payre,
sow the red crosse, which the knight bid beare,
ırnt in fire; and gan eftsoones prepare
elfe to batteill with his couched speare.
was that other, and did faint through feare,
ıste th' untryed dint of deadly steele:
·et his lady did so well him cheare,
hope of new good hap he gan to feele;
:nt his speare, and spurd his horse with yron
heele.

hat proud Paynim forward came so ferce
full of wrath, that, with his sharp-head speare,
ugh vainly crossed shield he quite did perce;
had his staggering steed not shronke for feare,
ugh shield and body eke he should him beare:
so great was the puissance of his push,
from his sadle quite he did him beare:
›mbling rudely downe to ground did rush,
from his gored wound a well of bloud did gush.

ıounting lightly from his loftie steed,
› him lept, in minde to reave his life,
proudly said; "Lo, there the worthie meed
m, that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife;
:eforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,

In peace may passen over Lethe lake;
When mourning altars, purgd with enimies life,
The black infernall Furies doen aslake: [thee take."
Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansloy shall from.

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
Till Una cride, "O hold that heavie hand,
Dear sir, what ever that thou be in place:
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
Now at thy mercy; mercy not withstand;
For he is one the truest knight alive,
Though conquered now he lie on lowly land;
And, whilest him fortune favourd, fayre did thrive
In bloudy field; therefore of life him not deprive."

Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage;
But, rudely rending up his helmet, would
Have slayne him streight: but when he sees his age,
And hoarie head of Archimago old,
His hasty hand he doth amased hold,
And, halfe ashamed, wondred at the sight:
For that old man well knew he, though untold,
In charmes and magick to have wondrous might;
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists, to fight:

And said, "Why Archimago, lucklesse syre,
What doe I see? what hard mishap is this,
That hath thee hether brought to taste mine yre?
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
Instead of foe to wound my friend amiss?"
He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,
And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
The cloude of death did sit; which doen away,
He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay:

t to the virgin comes; who all this while
ased stands, herselfe so mockt to see
him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
so misfeigning her true knight to bee:
is she now in more perplexitie,
t in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
m whom her booteth not at all to flie:
o, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
from her palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

her fiers servant, full of kingly aw
l high disdaine, whenas his soveraine dame
udely handled by her foe he saw,
h gaping iawes full greedy at him came,
l, ramping on his shield, did weene the same
e reft away with his sharp rending clawes:
he was stout, and lust did now inflame
corage more, that from his griping pawes
hath his shield redeemd; and forth his swerd he
drawes.

ien, too weake and feeble was the forse
alvage beast, his puissance to withstand!
he was strong, and of so mightie corse,
ever wielded speare in warlike hand;
l feates of armes did wisely understand.
oones he perced through his chaufed chest
h thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
l launcht his lordly hart: with death opprest
ror'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne
brest.

o now is left to keepe the fórlorne maid
m raging spoile of lawlesse victors will?
faithfull *gard remov'd*; her hope dismaid;

Her selfe a yielded pray to save or spill!
He now, lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foule reproches and disdaineful spight
Her vildy entertaines; and, will or nill,
Beares her away upon his courser light: [migh.
Her prayers nought prevail: his rage is more of

And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
And piteous plaintes, she filleth his dull eares,
That stony hart could riven have in twaine;
And all the way she wetts with flowing teares;
But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,
But follows her far off, ne ought he feares
To be partaker of her wandring woe.
More mild in beastly kind, then that her beastly foe.

CANTO IV.

**To sinfull hous of Pryde Duessa guydes the faithfull knight;
Where, brothers death to wreak, Sansioy
Doth chaleng him to fight.**

Young knight whatever, that dost armes professe,
And through long labours huntest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
In choice, and chaunge, of thy deare-loved dame;
Least thou of her believe too lightly blame,
And rash misweening doe thy hart remove:
For unto knight there is no greater shame,
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love; [prove.
That doth this Redcrosse knights ensample plainly

after that he had faire Una lorne,
igh light misdeeming of her loialtie;
alse Duessa in her sted had borne,
l Fidess', and so supposed to be;
with her traveild; till at last they see
ɔdly building, bravely garnished;
ıouse of mightie prince it seemd to be;
owards it a broad high way that led, [ed.
re through peoples feet, which thether traveil-

troupes of people traveild thetherward
day and night, of each degree and place;
:w returned, having scaped hard,
balefull beggery, or foule disgrace;
ı ever after in most wretched case,
loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
ier Duessa badd him bend his pace;
ıe is wearie of the toilsom way;
lso nigh consumed is the lingring day.

ely pallace built of squared bricke,
ı cunningly was without morter laid,
e wals were high, but nothing strong nor thick,
olden foile all over them displaid,
ɔurest skye with brightnesse they dismaid:
ifted up were many loftie towres,
oodly galleries far over laid,
f faire windowes and delightful bowres;
n the top a diall told the timely howres.

a goodly heape for to behould.
pake the praises of the workmans witt:
ll great pittie, that so faire a mould

Did on so weake foundation ever sitt:
For on a sandie hill, that still did flitt
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of Heaven shaked itt:
And all the hinder partes, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

Arrived there, they passed in forth right;
For still to all the gates stood open wide:
Yet charge of them was to a porter hight,
Cald Malvenú, who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly arras dight:
Infinite sortes of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her, that was the lady of that pallace bright.

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the presence mount; whose glorious vew
Their frayle amazed senses did confound.
In living princes court none ever knew
Such endlesse richesse, and so sumpteous shew;
Ne Persia selfe, the nourse of pompous pride,
Like ever saw: and there a noble crew
Of lords and ladies stood on every side, [beautifid
Which, with their presence fayre, the place mu

High above all a cloth of state was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day;
On which there sate, most brave embellished
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden queene that shone, as Titans ray,
In glistring gold and perelesse pretious stone;
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay

dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone:

ceeding shone, like Phœbus fayrest childe,
at did presume his fathers fayrie wayne,
d flaming mouthes of steedes unwonted wilde,
rough highest Heaven with weaker hand to rayne;
oud of such glory and advancement ayne.
th flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
leaves the welkin way most beaten playne,
d, rapt with whirling wheeles, inflames the skyen
th fire not made to burne, but fayrely for to shyne.

proud she shyned in her princely state,
oking to Heaven; for Earth she did disdayne:
d sitting high; for lowly she did hate:
, underneath her scornefull feete was layne
lreadfull dragon with an hideous trayne;
d in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
herein her face she often vewed fayne,
d in her selfe-lov'd semblance took delight;
r she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

griesly Pluto she the daughter was,
d sad Prosérpina, the queene of Hell;
t did she thinke her pearelesse worth to pas
at parentage, with pride so did she swell;
d thundring Iove, that high in Heaven doth dwell
d wield the world, she claymed for her syre;
if that any else did Iove excell;
r to the highest she did still aspyre;
, if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

And proud Lucifera men did her call,
That made her selfe a queene, and crowd to be;
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native soveraine;
But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Upon the scepter, which she now did hold:
Ne ruld her realme with laws, but pollicie,
And strong advizement of six wisards old, [hold.
That with their counsels bad her kingdome did up-

Sonne as the Elfin knight in presence came,
And false Duessa, seeming lady fayre,
A gentle husher, Vanitie by name,
Made rowme, and passage for them did prepaire:
So goodly brought them to the lowest stayre
Of her high throne; where they, on humble knee
Making obeysaunce, did the cause declare,
Why they were come, her roiall state to see,
To prove the wide report of her great maiestee.

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,
She thancked them in her disdainefull wise:
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to showe
Of princesse worthy; scarse them bad arise.
Her lordes and ladies all this while devise
Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight:
Some frounce their curled heare in courtly guise;
Some prancke their ruffes; and others trimly dight
Their gay attyre: each others greater pride does
spight.

Goodly they all that knight doe entertayne,
Right glad with him to have increast their crew;
But to Duess' each one himselfe did payne

All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew;
For in that court whylome her well they knew:
Yet the stout Faery mongst the middest crowd
Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,
And that great princesse too exceeding prowd,
That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

Suddein upriseth from her stately place
The roiall dame, and for her coche doth call:
All hurtlen forth; and she, with princely pace,
As faire Aurora, in her purple pall,
Out of the east the dawning day doth call,
So forth she comes; her brightness brode doth blaze.
The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
Doe ride each other, upon her to gaze: [amaze.
Her glorious glitter and light doth all mens eies

So forth she comes, and her coche does clyme,
Adorn'd all with gold and girlonds gay,
That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime;
And strove to match, in roiall rich array,
Great Iunoes golden chayre; the which, they say,
The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To Ioves high hous through Heavens bras-paved way,
Drawne of fayre peacocks, that excell in pride,
And full of Argus eyes their tayles dispredden wide.

But this was drawne of six unequall beasts,
On which her six sage counsellours did ryde,
Taught to obay their bestiall beheasts,
With like conditions to their kindes applyde:
Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
Was sluggish Idlenesse, the nourse of sin;
Upon a slouthful asse he chose to ryde,

Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin;
Like to an holy monck, the service to begin.

And in his hand his potsesse still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little redd;
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his daies dedd
Scarse could he once uphold his heavie hedd,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seeme the wayne was very evil ledd,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not, whether right he went or els astray.

From wordly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
And greatly shunned manly exercise;
From everie worke he chalenged essoyne,
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise
His life he led in lawlesse riotise;
By which he grew to grievous malady;
For in his lustlesse limbs, through evill guise,
A shaking fever raigned continually:
Such one was Idlenesse, first of this company.

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne;
His belly was upblowne with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne;
And like a crane his necke was long and fyne,
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne:
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spued up his gorge, that all did him deteast,

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad;
For other clothes he could not wear for heate:
And on his head an yvie girland had,
From under which fast trickled downe the sweat:
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His dronken corse he scarse upholden can:
In shape and life more like a monster then a man.

Unfit he was for any worldy thing,
And eke unhable once to stirre or go;
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned, so,
That from his friend he seeldome knew his fo:
Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow,
Which by misdiet daily greater grew:
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

And next to him rode lustfull Lechery
Upon a bearded gote, whose rugged heare,
And whally eies, (the signe of gelosy)
Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare:
Who rough, and blacke, and filthy, did appeare;
Unseemely man to please fair ladies eye:
Yet he of ladies oft was loved deare,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
O who does know the bent of womans fantasy!

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthinesse;
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,

Full of vaine follies, and new-fanglenesse:
For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse;
And learned had to love with secret lookes;
And well could daunce; and sing with ruefulness;
And fortunes tell; and read in loving bookes:
And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshy hookes.

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did love;
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
But ioyd weake wemens hearts to tempt and prove.
If from their loyall loves he might them move:
Which lewdness fild him with reproachful pain
Of that foule evill, which all men reprove,
That rotts the marrow, and consumes the braine:
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this traine.

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camel loaden all with gold:
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold;
And in his lap an heap of coine he told:
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto Hell him selfe for money sold:
Accursed usury was all his trade; [waide.
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce

His life was nigh unto death's dore yplaste;
And thred-bare cote, and cobbled shoes, hee ware:
Ne scarse good morsell all his life did taste;
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare:
Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to; but thorough daily care

To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknowne.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffise;
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store;
Whose need had end, but no end covetise; [pore;
Whose welth was want; whose plenty made him
Who had enough, yett wished ever more;
A vile disease: and eke foot and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore;
That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor stand:
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire band!

And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
That all the poison ran about his chaw;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neibors welth, that made him ever sad;
For death it was, when any good he saw;
And wept that cause of weeping none he had;
But when he heard of harme, he wexed wondrous glad.

All in a kirtle of discolourd say
He clothed was, ypainted full of eies;
And in his bosome secretely there lay
An hatefull snake, the which his taile uptyes
In many folds, and mortall sting implyes:
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth to see
Those heapes of gold with griple Covetyse;
And grudged at the great felicitee
Of proud Lucifera, and his owne companee.

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
And him no lesse, that any like did use;
And, who with gratious bread the hungry feeds,
His alms for want of faith he doth abuse:
So every good to bad he doth abuse:
And eke the verse of famous poets witt
He does backebite, and spightfull poison spues
From leprous mouth on all that ever writt:
Such one vile Envy was, that fifte in row did si

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,
Upon a lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his hed:
His eies did hurle forth sparcles fiery red,
And stared sterne on all that him beheld;
As ashes pale of hew, and seeming ded;
And on his dagger still his hand he held, [sw
Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in

His ruffin raiment all was staind with blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent;
Through unadvised rashness woxen wood;
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengëment:
But, when the furious fitt was overpast,
His cruel facts he often would repent;
Yet, wilfull man, he never would forecast, [h
How many mischeives should ensue his heedl

Full many mischiefes follow cruell Wrath;
Abhorred Bloodshed, and tumultuous Strife,
Unmanly Murder, and unthrifty Scath,
Bitter Despight, with Rancours rusty knife;
And fretting Griefe, the enemy of life:

these, and many evils moe haunt Ire,
e swelling Splene, and Frenzy raging rife,
e shaking Palsey, and Saint Fraunces fire:
ch one was wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

d, after all, upon the wagon beame
de Sathan with a smarting whip in hand,
th which he forward lasht the lacsy teme,
oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
ge routs of people did about them band,
owting for joy; and still before their way
oggy mist had covered all the land;
d underneath their feet, all scattered lay
ad sculls and bones of men, whose life had gone
astray.

forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
take the solace of the open aire,
d in fresh flowring fields themselves to sport;
iongst the rest rode that false lady faire,
e foule Duessa, next unto the chaire
proud Lucifer, as one of the traine:
t that good knight would not so nigh repaire,
n selfe estraunging from their ioyance vaine,
iose fellowship seemd far unfit for warlike swaine.

, having solaced themselves a space
th pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed,
ey backe retourned to the princely place;
hereas an errant knight in armes ycled,
d heathnish shield, wherein with letters red
as writ *Sans ioy*, they new arrived find:
flam'd with fury and fiers hardyhed,

He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
And nourish bloody vengeaunce in his bitter mind.

Who, when the shamed shield of slaine Sansfoy
He spide with that same Faery champions page,
Bewraying him that did of late destroy
His eldest brother; burning all with rage,
He to him lept, and that same envious gage
Of victors glory from snacht away:
But th' Elfin knight, which ought that warlike wage,
Disdaind to loose the meed he wonne in fray;
And, him rencountring fierce, reskewd the noble pray.

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,
And clash their shields, and shake their swords on hy;
That with their sturre they troubled all the traine:
Till that great queene, upon eternall paine
Of high displeasure that ensewen might,
Commaunded them their fury to refraine;
And, if that either to that shield had right,
In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.

"Ah, dearest dame," quoth then the Paynim hold,
"Pardon the error of enraged wight,
Whome great griefe made forgett the raines to hold
Of reasons rule, to see this recreaunt knight,
(No knight, but treachour full of false despight
And shameful treason,) who through guile hath slayn
The prowest knight, that ever field did fight,
Even stout Sansfoy, (O who can then refrayn?)
Whose shield he beares renverst, the more to heap *disdayn*.

nd, to augment the glorie of his guile,
dearest love, the faire Fidessa, loe
iere possessed of the traytour vile;
o reapes the harvest sowen by his foe:
ren in bloodie field, and bought with woe:
it—brothers hand shall dearely well requight,
be, O queene, who equall favour showe."
i litle answerd th' angry Elfin knight;
never meant with words, but swords, to plead
his right:

threw his gauntlet, as a sacred pledg,
cause in combat the next day to try:
been they parted both, with harts on edg,
be aveng'd each on his enimy.
it night they pas in ioy and iollity,
sting and courting both in bowre and hall;
steward was excessive Gluttony,
it of his plenty poured forth to all:
ich doen, the chamberlain Slowth did to rest
them call.

r whenas darksome Night had all displayd
coleblacke curtein over brightest skye;
warlike youthes, on dayntie couches layd,
chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,
muse on meanes of hoped victory.
whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
ested all that courtly company,
ose Duessa from her resting place,
l to the Paynims lodging comes with silent
pace:

Whom broad awake she findes, in troublous fitt,
Fore-casting, how his foe he might annoy;
And him amoves with speaches seeming fitt,
" Ah deare Sansioy, next dearest to Sansfoy,
Cause of my new griefe, cause of my new ioy;
Ioyous, to see his ymage in mine eye,
And greevd, to thinke how foe did him destroy
That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye;
Lo, his Fidessa, to thy secret faith I flye."

With gentle wordes he can her fayrely greet,
And bad say on the secrete of her hart:
Then, sighing soft; " I learne that litle sweet
Oft tempred is," quoth she, " with muchell smart
For, since my brest was launcht with lovely dart
Of deare Sansfoy, I never ioyed howre,
But in eternall woes my weaker hart
Have wasted, loving him with all my powre, [stow
And for his sake have felt full many an hea

" At last, when perils all I weened past,
And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
Into new woes unweeting I was cast
By this false faytor, who unworthie ware
His worthie shield, whom he with guilefull snare
Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull grave
Me silly maid away with him he bore,
And ever since hath kept in darksom cave;
For that I would not yeeld that to Sansfoy I ga

" But since faire Sunne hath sperst that lowri
clowd,
And to my loathed life now shewes some light,
Under your beames I will me safely shrowd

From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spright;
To you th' inheritance belongs by right
Of brothers prayse to you eke longes his love.
Let not his love, let not his restlesse spright,
Be unreveng'd, that calles to you above
From wandring Stygian shores, where it doth end
lesse move."

Thereto said he, "Faire dame, be nought dismaid
For sorrowes past; their griefe is with them gone.
Ne yet of present perill be affraid:
For needlesse feare did never vantage none;
And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone.
Dead is Sansfoy, his vitall paines are past,
Though greeved ghost for vengeance deep to
grone:
He lives, that shall him pay his dewties last,
And guiltie Elfin blood shall sacrifice in hast."

'O, but I feare the fickle freakes," quoth shee,
Of fortune false, and odds of armes in field;"
Why, dame," quoth he, "what oddes can ever bee,
here both doe fight alike, to win or yield?
ea, but," quoth she, "he beares a charmed
shield,
eke enchaunted armes, that none can perce;
none can wound the man, that does them
wield."
armd or enchaunted," answerd he then fierce,
o whitt reck; ne you the like need to reherce.

, faire Fidessa, sithens fortunes guile,
imies powre, hath now captived you,
ne from whence ye came, and rest a while,

Till morrow next, that I the elfe subdew,
And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew
" Ah me, that is a double death," she said,
" With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew
Where ever yet I be, my secret aide
Shall follow you." So, passing forth, she hie

CANTO V.

The faithfull knight in equall field
Subdewes his faithlesse foe;
Whom false Duessa saves, and for
His cure to hell does goe.

The noble hart that harbours vertuous thou
And is with childe of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, untill it forth have brought
Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent.
Such restlesse passion did all night torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Devizing, now that doughtie turnament
With greatest honour be atchieven might:
Still did he wake, and still did watch for d
light.

At last, the golden orientall gate
Of greatest Heaven gan to open fayre;
And Phœbus, fresh as brydegrome to his m
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie ha
And hurld his glistring beams through gloon
Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, s
way
He started up, and did him selfe prepayre

In sunbright armes, and battailous array;
For with that Pagan proud he combatt will that day.

And forth he comes into the commune hall;
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to straunger knights may fall.
There many minstrales maken melody,
To drive away the dull melancholy,
And many bardes, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voices cunningly;
And many chroniclers, that can record
Old loves, and warres for ladies doen by many a lord.

Sooner after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In woven maile all armed warily;
And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of living creatures eye.
They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,
And daintie spices fetch from furthest Ynd,
To kindle heat of corage privily;
And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd
T' observe the sacred lawes of armes, that are assynd.

At last forth comes that far renowned queene.
With royall pomp and princely maiestie
She is ybrought unto a paled greene,
And placed under stately canapee,
The warlike feates of both those knights to see.
On th' other side in all mens open vew
Duessa placed is, and on a tree
Sansfoy his shield is hangd with bloody hew:
Both those, the lawrell girlonds to the victor dew.

A shrilling trompett sownded from on hye,
And unto battaill bad themselves addresse:
Their shining shieldes about their wrestes they tye,
And burning blades about their heades do blesse,
The instruments of wrath and heavinesse:
With greedy force each other doth assayle,
And strike so fiercely, that they do impresse
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle:
The yron walles to ward their blowes are weak and
fraile.

The Sarazin was stout and wondrous strong,
And heaped blows like yron hammers great;
For after blood and vengeance he did long.
The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat,
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat:
For all for praise and honour did he fight.
Both stricken stryke, and beaten both doe beat;
That from their shields forth flyeth firie light,
And helmets, hewen deepe, shew marks of eithers
might.

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right:
As when a gryfon, seized of his pray,
A dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull ravine rend away:
With hideous horror both together smight,
And souce so sore, that they the Heavens affray:
The wise southsayer, seeing so sad a sight,
Th' amazed vulgar telles of warres and mortal fight.

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right;
And each to deadly shame would drive his foe:
The cruell steele so greedily doth bight

In tender flesh, the streames of blood down flow;
With which the armes, that earst so bright did show,
Into a pure vermillion now are dyde.
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,
That victory they dare not wish to either side.

At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,
His suddein eye, flaming with wrathfull fyre,
Upon his brothers shield, which hong thereby:
Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
And said; "Ah! wretched sonne of wofull syre,
Doest thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,
Whylest here thy shield is hangd for victors hyre?
And, sluggish german, doest thy forces slake
To after-send his foe, that him may overtake?

"Go, caytive Elfe, him quickly overtake,
And soone redeeme from his long-wandring woe:
Goe, guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
That I his shield have quit from dying foe."
Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,
That twise he reeled, readie twise to fall:
End of the doubtfull battaile deemed tho
The lookers on; and lowd to him gan call [all!"
The false Duessa, "Thine the shield, and I, and

Soone as the Faerie heard his ladie speake,
Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake;
And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
The creeping deadly cold away did shake;
Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and ladies sake,
Of all attonce he cast aveng'd to be,
And with so exceeding furie at him strake,

That forced him to stoupe upon his knee:
Had he not stouped so; he should have cloven bee.

And to him said; "Goe now, proud miscreant,
Thyself thy message do to german beare;
Alone he, wandring, thee too long doth want:
Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare."
Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
Him to have slaine: when lo! a darkesome clowd
Upon him fell; he no where doth appeare,
But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowd,
But answer none receives; the darkness him does
shrowd.

In haste Duessa from her place arose,
And to him running sayd; "O prowest knight,
That ever ladie to her love did chose,
Let now abate the terrour of your might,
And quench the flame of furious despight
And bloodie vengeance: lo! th' infernall powres,
Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres:
The conquest yours; I yours; the shield and glory
yours!"

Not all so satisfide, with greedy eye
He sought, all round about, his thirsty blade
To bathe in blood of faithlesse enimy;
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:
He standes amazed how he thence should fade.
At last the trumpets triumph sound on hie;
And running heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victorie;
And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.

Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine queene;
And, falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his service seene:
Which she accepts with thankes and goodly gree,
Greatly advauncing his gay chevalree:
So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
Whom all the people followe with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
That all the ayre it fils, and flyes to Heaven bright.

Home is he brought, and layd in sumptuous bed:
Where many skilfull leaches him abide
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,
And softly gan embalme on everie side.
And all the while most heavenly melody
About the bed sweet musicke did divide,
Him to beguile of griefe and agony:
And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

As when a wearie traveiler, that strays
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,
Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
Doth meete a cruell craftie crocodile,
Which, in false griefe hyding his harmefull guile,
Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender teares;
The foolish man, that pities all this while
His mournefull plight, is swallowed up unwares;
Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes an others cares.

So wept Duessa untill eventyde,
That shyning lampes in Ioves high house were light:
Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide;

But comes unto the place, where th' Hethen knight,
In slombring swownd nigh voyd of vitall spright,
Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day:
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
To wayle his wofull case she would not stay,
But to the easterne coast of Heaven makes speedy way:

Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phœbus chearefull face durst never vew,
And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad,
She findes forth comming from her darksome mew;
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her yron charet stood,
Already harnessed for iourney new,
And cole-blacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ, as they were wood.

Who when she saw Duessa, sunny bright,
Adornd with gold and iewels shining cleare,
She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
And th' unacquainted light began to feare;
(For never did such brightnes there appeare)
And would have backe retyred to her cave,
Untill the witches speach she gan to heare,
Saying; "Yet, O thou dreaded dame, I crave
Abyde, till I have told the message which I have."

She stayd; and foorth Duessa gan procede;
"O thou, most auncient grandmother of all,
More old than Iove, whom thou at first didst breede,
Or that great house of gods cælestiall;
Which wast begot in Dæmogorgons hall,

l sawst the secrets of the world unmade;
y suffredst thou thy nephewes deare to fall
h Elfin sword, most shamefully betrade?
where the stout Sansioy doth sleepe in deadly
shade!

nd, him before, I saw with bitter eyes
: bold Sansfoy shrinck underneath his speare;
l now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
wayld of friends, nor layd on groning beare,
it whylome was to me too dearely deare.
what of gods then boots it to be borne,
ld Aveugles sonnes so evill heare?
who shall not great Nightes children scorne,
en two of three her nephews are so fowle for-
lorne?

p, then; up, dreary dame, of darknes queene;
gather up the reliques of thy race;
else goe, them avenge; and let be seene
it dreaded Night in brightest day hath place,
l can the children of fayre Light deface."
r feeling speaches some compassion mov'd
iart, and chaunge in that great mothers face:
pitty in her hart was never prov'd
l then; for evermore she hated, never lov'd:

d said, "Deare daughter, rightly may I rew
e fall of famous children borne of mee,
d good successes, which their foes ensew:
t who can turne the streame of destinee,
breake the chayne of strong necessitee,
iich fast is tyde to Ioves eternall seat?
e sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,

And by my ruines thinkes to make them great:
To make one great by others losse is bad excheat.

"Yet shall they not escape so freely all;
For some shall pay the price of others guilt:
And he, the man that made Sansfoy to fall,
Shall with his owne blood price that he hath spilt.
But what art thou, that telst of nephews kilt?"
"I, that do seeme not I, Duessa ame,"
Quoth she, "how ever now, in garments gilt
And gorgeous gold arrayd, I to thee came;
Duessa I, the daughter of Deceipt and Shame."

Then, bowing downe her aged backe, she kist
The wicked witch, saying; "In that fayre face
The false resemblaunce of Deceipt, I wist,
Did closely lurke; yet so true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarse in darksome place
Could it discerne; though I the mother bee
Of Falshood, and roote of Duessaes race.
O welcome, child, whom I have longd to see,
And now have seene unwares! Lo, now I go with thee."

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
And with her beares the fowle welfavourd witch:
Through mirkesome aire her ready way she makes.
Her twyfold teme (of which two blacke as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each unlich)
Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp
Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouths to twich;
Then, foming tarre, their bridles they would champ,
And trampling the fine element would fiercely ramp.

So well they sped, that they be come at length
Unto the place, whereas the Paynim lay
Devoid of outward sence and native strength,
Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day
And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.
His cruell wounds with cruddy bloud congeald
They binden up so wisely as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be heald:
So lay him in her charett, close in night conceald.

And all the while she stood upon the ground,
The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay;
As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,
With which her yron wheels did them affray,
And her darke griesly looke them much dismay.
The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
With drery shriekes did also her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howle
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

Thence turning backe in silence softe they stole,
And brought the heavy corse with easy pace
To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole:
By that same hole an entraunce, darke and bace,
With smoake and sulphur hiding all the place,
Descends to Hell: there creatures never past,
That backe retourned without heavenly grace;
But dreadfull furies, which their chaines have brast,
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men aghast.

By that same way the direfull dames doe drive
Their mournefull charett, fild with rusty blood,
And downe to Plutoes house are come bilive:

Which passing through, on every side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stonie eies; and all the hellish brood
Of feends infernall flockt on every side, [ride.
To gaze on erthly wight, that with the Night durst

They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,
Where many soules sit wailing woefully;
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharp shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse cry,
Cursing high love, the which them thither sent.
The House of endlesse Paine is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand adders venemous;
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong:
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre, untill Dayes enemy
Did him appease: then downe his taile he hong,
And suffred them to passen quietly:
For she in Hell and Heaven had power equally.

There was Ixion turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the queene of Heaven to sin;
And Sisiphus an huge round stone did reele
Against an hill, ne might from labour lin;
There thirsty Tantalus hong by the chin;
And Tityus fed a vultur on his maw;
Typhœus ioynts were stretched on a gin;

heseus condemnd to endlesse slouth by law ;
nd fifty sisters water in leke vessels draw.

hey, all beholding worldly wights in place,
eave off their worke, unmindfull of their smart,
o gaze on them ; who forth by them doe pace,
ill they be come unto the furthest part ;
here was a cave ywrought by wondrous art,
eepe, darke, uneasy, dolefull, comfortlesse,
which sad Aesculapius far apart
mprisond was in chaines remédilesse ;
or that Hippolytus rent corse he did redresse.

ippolytus a iolly huntsman was,
hat wont in charett chase the foming bore :
e all his peeres in beauty did surpas ;
ut ladies love, as losse of time, forbore :
is wanton stepdame loved him the more ;
ut, when she saw her offred sweets refusd,
er love she turnd to hate, and him before
is father fierce of treason false accusd,
nd with her gealous termes his open eares abusd:

ho, all in rage, his sea-god syre besought
ome cursed vengeaunce on his sonne to cast :
rom surging gulf two monsters streight were
brought ;
ith dread whereof his chacing steedes aghast
oth charett swifte and huntsman overcast.
is goodly corps, on ragged cliffs yrent,
as quite dismembred, and his members chast
cattered on every mountaine as he went,
hat of Hippolytus was lefte no moniment.

His cruell step-dame, seeing what was donne,
Her wicked daies with wretched knife did end,
In death avowing th' innocence of her sonne.
Which hearing, his rash syre began to rend
His heare, and hasty tong that did offend:
Tho, gathering up the reliques of his smart,
By Dianes meanes who was Hippolyts frend,
Them brought to Aesculape, that by his art
Did heale them all againe, and ioyned every part.

Such wondrous science in mans witt to rain
When Iove avizd, that could the dead revive,
And fates expired could renew again,
Of endlesse life he might him not deprive;
But unto Hell did thrust him downe alive,
With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore:
Where, long remaining, he did alwaies strive
Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,
And slake the heavenly fire that raged evermore.

There auncient Night arriving did alight
From her nigh-weary wayne, and in her armes
To Aesculapius brought the wounded knight:
Whom having softly disaraid of armes,
Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,
Beseeching him with prayer, and with praise,
If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes,
A fordonne wight from dore of death mote raise,
He would at her request prolong her nephews daie

"Ah, dame," quoth he, "thou temptest me in vain
Te dare the thing, which daily yet I rew;
And the old cause of my continued paine
With like attempt to like end to renew.
Is not enough, that, thrust from Heaven dew,

ere endlesse penaunce for one fault I pay;
ut that redoubled crime with vengeaunce new
hou bidst me too eeke? can Night defray
he wrath of thundering Iove, that rules both Night
and Day?"

Not so," quoth she; " but, sith that Heavens king
rom hope of Heaven hath thee excluded quight,
/hy fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing;
nd fearest not that more thee hurten might,
owe in the powre of everlasting Night?
oe to then, O thou far renowned sonne
f great Apollo, shew thy famous might
ı medicine, that els hath to thee wonne [donne."
reat pains, and greater praise, both never to be

er words prevaild: and then the learned leach
is cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
nd all things els, the which his art did teach:
/hich having seene, from thence arose away
he mother of dredd darknesse, and let stay
veugles sonne there in the leaches cure;
nd, backe retourning, took her wonted way
o ronne her timely race, whilst Phoebus pure
ı westerne waves his weary wagon did recure.

he false Duessa, leaving noyous Night,
eturnd to stately pallace of Dame Pryde:
/here when she came, she found the Faery knight
eparted thence; albee (his woundës wyde
ot throughly heald) unready were to ryde.
ood cause he had to hasten thence away;
or on a day his wary dwarfe had spyde

Where, in a dungeon deepe, huge nombers l
Of caytive wretched thralls, that wayléd nig
day ;

(A rueful sight as could be seene with eie ;)
Of whom he learned had in secret wise
The hidden cause of their captivitie ;
How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,
Through wastfull pride and wanton riotise,
They were by law of that proud tyrannesse,
Provokt with Wrath and Envyes false surmis
Condemned to that dongeon mercilesse, [
Where they should live in wo, and dye in wre

There was that great proud king of Babylon,
That would compell all nations to adore,
And him, as onely God, to call upon ;
Till, through celestial doome thrown out of
Into an oxe he was transformd of yore.
There also was king Cræsus, that enhaunst
His hart too high through his great richesse
And proud Antiochus, the which advaunst
His cursed hand gainst God, and on his a
daunst.

And, them long time before, great Nimrod w
That first the world with sword and fire warr
And after him old Ninus far did pas
In princely pomp, of all the world obayd.
There also was that mighty monarch layd
Low under all, yet above all in pride,
That name of native syre did fowle upbrayd,
And would as Ammons sonne be magnifide : [
Till, scornd of God and man, a shamefull deat

l these together in an heape were throwne,
ke carkasses of beastes in a butchers stall.
d, in another corner, wide were strowne
e antique ruins of the :
eat Romulus, the grandsyre of them all;
ould Tarquin; and too lordly Lentulus;
out Scipio; and stubborne Hanniball;
nbitious Sylla; and sterne Marius;
gh Caesar; great Pompey; and fiers Antonius.

mongst these mightie men were wemen mixt,
ould wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:
e bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixt
th sonnes own blade her fowle reproches spoke
rre Sthenoboea, that her selfe did choke
th wilfull chord, for wanting of her will;
gh minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill: [fill:
d thousands moe the like, that did that dungeon

sides the endlesse routes of wretched thralles,
ich thether were assembled, day by day,
m all the world, after their wofull falles
rough wicked pride and wasted welthes decay.
most, of all which in that dungeon lay,
l from high princes courtes, or ladies bowres;
ere they in ydle pomp, or wanton play,
sumed had their goods and thriftless howres,
l lastly thrown themselves into these heavy stowres.

ose case whenas the careful dwarfe had tould,
l made ensample of their mournfull sight
o his maister; he no lenger would

The e dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
But earely rose; and, ere that dawing light
Discovered had the world to Heaven wyde,
He by a privy posterne tooke his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde:
For, doubtlesse, death ensewd if any him descryd

Scarse could he footing find in that fowle way,
For many corses, like a great lay-stall,
Of murdred men, which therein strowed lay
Without remorse or decent funerall; [fi
Whlch, al through that great princesse Pryde, d
And came to shamefull end: and them besyde
Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,
A donghill of dead carcases he spyde;
The dreadful spectacle of that sad House of Pryd

CANTO VI.

From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace
Fayre Una is releast:
Whom salvage nation does adore,
And learnes her wise beheast.

As when a ship, that flyes fayre under sayle,
An hidden rocke escaped hath unwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile;
The mariner yet halfe amazed stares
At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
To ioy at his foolhappie oversight:
So doubly is distrest twixt ioy and cares
The dreadlesse corage of this Elfin knight,
Having escapt so sad ensamples in his sight.

Yet sad he was, that his too hastie speed
The fayre Duess' had forst him leave behind;
And yet more sad, that Una, his deare dreed,
Her truth had staynd with treason so unkind;
Yet cryme in her could never creature find:
But for his love, and for her own selfe sake,
She wandred had from one to other Ynd,
Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake;
Till her unwares the fiers Sansloy did overtake:

Who, after Archimagoes fowle defeat,
Led her away into a forest wilde;
And, turning wrathfull fyre to lustfull heat,
With beastly sin thought her to have defilde,
And made the vassall of his pleasures vilde.
Yet first he cast by treatie, and by traynes,
Her to persuade that stubborne fort to yilde:
For greater conquest of hard love he gaynes,
That workes it to his will, than he that it constraines.

With fawning wordes he courted her awhile;
And, looking lovely and oft sighing sore,
Her constant hart did tempt with divers guile:
But wordes, and lookes, and sighes she did abhore;
As rock of diamond stedfast evermore.
Yet, for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,
He snatcht the vele that hong her face before:
Then gan her beautie shyne as brightest skye,
And burnt his beastly hart t'enforce her chastitye.

So when he saw his flatt'ring artes to fayle,
And subtile engines bett from batteree;
With greedy force he gan the fort assayle,
Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee.

And win rich spoile of ransackt chastitee.
Ah Heavens! that doe this hideous act behold,
And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,
How can ye vengeance iust so long withhold,
And hurle not flashing flames upon that Pay
bold?

The pitteous mayden, carefull, comfortlesse, [cr
Does throw out thrilling shriekes, and shriek
(The last vaine helpe of wemens greate distress
And with loud plaintes impórtuneth the skies;
The molten starres doe drop like weeping eyes
And Phœbus, flying so most shameful sight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,
And hydes for shame. What witt of mortall wi
Can now devise to quitt a thrall from such a plig

Eternall Providence, exceeding thought,
Where none appeares can make her selfe a way
A wondrous way it for this lady wrought,
From lyons clawes to pluck the gryped pray.
Her shrill outcryes and shrieks so loud did bray
That all the woodes and forests did resownd.
A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
Whiles old Salvanus slept in shady arber sownd:

Who, when they heard that pitteous strained voi
In haste forsooke their rurall meriment,
And ran towards the far rebownded noyce,
To weet what wight so loudly did lament.
Unto the place they come incontinent:
Whom when the raging Sarazin espyde.
A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,

Whose like he never saw, he durst not byde;
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ryde.

The wyld woodgods, arrived in the place,
Here find the virgin, doolful, desolate,
With ruffled rayments, and fayre blubbred face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late;
And trembling yet through feare of former hate:
I stand amazed at so uncouth sight,
And gin to pittie her unhappie state;
I stand astonied at her beautie bright,
Their rude eyes unworthy of so wofull plight.

Se, more amazd, in double dread doth dwell;
And every tender part for feare does shake.
When a greedy wolfe, through honger fell,
Seely lamb far from the flock does take,
Whom he means his bloody feast to make,
Lyon spyes fast running towards him,
The innocent pray in haste he does forsake;
Which, quitt from death, yet quakes in every lim
Th chaunge of feare, to see the lyon looke so
grim.

Ch fearfull fitt assaid her trembling hart;
Word to speake, ne ioynt to move, she had:
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;
Their frowning forheads, with rough hornes yclad
And rustick horror, all asyde doe lay;
And, gently grenning, shew a semblance glad
To comfort her; and, feare to put away,
Their backward-bent knees teach her humbly to obay.

The doubtfull damzell dare not yet commit
Her single person to their barbarous truth;
But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sitt,
Late learnd what harme to hasty trust ensu'th:
They, in compassion of her tender youth
And wonder of her beautie soverayne,
Are wonne with pitty and unwonted ruth;
And, all prostráte upon the lowly playne,
Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her w
count'nance fayne.

Their harts she ghesseth by their humble guise,
And yields her to extremitie of time:
So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime;
They, all as glad as birdes of ioyous pryme,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing roun
Shouting, and singing all a shepheards ryme;
And, with greene braunches strowing all the grou
Do worship her as queene with olive girlond crou

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with doubled echo ring;
And with their horned feet doe weare the groun
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring.
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring;
Who, with the noyse awaked, commeth out
To weet the cause, his weake steps governing
And aged limbs on cypresse stadle stout;
And with an yvie twyne his waste is girt about,

Far off he wonders what them makes so glad,
Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,
Or Cybeles franticke rites have made them mad·

ey, drawing nigh, unto their god present
at flowre of fayth and beautie excellent:
e god himselfe, vewing that mirrhour rare,
od long amazd, and burnt in his intent:
owne fayre Dryope now he thinkes not faire,
d Pholoë fowle, when her to this he doth com-
paire.

e wood-borne people fall before her flat,
d worship her as goddesse of the wood;
d old Sylvanus selfe bethinks not what
thinke of wight so fayre; but gazing stood
doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood:
netimes dame Venus selfe he seemes to see;
t Venus never had so sober mood:
netimes Diana he her takes to be;
t misseth bow and shaftes, and buskins to her
knee.

vew of her he ginneth to revive
ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse;
d calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,
w fayre he was, and yet not fayre to this;
d how he slew with glauncing dart amisse
gentle hynd, the which the lovely boy
l love as life, above all worldly blisse:
griefe whereof the lad n'ould after ioy;
t pynd away in anguish and selfewild annoy.

e wooddy nymphes, faire Hamadryades,
r to behold do thether runne apace;
d all the troupe of light-foot Naiades
ocke all about to see her lovely face:
t, *when they vewed* have her heavenly grace,

They envy her in their malitious mind,
And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace:
But all the Satyres scorne their woody kind. [find.
And henceforth nothing faire, but her, on Earth they

Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky mayd
Did her content to please their feeble eyes;
And long time with that salvage people stayd,
To gather breath in many miseryes.
During which time her gentle wit she plyes,
To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,
And made her th' image of idolatryes:
But, when their bootlesse zeale she did restrayne
From her own worship, they her asse would wor-
ship fayn.

It fortuned, a noble warlike knight
By iust occasion to that forrest came
To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right
From whence he tooke his wel-deserved name:
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
And fild far landes with glorie of his might;
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enimy of shame,
And ever lov'd to fight for ladies right:
But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

A satyres sonne yborne in forrest wyld,
By straunge adventure as it did betyde,
And their begotten of a lady myld,
Fayre Thyamis the daughter of Labryde;
That was in sacred bandes of wedlocke tyde
To Therion, a loose unruly swayne,
Who had more ioy to raunge the forrest wyde,

And chase the salvage beast with busie payne,
Then serve his ladies love, and waste in pleasures
vayne,

The forlorne mayd did with loves longing burne,
And could not lacke her lovers company;
But to the wood she goes, to serve her turne,
And seeke her spouse, that from her still does fly,
And followes other game and venery:
A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to finde;
And, kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,
The loyall linkes of wedlocke did unbinde,
And made her person thrall unto his beastly kind.

So long in secret cabin there he held
Her captive to his sensuall desyre;
Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,
And bore a boy unto that salvage syre:
Then home he suffred her for to retyre;
For ransome leaving him the late-borne childe:
Whom, till to ryper years he gan aspyre,
He nousled up in life and manners wilde, [exilde.
Emongst wild beastes and woods, from lawes of men

For all he taught the tender ymp, was but
To banish cowardize and bastard feare:
His trembling hand he would him force to put
Upon the lyon and the rugged beare;
And from the she-beares teats her whelps to teare;
And eke wyld roring buls he would him make
To tame, and ryde their backes not made to beare;
And the robuckes in flight to overtake:
That everie beast for feare of him did fly and quake.

Thereby so fearelesse and so fell he grew,
That his owne syre and maister of his guise
Did often tremble at his horrid vew;
And oft, for dread of hurt, would him advise
The angry beastes not rashly to despise,
Nor too much to provoke; for he would learne
The lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
(A lesson hard) and make the libbard sterne
Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did
earne.

And, for to make his powre approved more,
Wyld beastes in yron yokes he would compell;
The spotted panther, and the tusked bore,
The pardale swift, and the tigré cruèll,
The antelope and wolfe, both fiers and fell;
And them constraine in equall teme to draw.
Such ioy he had their stubborne harts to quell,
And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw;
That his beheast they feared, as a tyrans law.

His loving mother came upon a day
Unto the woodes, to see her little sonne;
And chaunst unwares to meet him in the way,
After his sportes and cruell pastime donne;
When after him a lyonesse did runne,
That roaring all with rage did lowd requere
Her children dearc, whom he away had wonne:
The lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
And lull in rugged armes withouten childish feare.

The fearefull dame all quaked at the sight,
And turning backe gan fast to fly away;
Untill, with love revokt from vaine affright,

She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
And then to him these womanish words gan say:
"Ah, Satyrane, my dearling and my ioy,
For love of me leave off this dreadfull play;
To dally thus with death is no fit toy: [boy."
Go, find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet

In these and like delightes of bloody game
He trayned was, till ryper years he raught;
And there abode, whylst any beast of name
Walkt in that forrest, whom he had not taught
To feare his force: and then his courage haught
Desyrd of forreine foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for straunge adventures sought;
In which his might was never overthrowne;
But through al Faery lond his famous worth was blown.

Yet evermore it was his manner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Unto those native woods for to repaire,
To see his syre and ofspring auncient.
And now he thether came for like intent;
Where he unwares the fairest Una found,
Straunge lady, in so straunge habiliment,
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

He wondred at her wisedome hevenly rare,
Whose like in womens witt he never knew;
And, when curteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,

And ioyd to make proofe of her cruelty
On gentle dame, so hurtlesse and so trew;
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learned her discipline of faith and verity

But she, all vowd unto the Redcrosse knight,
His wandring perill closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight;
But her deare heart with anguish did torment
And all her witt in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last in privy wise
To Satyrane she shewed her intent;
Who, glad to gain such favour, gan devise, [
How with that pensive maid he best might t

So on a day, when Satyres all were gone
To do their service to Sylvanus old,
The gentle virgin, left behinde alone,
He led away with corage stout and bold.
Too late it was to Satyres to be told,
Or ever hope recover her againe;
In vain he seekes that, having, cannot hold.
So fast he carried her with carefull paine, [p
That they the woods are past, and come now t

The better part now of the lingring day
They traveild had, whenas they far espide
A weary wight forwandring by the way;
And towards him they gan in haste to ride,
To weete of newes that did abroad betyde,
Or tidings of her knight of the Redcrosse;
But he, them spying, gan to turne aside
For feare, as seemd, or for some feigned losse
More greedy they of newes fast towards hi
crosse.

illy man, in simple weeds forworne,
l soild with dust of the long dried way;
sandales were with toilsome travell torne,
l face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
he had tarveild many a summers day
rough boyling sands of Arabie and Ynde;
d in his hand a Iacobs staffe, to stay
weary limbs upon; and eke behind [bind.
scrip did hang, in which his needments he did

e knight, approching nigh, of him inquerd
ings of warre, and of adventures new;
: warres, nor new adventures, none he herd.
en Una gan to aske, if ought he knew
heard abroad of that her champion trew,
at in his armour bare a croslet red. [rew
y me! deare dame," quoth he, "well may I
tell the sad sight which mine eies have red;
ese eies did see that knight both living and eke
ded."

at cruell word her tender hart so thrild,
at suddein cold did ronne through every vaine,
d stony horrour all her sences fild
th dying fitt, that downe she fell for paine.
e knight her lightly reared up againe,
d comforted with curteous kind reliefe:
en, wonne from death, she bad him tellen plaine
e further processe of her hidden griefe: [chief.
e lesser pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the

en gan the pilgrim thus; "I chaunst this day,
is fatall day, that shall I ever rew,
see two knights, in travell on my way,

(A sory sight) arraung'd in batteill new,
Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull hew:
My feareful flesh did tremble at their strife,
To see their blades so greedily imbrew,
That, dronke with blood, yet thristed after life:
What more? the Redcrosse knight was slain with
Paynim knife."

"Ah! dearest lord," quoth she, "how might that
And he the stoutest knight, that ever wonne?" [bee,
"Ah! dearest dame," quoth he, "how might I see
The thing, that might not be, and yet was donne?"
"Where is," said Satyrane, "that Paynims sonne,
That him of life, and us of ioy, hath refte?"
"Nor far away," quoth he, "he hence doth wonne,
Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left
Washing his bloody wounds, that through the steele
were cleft."

Therewith the knight then marched forth in hast,
Whiles Una, with huge heavinesse opprest,
Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;
And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,
Whereas that Pagan proud himselfe did rest
In secret shadow by a fountaine side;
Even he it was, that earst would have suppresst
Faire Una; whom when Satyrane espide,
With foule reprochful words he boldly him defide;

And said, "Arise, thou cursed miscreaunt, [train,
That hast with knightlesse guile, and trecherous
Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt
That good knight of the Redcrosse to have slain:
Arise, and with like treason now maintain

by guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield."
he Saxon, this hearing, rose amain,
nd, catching up in hast his three-square shield
nd shining helmet, soone him buckled to the field;

nd, drawing nigh him, said; "Ah! misborn Elfe,
evill houre thy foes thee hither sent
nothers wrongs to wreak upon thy selfe:
t ill thou blamest me, for having blent
r name with guile and traiterous intent:
nt Redcrosse knight, perdie, I never slew;
t had he beene, where earst his armes were lent,
r' enchaunter vaine his errour should not rew:
t thou his errour shalt, I hope, not proven trew."

nerewith they gan, both furious and fell,
thunder blowes, and fiercely to assaile
ch other, bent his enimy to quell; [maile,
nt with their force they perst both plate and
d made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
nt it would pitty any living eie:
rge floods of blood adowne their sides did raile;
t floods of blood could not them satisfie:
th hongred after death; both chose to win, or die.

long they fight, and full revenge pursue,
nt, fainting, each themselves to bresthen let;
d, ofte refreshed, battell oft renue.
when two bores, with rancling malice mett,
eir gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely frett;
l breathlesse both themselves aside retire,
here, foming wrath, their cruell tuskes they whett,
d trample th' earth, the whiles they may respire;
en backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

So fiersly, when these knights had breathe
They gan to fight retourne; increasing mor
Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonc
With heaped strokes more hugely then bef
That with their drery wounds, and bloody g
They both deformed, scarsely could bee kn
By this, sad Una fraught with anguish sore,
Led with their noise which through the ai
thrown,
Arriv'd, wher they in erth their fruitles blc
sown.

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
Espide, he gan revive the memory
Of his leud lusts, and late attempted sin;
And lefte the doubtful battel hastily,
To catch her, newly offred to his eie:
But Satyrane, with strokes him turning, stai
And sternely bad him other business plie
Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted mai
Wherewith he al enrag'd these bitter speach

"O foolish Faeries sonne, what fury mad
Hath thee incenst to hast thy dolefull fate?
Were it not better I that lady had
Then that thou hadst repented it too late?
Most sencelesse man he, that himselfe doth
To love another: lo then, for thine ayd,
Here take thy lovers token on thy pate."
So they to fight; the whiles the royall mayd
Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim sore

But that false pilgrim, which that leasing to
Being in deed old Archimage, did stay
In secret shadow all this to behold;

d much rejoyced in their bloody fray:
t, when he saw the damsell passe away,
: left his stond, and her pursewd apace,
hope to bring her to her last decay.
t for to tell her lamentable cace,
d eke this battels end, will need another place.

CANTO VII.

The Redcrosse knight is captive made
By tyraunt proud opprest:
Prince Arthur meets with Una greatly with those news distrest.

HAT man so wise, what earthly witt so ware,
to discry the crafty cunning traine,
which Deceipt doth maske in visour faire,
d cast her coulours died deepe in graine,
seeme like Truth, whose shape she well can faine,
d fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
e guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine?
eat maistresse of her art was that false dame,
e false Duessa, cloked with Fidessaes name.
ho when, returning from the drery Night,
e found not in that perilous Hous of Pryde,
here she had left the noble redcrosse knight,
r hoped pray; she would no lenger byde,
t forth she went to seeke him far and wide.
e long she fownd, whereas he wearie sate
rest him selfe, foreby a fountaine syde,
armed all of yron-coted plate;
d by his *side his steed* the grassy forage ate.

Hee feedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes
His sweatie forehead in the breathing wynd,
Which through the trembling leaves full gen
Wherein the chearefull birds of sundry kynd [play
Doe chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mynd:
The witch approching gan him fayrely greet,
And with reproch of carelesnes unkynd
Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With fowle words tempring faire, soure gall w
hony sweet.

Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasaunce of the ioyous shade,
Which shielded them against the boyling heat,
And, with greene boughes decking a gloomy gla
About the fountaine like a girlond made;
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade:
The sacred nymph, which therein wont to dwel
Was out of Dianes favor, as it then befell.

The cause was this: one day, when Phœbe fayr
With all her band was following the chace,
This nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching ay
Satt downe to rest in middest of the race:
The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
And badd the waters, which from her did flow,
Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters wexed dull and slow; [gr
And all, that drinke thereof, do faint and fee

Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was;
And, lying downe upon the sandie graile,
Dronke of the streame, as cleare as christall gla

Eftsoones [illegible] nly [illegible] ces gan to fayle,
And mightie strong [illegible] turnd to feeble frayle.
His chaunged powres at first themselves not felt;
Till crudled cold his corage gan assayle,
And cheareful blood in fayntnes chill did melt,
Which, like a fever fit, through all his bodie swelt.

Yet goodly court he made still to his dame,
Pourd out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,
Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame:
Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebownd,
That all the Earth for terror seemd to shake,
And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe, therewith astownd,
Upstarted lightly from his looser make,
And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or gett his shield, his monstrous enimy
With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,
An hideous geaunt, horrible and hye,
That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the skye;
The ground eke groned under him for dreed:
His living like saw never living eye,
Ne durst behold; his stature did exceed
The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortall seed.

The greatest Earth his uncouth mother was,
And blustring Æolus his boasted syre;
Who with his breath, which through the world doth [pas,
Her hollow womb did secretly inspyre,
And fild her hidden caves with stormie yre,

That she conceiv'd; and trebling the dew time,
In which the wombes of women do expyre,
Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slym
Puft up with emptie wind, and fild with sinfu
cryme.

So growen great, through arrogant delight
Of th' high descent whereof he was yborne,
And through presumption of his matchlesse migh
All other powres and knighthood he did scorne.
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
And left to losse: his stalking steps are stayde
Upon a snaggy oke, which he had torne
Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made
His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he di
mayde.

That, when the knight he spyde, he gan advaun
With huge force and insupportable mayne,
And towardes him with dreadfull fury praunce;
Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine
Did to him pace sad battaile to darrayne,
Disarmd, disgraste, and inwardly dismayde;
And eke so faint in every ioynt and vayne,
Through that fraile fountain, which him feeble mad
That scarsely could he weeld his bootlesse sing
blade.

The geaunt strooke so maynly mercilesse,
That could have overthrowne a stony towre;
And, were not hevenly grace that did him blesse,
He had beene pouldred all, as thin as flowre;
But he was wary of that deadly stowre,

l lightly lept from underneath the blow:
so exceeding was the villeins powre,
it with the winde it did him overthrow,
l all his sences stoond, that still he lay full low.

when that divelish yron engin, wrought
leepest Hell, and framd by Furies skill,
:h windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
l ramd with bollet rownd, ordaind to kill,
iceiveth fyre; the Heavens it doth fill
:h thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,
it none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
:ough smouldry cloud of duskish stincking smoke;
it th' only breath him daunts, who hath escapt
the stroke.

daunted when the geaunt saw the knight,
heavie hand he heaved up on hye,
d him to dust thought to have battred quight,
till Duessa loud to him gan crye;
) great Orgoglio, greatest under skye,
hold thy mortall hand for ladies sake;
ld for my sake, and doe him not to dye,
t vanquisht thine eternall bondslave make,
d me, thy worthy meed, unto thy leman take."

hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,
gayne so goodly guerdon as she spake:
willingly she came into his armes,
10 her as willingly to grace did take,
d was possessed of his newfound make.
en up he tooke the slombred senceless corse;
d, ere he could out of his swowne awake,
n to his castle brought with hastie forse,
d in a dongeon deepe him threw without remorse.

From that day forth Duessa was his deare,
And highly honourd in his haughtie eye:
He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,
And triple crowne set on her head full hye,
And her endowd with royall maiestye:
Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,
And peoples hartes with awfull terror tye,
A monstrous beast ybredd in filthy fen [den.
He chose, which he had kept long time in darksom

Such one it was, as that renowned snake
Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,
Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake:
Whose many heades out-budding ever new
Did breed him endlesse labor to subdew.
But this same monster much more ugly was;
For seven great heads out of his body grew,
An yron brest, and back of scaly bras,
And all embrewd in blood his eyes did shine as glas.

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,
That to the hous of hevenly gods it raught;
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
The everburning lamps from thence it braught,
And prowdly threw to ground, as things of naught;
And underneath his filthy feet did tread
The sacred thinges, and holy heastes foretaught.
Upon this dreadfull beast with sevenfold head
He sett the false Duessa, for more aw and dread.

The wofull dwarfe, which saw his maisters fall,
(Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed)
And valiant knight become a captive thrall;
When all was past, tooke up his fórlorne weed;
*His mig*htie armour, missing most at need;

His silver shield, now idle, maisterlesse;
His poynant speare, that many made to bleed;
The rueful moniments of heavinesse; [tresse.
And with them all departes, to tell his great dis-

He had not travaild long, when on the way
He wofull lady, wofull Una, met
Fast flying from that Paynims greedy pray,
Whilest Satyrane him from pursuit did let:
Who when her eyes she on the dwarf had set,
And saw the signes that deadly tydinges spake,
She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
And lively breath her sad brest did forsake;
Yet might her pitteous hart be seen to pant and quake.

The messenger of so unhappie newes
Would fain have dyde; dead was his hart within;
Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes:
At last, recovering hart, he does begin
To rub her temples, and to chaufe her chin,
And everie tender part does tosse and turne;
So hardly he the flitted life does win
Unto her native prison to retourne. [mourne:
Then gins her grieved ghost thus to lament and

"Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight,
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
Sith cruell fates the carefull threads unfould,
The which my life and love together tyde?
Now let the stony dart of sencelesse Cold
Perce to my hart, and pas through everie side;
And let eternall night so sad sight fro me hyde.

"O, lightsome Day, the lampe of highest Iove,
First made by him mens wandring wayes to guyde,
When Darknesse he in deepest dongeon drove;
Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,
And shut up Heavens windowes shyning wyde:
For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,
And late repentance, which shall long abyde.
Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed, [meed."
But, seeled up with death, shall have their deadly

Then downe againe she fell unto the ground;
But he her quickly reared up againe:
Thrise did she sinke adowne in deadly swownd,
And thrise he her reviv'd with busie paine.
At last, when Life recover'd had the raine,
And over-wrestled his strong enimy,
With foltring tong, and trembling everie vaine,
"Tell on," quoth she, "the wofull tragedy,
The which these reliques sad present unto mine eye:

"Tempestuous Fortune hath spent all her spight,
And thrilling Sorrow throwne his utmost dart:
Thy sad tong cannot tell more heavy plight
Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart:
Who hath endur'd the whole, can beare ech part.
If death it be; it is not the first wound,
That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart.
Begin, and end the bitter-balefull stound;
If lesse then that I feare, more favour I have found."

Then gan the dwarfe the whole discourse declare;
The subtile traines of Archimago old;
The wanton loves of false Fidessa fayre,

with the blood of vanquisht Paynim bold;
etched payre transformd to treën mould;
use of Pryde, and perilles round about;
nbat, which he with Sansloy did hould;
kless conflict with the gyaunt stout,
ı captiv'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

rd with patience all unto the end;
ove to maister sorrowful assay,
greater grew, the more she did contend,
ost rent her tender hart in tway;
e fresh coles unto her fire did lay:
ater love, the greater is the losse.
er lady loved dearer day
e did love the knight of the Rederosse;
se deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

vhen fervent sorrow slaked was,
arose, resolving him to find
dead; and forward forth doth pas,
ie dwarfe the way to her assynd;
rmore, in constant carefull mind,
l her wound with fresh renewed bale:
st with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,
er hills, and lowe adowne the dale, [vale.
drcd many a wood, and measurd many a

he chaunced by good hap to meet
y knight, faire marching by the way,
r with his squyre, arrayed meet:
terand armour shined far away,
uncing light of Phœbus brightest ray,
p to toe no place appeared bare,
adly dint of steele endanger may;

Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he wa
That shind, like twinkling stars, with sto
pretious rare :

And, in the midst thereof, one pretious stc
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous
Shapt like a ladies head, exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights
Thereby his mortall blade full comely hon
In yvory sheath, ycarv'd with curious sligh
Whose hilts were burnisht gold ; and hand
Of mother perle ; and buckled with a gold

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightnesse and great terrou
For all the crest a dragon did enfold
With greedie pawes, and over all did spre
His golden winges ; his dreadfull hideous l
Close couched on the bever, seemd to thre
From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery
That suddeine horrour to faint hartes did s
And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his l
low.

Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
A bounch of heares discolourd diversly
With sprincled pearle and gold full richly
Did shake, and seemd to daunce for iollity
Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily :
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At everie little breath, that under Heaven is

His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortall eye be ever seene;
Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
(Such earthly mettals soon consumed beene)
But all of diamond perfect pure and cleene
It framed was, one massy entire mould,
Hew'n out of adamant rocke with engines keene,
That point of speare it never percen could,
Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance would.

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But whenas monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,
Or when the flying Heavens he would affray:
For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
That Phœbus golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay;
And silver Cynthia wexed pale and faynt, [straint.
As when her face is staynd with magicke arts con-

No magicke arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloody wordes of bold enchaunters call;
But all that was not such as seemd in sight
Before that shield did fade, and suddeine fall:
And, when him list the raskall routes appall,
Men into stones therewith he could transmew,
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all:
And, when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

Ne let it seeme that credence this exceedes;
For he, that made the same, was knowne right well
To have done much more admirable deedes:

It Merlin was, which whylome did excell
All living wightes in might of magicke spell:
Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wrougl
For this young prince, when first to armes he fel
But, when he dyde, the Faery queene it brought
To Faerie lond; where yet it may be seene, if sough

A gentle youth, his dearely loved squire,
His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
Whose harmeful head, thrise heated in the fire,
Had riven many a brest with pikehead square;
A goodly person; and could menage faire
His stubborne steed with curbed canon bitt,
Who under him did trample as the aire,
And chauft, that any on his backe should sitt;
The yron rowels into frothy fome he bitt.

Whenas this knight nigh to the lady drew,
With lovely court he gan her entertaine;
But, when he heard her aunswers loth, he knew
Some secret sorrow did her heart distraine:
Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,
And, for her humor fitting purpose faine,
To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray; [to sa
Wherewith enmovd, these bleeding words she gi

"What worlds delight, or ioy of living speach,
Can hart, so plungd in sea of sorrowes deep,
And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach?
The carefull Cold beginneth for to creep,
And in my heart his yron arrow steep,
Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale.
Such helplesse harmes yts better hidden keep,

...en rip up griefe, where it may not availe;
...y last left comfort is my woes to weepe and waile."

...h, lady deare," quoth then the gentle knight,
Well may I ween your griefe is wondrous great;
...r wondrous great griefe groneth in my spright,
...hiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat,
...t, woefull lady, let me you intrete
...r to unfold the anguish of your hart:
...shaps are maistred by advice discrete,
...d counsell mitigates the greatest smart;
...undnever help, who never would his hurts impart."

...O! but," quoth she, "great griefe will not be tould,
...d can more easily be thought then said."
...Right so," quoth he; "but he, that never would,
...uld never: will to might gives greatest aid."
But griefe," quoth she, "does greater grow displaid,
then it find not helpe, and breedes despair."
Despaire breeds not," quoth he, "where faith is staid."
No faith so fast," quoth she, "but flesh does paire."
Flesh may empaire," quoth he, "but reason can repaire."

...s goodly reason, and well-guided speach,
...deepe did settle in her gracious thought,
...at her perswaded to disclose the breach
...hich love and fortune in her hart had wrought;
...d said, "Faire sir, I hope good hap hath brought
...u to inquere the secrets of my griefe;
...that your wisdome will direct my thought;

Or that your prowesse can me yield reliefe; [bri
Then heare the story sad, which I shall tell :

"The forlorne maiden, whom your eies have se
The laughing stocke of Fortunes mockeries,
Am th' onely daughter of a king and queene,
Whose parents deare (whiles equal destinies
Did ronne about, and their felicities
The favourable Heavens did not envy)
Did spred their rule through all the territories,
Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,
And Gehons golden waves doe wash continually

"Till that their cruell cursed enemy,
And huge great dragon, horrible in sight,
Bred in the loathy lakes of Tartary,
With murdrous ravine, and devouring might,
Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted quig
Themselves, for feare into his iawes to fall,
He forst to castle strong to take their flight;
Where, fast embard in mighty brasen wall, [thr
He has them now fowr years besiegd to make th

"Full many knights, adventurous and stout,
Have enterpriz'd that monster to subdew:
From every coast, that Heaven walks about,
Have thither come the noble martial crew,
That famous harde atchievements still pursew;
Yet never any could that girlond win,
But all still shronke; and still he greater grew:
All they for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
The pitteous pray of his fiers cruelty have bin.

st, yled with far reported praise,
flying fame throughout the world had spred,
ghty knights, whom Faery land did raise,
oble order hight of Maidenhed,
ith to court of Gloriane I sped,
riane, great queene of glory bright,
kingdomes seat Cleopolis is red;
to obtaine some such redoubted knight,
rents deare from tyrants powre deliver might.

s my chaunce (my chaunce was faire and
for to find a fresh unproved knight; [good)
manly hands imbrewd in guilty blood
ver beene, ne ever by his might
owne to ground the unregarded right:
his prowesse proofe he since hath made
s am) in many a cruell fight;
oning ghosts of many one dismaide
lt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

e, the forlorne reliques of his powre,
ng Sword and his devouring Speare,
have endured many a dreadfull stowre,
ake his prowesse, that did earst you beare,
ll could rule; now he hath left you heare
he record of his ruefull losse,
my dolefull disaventurous deare:
e record of the good Redcrosse,
have ye left your lord, that could so well
you tosse?

oped I, and faire beginnings had,
my captive languor should redeeme:
nweeting an enchaunter bad

His sence abusd, and made him to misdeeme
My loyalty, not such as it did seeme,
That rather death desire then such despight.
Be iudge, ye Heavens, that all things right esteeme,
How I him lov'd, and love with all my might!
So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aright.

" Thenceforth me desolate he quite forsooke,
To wander, where wilde Fortune would me lead,
And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,
Where never foote of living wight did tread,
That brought not backe the balefull body dead;
In which him chaunced false Duessa meete,
Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread;
Who with her witchcraft, and misseeming sweete,
Inveigled him to follow her desires unmeete.

" At last, by subtle sleights she him betraid
Unto his foe, a gyaunt huge and tall;
Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismaid,
Unwares surprised, and with mighty mall
The monster mercilesse him made to fall,
Whose fall did never foe before behold:
And now in darksome dungeon, wretched thrall,
Remédilesse, for aie he doth him hold:
This is my cause of griefe, more great then may be told."

Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint:
But he her comforted, and faire bespake;
" Certes madáme, ye have great cause of plaint,
That stoutest hart, I weene, could cause to quake.
But be of cheare, and comfort to you take;

For, till I have acquit your captive knight,
Assure your selfe, I will you not forsake."
His cheerful words reviv'd her chearelesse spright:
So forth they went, the dwarfe them guiding ever
right.

CANTO VIII.

Faire virgin, to redeeme her deare,
Brings Arthure to the fight:
Who slayes the gyaunt, wounds the beast,
And strips Duessa quight.

Ay me, how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And steadfast Truth acquite him out of all!
Her love is firme, her care continuall,
So oft as he, through his own foolish pride
Or weaknes, is to sinfull bands made thrall:
Els should this redcrosse knight in bands have dyde,
For whose deliverance she this prince doth thether
guyd.

They sadly traveild thus, until they came
Nigh to a castle builded strong and hye:
Then cryde the dwarfe, "Lo! yonder is the same,
In which my lord, my liege, doth lucklesse ly,
Thrall to that gyaunts hatefull tyranny:
Therefore, dear sir, your mightie powres assay."
The noble knight alighted by and by
From loftie steed, and badd the ladie stay,
To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

So with his squire, th' admirer of his might,
He marched forth towardes that castle wall;
Whose gates he fownd fast shutt, ne living wig
To warde the same, nor answere commers call
Then tooke that squire an horne of bugle sma
Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold
And tasselles gay; wyde wonders over all
Of that same hornes great vertues weren told,
Which had approved bene in uses manifold.

Was never wight that heard that shrilling sow
But trembling feare did feel in every vaine:
Three miles it might be easy heard arownd,
And echoes three aunswer'd it selfe againe:
No faulse enchauntment, nor deceiptfull traine
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was void and wholly vaine:
No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,
But with that percing noise flew open quite
brast.

The same before the geaunts gate he blew,
That all the castle quaked from the grownd,
And every dore of free-will open flew.
The gyaunt selfe dismaied with that sownd,
Where he with his Duessa dalliaunce fownd,
In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
With staring countenance sterne, as one astow
And staggering steps, to weet what suddein stc
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd
dreaded powre.

And after him the proud Duessa came,
High mounted on her many-headed beast;

l every head with fyrie tongue did flame,
l every head was crowned on his crest,
l bloody mouthed with late cruell feast.
t when the knight beheld, his mightie shild
n his manly arme he soone addrest,
l at him fiersly flew, with corage fild,
leger greedinesse through every member thrild.

rewith the gyaunt buckled him to fight,
amd with scornefull wrath and high disdaine,
l lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,
armd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,
a thought at first encounter to have slaine.
: wise and wary was that noble pere;
l, lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
l fayre avoide the violence him nere;
ooted nought to thinke such thunderbolts to
beare.

shame he thought to shonne so hideous might:
e ydle stroke, enforcing furious way,
sing the marke of his misaymed sight,
l fall to ground, and with his heavy sway
deeply dinted in the driven clay,
t three yardes deepe a furrow up did throw:
s sad earth, wounded with so sore assay,
. grone full grievous underneath the blow;
l, trembling with strange feare, did like an erth-
quake show.

when almightie Iove, in wrathfull mood,
wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
les forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
old in flames, and smouldring dreriment,

Through riven cloudes and molted firmament;
The fiers threeforked engin, making way,
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay;
And, shooting in the earth, castes up a mount of
clay.

His boystrous club, so buried in the grownd,
He could not rearen up againe so light,
But that the knight him at advantage fownd;
And, whiles he strove his combred clubbe to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smott off his left arme, which like a block
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might;
Large streames of blood out of the truncked stock
Forth gushed, like fresh-water streame from riven
rocke.

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of unwonted payne,
He lowdly brayd with beastly yelling sownd,
That all the fields rebellowed againe:
As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plaine
An heard of bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,
And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing:
The neighbor woods arownd with hollow murmur
ring.

That when his deare Duessa heard, and saw
The evil stownd that daungerd her estate,
Unto his aide she hastily did draw
Her dreadful beast; who, swolne with blood of late,

amping forth with proud presumpteous gate,
reatened all his heades like flaming brandes.
n the squire made quickly to retrate,
ıtring fiers with single sword in hand;
ixt him and his lord did like a bulwarke stand.

oud Duessa, full of wrathful spight
rs disdaine, to be affronted so,
t her purple beast with all her might,
op out of the way to overthroe,
ıg the let of so unequall foe:
thëmore would that corageous swayne
yeeld passage, gainst his lord to goe;
th outrageous strokes did him restraine,
th his body bard the way atwixt them twaine.

ook the angry witch her golden cup,
still she bore, replete with magick artes;
and despeyre did many thereof sup,
cret poyson through their inner partes;
rnal bale of heavie wounded harts:
, after charmes and some enchauntments said,
htly sprinkled on his weaker partes:
vith his sturdie corage soon was quayd,
l his sences were with sudden dread dismayd.

ne he fell before the cruel beast,
n his neck his bloody clawes did seize,
fe nigh crusht out of his panting brest:
rre he had to stirre, nor will to rize.
hen the careful knight gan well avise,
ıtly left the foe with whom he fought,
the beast gan turne his enterprize;

For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
To see his loved squyre into such thraldom brought

And, high advauncing his blood-thirstie blade,
Stroke one of those deformed heades so sore,
That of his puissaunce proud ensample made;
His monstrous scalpe down to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed shape misshaped more:
A sea of blood gusht from the gaping wownd,
That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,
And overflowed all the field arownd;
That over shoes in blood he waded on the grownd

Thereat he rored for exceeding paine,
That, to have heard, great horror would have bred
And scourging th' emptie ayre with his long trayne
Through great impatience of his grieved hed,
His gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted
Would have cast downe, and trodd in durty myre,
Had not the gyaunt soone her succoured;
Who, all enrag'd with smart and frantick yre,
Came hurtling in full fiers, and forst the knight re
tyre.

The force, which wont in two to be disperst,
In one alone left hand he now unites, [erst
Which is through rage more strong than both were
With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
And at his foe with furious rigor smites,
That strongest oake might seeme to overthrow:
The stroke upon his shield so heavie lites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full low:—
What mortall wight could ever beare so monstrous
blow?

in his fall his shield, that covered was,
oose his vele by chaunce, and open flew;
light whereof, that Hevens light did pas,
blazing brightnesse through the ayer threw,
eye mote not the same endure to vew.
h when the gyaunt spyde with staring eye,
owne let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
eapon huge, that heaved was on hye,
e have slain the man, that on the ground did
lye.

ke the fruitfull-headed beast, amazd
shing beames of that sunshiny shield,
ne stark blind, and all his sences dazd,
downe he tumbled on the durtie field,
eemd himselfe as conquered to yield.
1 when his maistresse proud perceiv'd to fall,
s yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
he gyaunt lowdly she gan call;
helpe, Orgoglio; helpe, or els we perish all."

so pitteous cry was much amoov'd
ampion stout; and, for to ayde his friend,
his wonted angry weapon proov'd,
in vaine; for he has redd his end
bright shield, and all their forces spend
elves in vaine: for, since that glauncing sight,
h no powre to hurt, nor to defend.
ere th' Almightie lightning brond does light,
mes the dazed eyen, and daunts the sences
quight.

Whom when the prince, to batteill new addrest
And threatning high his dreadful stroke, did see
His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
And smote off quite his left leg by the knee,
That downe he tombled; as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whose hart-strings with keene steele nigh hew
be;
The mightie trunk halfe rent with ragged rift
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with feare
drift.

Or as a castle, reared high and round,
By subtile engins and malitious slight
Is undermined from the lowest ground,
And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,
At last downe falls; and with her heaped hight
Her hastie ruine does more heavie make,
And yields it selfe unto the victours might:
Such was this gyaunts fall, that seemd to shake
The stedfast globe of Earth, as it for feare
quake.

The knight then, lightly leaping to the pray,
With mortall steele him smot againe so sore,
That headlesse his unweldy bodie lay,
All wallowed in his owne fowle bloody gore,
Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous stor
But, soone as breath out of his brest did pas,
That huge great body, which the gyaunt bore,
Was vanisht quite; and of that monstrous mas
Was nothing left, but like an emptie blader was

Whose grievous fall when false Duessa spyde,
Her golden cup she cast unto the gronnd,
And crowned mitre rudely threw asyde:
Such piercing griefe her stubborne hart did wound,
That she could not endure that dolefull stound;
But, leaving all behind her, fled away:
The light-foot squire her quickly turnd around,
And, by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
So brought unto his lord, as his deserved pray,

The roiall virgin which beheld from farre,
In pensive plight and sad perplexitie,
The whole atchievement of this doubtfull warre,
Came running fast to greet his victorie,
With sober gladnesse and myld modestie;
And, with sweet ioyous cheare, him thus bespake:
"Fayre braunch of noblesse, flowre of chevalrie,
That with your worth the world amazed make,
How shall I quite the paynes, ye suffer for my sake?

"And you, fresh budd of vertue springing fast,
Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto Deaths dore,
What hath poore virgin for such perill past
Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore
My simple selfe, and service evermore.
And He that high does sit, and all things see
With equall eye, their merites to restore,
Behold what ye this day have done for mee;
And, what I cannot quite, requite with usuree!

"But sith the Heavens, and your faire handëling,
Have made you master of the field this day;
Your fortune maister eke with governing,
And, well begonne, end all so well, I pray!

Ne let that wicked woman scape away;
For she it is, that did my lord bethrall,
My dearest lord, and deepe in dongeon lay;
Where he his better dayes hath wasted all:
O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does ca

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his squyre,
That scarlot whore to keepen carefully;
Whyles he himselfe with greedie great desyre
Into the castle entred forcibly,
Where living creature none he did espye:
Then gan he lowdly through the house to call;
But no man car'd to answere to his crye:
There raignd a solemne silence over all;
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in bo
or hall!

At last, with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as snow:
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
And guyde his wearie gate both too and fro;
For his eye sight him fayled long ygo:
And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
The which unused rust did overgrow:
Those were the keyes of every inner dore;
But he could not them use, but kept them still
store

feet and face one way are wont to lead.
was the auncient keeper of that place,
foster father of the gyaunt dead;
ıame Ignaro did his nature right aread.

everend heares and holy gravitee
knight much honord, as beseemed well;
gently askt, where all the people bee,
:h in that stately building wont to dwell:
answerd him full soft, *He could not tell.*
ı he askt, where that same knight was layd,
n great Orgoglio with his puissance fell
nade his caytive thrall: againe he sayde,
uld not tell; ne ever other answere made.

asked he, which way he in might pas:
uld not tell, againe he answered.
:at the courteous knight displeased was,
aid; "Old syre, it seems thou hast not red
ill it sits with that same silver hed,
ne to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee:
'thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
Natures pen, in ages grave degree,
l in graver wise what I demaund of thee."

ıswere likewise was, *He could not tell.*
e senceless speach, and doted ignorance,
ıas the noble prince had marked well,
ıest his nature by his countenance;
:alm'd his wrath with goodly temperance.
, to him stepping, from his arme did reache
: keyes, and made himselfe free enterance.
dore he opened without any breach:
: *was no barre to stop,* nor foe him to empeach.

There all within full rich arrayd he found,
With royall arras, and resplendent gold,
And did with store of every thing abound,
That greatest princes presence might behold.
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
With blood of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew,
Which there were slaine, as sheepe out of the fold,
Defiled was; that dreadfull was to vew;
And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

And there beside of marble stone was built
An altare, carv'd with cunning ymagery;
On which trew Christians blood was often spilt,
And holy martyres often doen to dye,
With cruell malice and strong tyranny:
Whose blessed sprites, from underneath the stone,
To God for vengeance cryde continually;
And with great griefe were often heard to grone;
That hardest heart would bleede to hear their piteous mone.

Through every rowme he sought, and everie bowr;
But no where could he find that wofull thrall.
At last he came unto an yron doore,
That fast was lockt; but key found not at all
Emongst that bunch to open it withall;
But in the same a little grate was pight,
Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call
With all his powre, to weet if living wight
Were housed therewithin, whom he enlargen might.

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
These piteous plaintes and dolours did resound;
"O! who is that, which bringes me happy choyce
Of death, that here lye dying every stownd,

Yet live perforce in balefull darknesse bound?
For now three moones have changed thrice their hew,
And have been thrice hid underneath the ground,
Since I the Heavens chearefull face did vew:
O welcome, thou, that doest of death bring tydings trew."

Which when that champion heard, with percing point
Of pitty deare his hart was thrilled sore;
And trembling horrour ran through every ioynt,
For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore:
Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore
With furious force and indignation fell;
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
But all a deepe descent, as dark as Hell,
That breathed ever forth a filthie banefull smell.

But neither darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous smell, his purpose could withhold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
But that with constant zele and corage bold,
After long paines and labors manifold,
He found the meanes that prisoner up to reare;
Whose feeble thighes, unable to uphold
His pined corse, him scarse to light could beare;
A ruefull spectacle of death, and ghastly drere.

His sad dull eies, deepe sunck in hollow pits,
Could not endure th' unwonted Sunne to view;
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
And empty sides deceived of their dew,
Could make a stony hart his hap to rew;
His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowrs
Were wont to rive steele plates, and helmets hew,

Were clene consum'd; and all his vitall powres
Decayd; and all his flesh shronk up like withered
flowres.

Whome when his lady saw, to him she ran
With hasty ioy: to see him made her glad,
And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
We earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
Tho, when her well of teares she wasted had,
She said; "Ah, dearest lord! what evil starre
On you hath frownd, and pourd his influence bad,
That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,
And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth
marre?

"But welcome now, my lord, in wele or woe;
Whose presence I have lackt too long a day:
And fye on Fortune mine avowed foe,
Whose wrathful wreakes themselves doe now alay;
And for these wronges shall treble penaunce pay
Of treble good: good growes of evils priefe."
The chearlesse man, whom sorrow did dismay,
Had no delight to treaten of his griefe;
His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

"Faire lady," then said that victorious knight,
"The things, that grievous were to doe, or beare,
Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight;
Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eare:
But th' only good, that growes of passed feare,
Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.
This daies ensample hath this lesson deare
Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

"Henceforth, sir knight, take to you wonted strength,
And maister these mishaps with patient might:
Loe, where your foe lies stretcht in monstrous length;
And loe, that wicked woman in your sight,
The roote of all your care and wretched plight,
Now in your powre, to let her live, or die."
"To doe her die," quoth Una, "were despight,
And shame t'avenge so weake an enimy;
But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly."

So, as she bad, that witch they disaraid,
And robd of roiall robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were displaid;
Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
Then, when they had despoyld her tire and call,
Such, as she was, their eies might her behold,
That her misshaped parts did them appall;
A loathly, wrinckled hag, ill favoured, old,
Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told.

Her crafty head was altogether bald,
And, as in hate of honorable eld,
Was overgrowne with scurfe and filthy scald;
Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld,
And her sowre breath abhominably smeld;
Her dried dugs, lyke bladders lacking wind,
Hong downe, and filthy matter from them weld;
Her wrizled skin, as rough as maple rind, [kind.
So scabby was, that would have loathd all woman-

Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind,
My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to write:
But at her rompe she growing had behind

A foxes taile, with dong all fowly dight:
And eke her feete most monstrous were in sig
For one of them was like an eagles claw,
With griping talaunts armed to greedy fight;
The other like a beares uneven paw:
More ugly shape yet never living creature saw

Which when the knights beheld, amazd they w
And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
"Such then," said Una, "as she seemeth here,
Such is the face of Falshood: such the sight
Of fowle Duessa, when her borrowed light
Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne."
Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight
And all her filthy feature open showne,
They let her goe at will, and wander waies
knowne,

Shee, flying fast from Heavens hated face,
And from the world that her discovered wide,
Fled to the wastfull wildernesse apace,
From living eies her open shame to hide;
And lurkt in rocks and caves, long unespide.
But that faire crew of knights, and Una faire,
Did in that castle afterwards abide,
To rest themselves, and weary powres repaire:
Where store they fownd of all that dainty was
rare.

CANTO IX.

His loves and lignage Arthure tells:
The knights knitt friendly bands:
Sir Trevisan flies from Despeyre,
Whom Redcross knight withstands.

GOODLY golden chayne, wherewith yfere
e vertues linked are in lovely wize;
d noble mindes of yore allyed were,
rave poursuitt of chevalrous emprize,
at none did others safëty despize,
r aid envy to him, in need that stands;
t friendly each did others praise devize,
w to advaunce with favourable hands,
this good prince redeemd the Redcrosse knight
from bands.

o, when their powres empayred through labor
th dew repast they had recured well, [long,
d that weake captive wight now wexed strong;
em list no lenger there at leasure dwell,
t forward fare, as their adventures fell:
t, ere they parted, Una faire besought
at straunger knight his name and nation tell;
ast so great good, as he for her had wrought,
ould die unknown, and buried be in thankles
thought.

'aire virgin," said the prince, "yee me require
thing without the compas of my witt:
r both the lignage, and the certein sire,
om which I sprong, from me are hidden yitt.

For all so soone as life did me admitt
Into this world, and shewed Heavens light,
From mothers pap I taken was unfitt,
And streight deliver'd to a Faery knight, [migl
To be upbrought in gentle thewes and marti

"Unto old Timon he me brought by live;
Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath beene
In warlike feates th' expertest man alive,
And is the wisest now on Earth I weene:
His dwelling is, low in a valley greene,
Under the foot of Rauran mossy hore,
From whence the river Dee, as silver cleene,
His tombling billowes rolls with gentle rore;
There all my daies he traind me up in vertuous lor

"Thether the great magician Merlin came,
As was his use, ofttimes to visitt mee;
For he had charge my discipline to frame,
And tutors nouriture to oversee.
Him oft and oft I askt in privity,
Of what loines and what lignage I did spring,
Whose aunswere bad me still assured bee,
That I was sonne and heire unto a king, [bring
As time in her iust term the truth to light shoul

"Well worthy impe," said then the lady gent,
"And pupil fitt for such a tutors hand!
But what adventure, or what high intent,
Hath brought you hether into Faery land,
Aread, prince Arthure, crowne of martiall band?"
"Full hard it is," quoth he, "to read aright
The course of heavenly cause, or understand

The secret meaning of th' eternall Might,
That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts of
living wight.

"For whether he, through fatal deepe foresight,
Me hither sent, for cause to me unghest;
Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
Whilome doth rancle in my riven brest,
With forced fury following his behest,
Me hether brought by wayes, yet never found;
You to have helpt I hold myself yet blest."
"Ah! courteous knight," quoth she, "what secret
wound [ground?"
Could ever find to grieve the gentlest hart on

"Dear dame," quoth he, "you sleeping sparkes
awake,
Which, troubled once, into huge flames will grow;
Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,
Till living moysture into smoke do flow,
And wasted life doe lye in ashes low.
Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire,
But, told, it flames; and, hidden, it does glow;
I will revele what ye so much desire: [spyre.
Ah! Love, lay down thy bow, the whiles I may re-

"It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares,
When corage first does creepe in manly chest;
Then first that cole of kindly heat appeares
To kindle love in every living brest:
But me had warnd old Timons wise behest,
Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
Before their rage grew to so great unrest,

As miserable lovers use to rew,
Which still wex old in woe, whiles woe stil w

" That ydle name of love, and lovers life,
As losse of time, and vertues enimy,
I ever scorn'd, and ioyd to stirre up strife,
In middest of their mournfull tragedy;
Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
And blow the fire, which them to ashes brent
Their god himselfe, grievd at my libertie,
Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent;
But I them warded all with wary government

" But all in vaine; no fort can be so strong,
Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sownd,
But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
Or unawares at disadvantage fownd:
Nothing is sure that growes on earthly grown
And who most trustes in arme of fleshly migh
And boastes in beauties chaine not to be bow
Doth soonest fall in disaventrous fight, [sp
And yeeldes his caytive neck to victours mos

" Ensample make of him your haplesse ioy,
And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;
Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging bo
Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my liberte
For on a day, prickt forth with iollitee
Of looser life and heat of hardiment,
Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
The fields, the floods, the Heavens, with one co
Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine int

"Forwearied with my sportes, I did alight
From loftie steed, and downe to sleep me layd:
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmett fayre displayd:
Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,
And slombring soft my hart did steale away,
Me seemed, by my side a royall mayd
Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:
So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.

"Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
She to me made, and badd me love her deare;
For dearely sure her love was to me bent,
As, when iust time expired, should appeare.
But, whether dreames delude, or true it were,
Was never hart so ravisht with delight,
Ne living man like wordes did ever heare,
As she to me delivered all that night;
And at her parting said, she queene of Faries hight.

"When I awoke, and found her place devoyd,
And nought but pressed gras where she had lyen,
I sorrowed all so much as earst I ioyd,
And washed all her place with watry eyen.
From that day forth I lov'd that face divyne;
From that day forth I cast in carefull mynd,
To seek her out with labor and long tyne,
And never vowd to rest till her I fynd: [bynd."
Nyne monethes I seek in vain, yet ni'll that vow un-

Thus as he spake, his visage wexed pale,
And chaunge of hew great passion did bewray;
Yett still he strove to cloke his inward bale,

And hide the smoke that did his fire display;
Till gentle Una thus to him gan say;
"O happy queene of Faries, that hast fownd,
Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confownd!
True loves are often sown, but seldom grow on grownd."

"Thine, O! then," said the gentle Redcrosse knight,
"Next to that ladies love, shal be the place,
O fayrest virgin, full of heavenly light,
Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
Was firmest fixt in myne extremest case.
And you, my lord, the patrone of my life,
Of that great queene may well gaine worthie grace;
For onely worthie you through prowes priefe,
Yf living man mote worthie be, to be her liefe."

So diversly discoursing of their loves,
The golden Sunne his glistring head gan shew,
And sad remembraunce now the prince amoves
With fresh desire his voyage to pursew:
Als Una earnd her traveill to renew.
Then those two knights, fast frendship for to bynd,
And love establish each to other trew.
Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,
And eke, as pledges firme, right hands together ioynd.

Prince Arthur gave a boxe of diamond sure,
Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were closd few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wownd could heale incontinent.

h to requite, the Redcrosse knight him gave
ke, wherein his Saveours Testament
ritt with golden letters rich and brave;
ke of wondrous grace, and hable soules to save.

eene they parted; Arthur on his way
ke his love, and th' other for to fight
Jnaes foe, that all her realme did pray.
e, now weighing the decayed plight
runken synewes of her chosen knight,
not a while her forward course pursew,
ng him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
recovered had his former hew:
n to be yet weake and wearie well she knew.

hey traveild, lo! they gan espy
ied knight towards them gallop fast,
eemed from some feared foe to fly,
er griesly thing, that him aghast.
s he fledd, his eye was backward cast,
is feare still followed him behynd:
w his steed, as he his bandes had brast,
ith his winged heeles did tread the wynd,
had been a fole of Pegasus his kynd.

s he drew, they might perceive his head
unarmd, and curld uncombed heares
ng stiffe, dismaid with úncouth dread:
op of blood in all his face appeares,
: in limbe; and, to increase his feares,
e reproch of knighthoodes fayre degree,
his neck an hempen rope he weares,
ith his glistring armes does ill agree:
of rope, or armes, has now no memoree.

The Redcrosse knight toward him crossed fa
To weet what mister wight was so dismayd:
There him he findes all senceless and aghast,
That of himselfe he seemd to be afrayd;
Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
Till he these wordes to him deliver might;
"Sir Knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
And eke from whom make ye this hasty fligh
For never knight I saw in such misseeming pl

He answerd nought at all; but adding new
Feare to his first amazment, staring wyde
With stony eyes and hartlesse hollow hew,
Astonisht stood, as one that had aspyde
Infernall Furies with their chaines untyde.
Him yett againe, and yett againe, bespake
The gentle knight; who nought to him reply
But, trembling every ioynt, did inly quake,
And foltring tongue at last these words seemd
to shake;

"For Gods deare love, sir Knight, doe me not s
For loe! he comes, he comes fast after mee!"
Eft looking back would faine have runne awa
But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
The secrete cause of his perplexitie:
Yet nathëmore by his bold hartie speach
Could his blood-frosen hart emboldned bee,
But through his boldnes rather feare did reac
Yett, forst, at last he made through silence su
breach:

"And am I now in safetie sure," quoth he,
"From him, that would have forced me to dy

is the point of death now turnd fro mee,
I may tell this haplesse history ?"
r nought," quoth he, "no daunger now is nye."
n shall I you recount a ruefull cace,"
ie, "the which with this unlucky eye
beheld; and, had not greater grace
ft from it, had bene partaker of the place.

ely chaunst (would I had never chaunst!)
a fayre knight to keepen companee,
erwin hight, that well himselfe advaunst
affayres, and was both bold and free;
ot so happy as mote happy bee:
v'd, as was his lot, a lady gent,
him againe lov'd in the least degree;
he was proud, and of too high intent,
oyd to see her lover languish and lament:

m whom retourning sad and comfortlesse,
i the way together we did fare,
iet that villen, (God from him me blesse!)
cursed wight, from whom I scapt whylcare,
n of Hell, that calls himselfe *Despayre*:
first us greets, and after fayre areedes
dinges straunge, and of adventures rare:
eeping close, as snake in hidden weedes,
reth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

ich when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
ost with bale, and bitter byting griefe,
h Love had launched with his deadly darts:
wounding words, and termes of foule repriefe,
luckt from *us all hope* of dew reliefe,

That earst us held in love of lingring life;
Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
Perswade us dye, to stint all further strife:
To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife:

"With which sad instrument of hasty death,
That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,
A wyde way made to let forth living breath.
But I, more fearfull or more lucky wight,
Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,
Fledd fast away, halfe dead with dying feare;
Ne yet assur'd of life by you, sir Knight,
Whose like infirmity like chaunce may beare:
But God you never let his charmed speaches heare

"How many a man," said he, "with idle speach
Be wonne to spoyle the castle of his health?"
"I wote," quoth he, "whom tryall late did teach
That like would not for all this worldës wealth.
His subtile tong, like dropping honny, mealt'h
Into the hart, and searcheth every vaine;
That, ere one be aware, by secret stealth
His powre is reft, and weaknes doth remaine.
O never, sir, desire to try his guilefull traine!"

"Certes," sayd he, "hence shall I never rest,
Till I that treachours art have heard and tryde:
And you, sir Knight, whose name mote I requeste
Of grace do me unto his cabin guyde."
"I, that hight Trevisan," quoth he, "will ryde,
Against my liking, backe to doe you grace:
But not for gold nor glee will I abyde
By you, when ye arrive in that same place;
For lever had I die then see his deadly face."

re long they come, where that same wicked wight
is dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
ar underneath a craggy cliff ypight,
arke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
hat still for carrion carcases doth crave:
n top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owle,
hrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
ar from that haunt all other chearefull fowle;
nd all about it wandring ghostes did wayle and
howle:

nd all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
hereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seen,
id hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
n which had many wretches hanged beene,
hose carcases were scattred on the greene,
nd throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,
hat bare-head knight, for dread and doleful teene,
ould faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare;
ut th' other forst him staye, and comforted in feare.

hat darksome cave they enter, where they find
hat cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
using full sadly in his sullein mind:
is griesle lockes, long growen and unbound,
isordered hong about his shoulders round,
nd hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
ookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
is raw-bone cheekes, though penurie and pine,
Were shronke into his iawes, as he did never dine.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts:

And him beside there lay upon the gras
A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,
All wallowed in his own yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

Which piteous spectacle, approving trew
The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,
Whenas the gentle Redcrosse knight did vew,
With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold
Him to avenge, before his blood were cold;
And to the villein sayd; "Thou damned wight,
The author of this fact we here behold,
What iustice can but iudge against thee right,
With thine owne blood to price his blood, here shed in sight?"

"What franticke fit," quoth he, "hath thus distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give?
What iustice ever other iudgement taught,
But he should dye, who merites not to live?
None els to death this man despayring drive
But his owne guiltie mind, deserving death.
Is then uniust to each his dew to give?
Or let him dye, that loatheth living breath?
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath?

"Who travailes by the wearie wandring way,
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meetes a flood, that doth his passage stay;
Is not great grace to helpe him over past,

ee his feet that in the myre sticke fast?
envious man, that grieves at neighbours good;
fond, that ioyest in the woe thou hast;
wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood
the bancke, yet wilt thy selfe not pas the flood?

there does now enioy eternall rest
happy ease, which thou doest want and crave,
further from it daily wanderest:
if some little payne the passage have,
makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter wave;
short payne well borne, that bringes long ease,
ayes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
e after toyle, port after stormie seas,
after warre, death after life, does greatly
please."

night much wondred at his suddeine wit,
ayd; "The terme of life is limited,
ay a man prolong, nor shorten, it:
ouldier may not move from watchfull sted,
eave his stand untill his captaine bed."
o life did limit by Almightie doome,"
he, "knowes best the termes established;
e, that points the centonell his roome,
license him depart at sound of morning droome

ot his deed, what ever thing in donne
aven and Earth? Did not he all create
e againe? All ends, that was begonne:
times in his eternall booke of fate
ritten sure, and have their certein dat-

Who then can strive with strong necessitie,
That holds the world in his still chaunging stat
Or shunne the death ordaynd by destinie?
When houre of death is come, let none aske whe
nor why.

" The lenger life, I wote the greater sin;
The greater sin, the greater punishment:
All those great battels, which thou boasts to w
Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengëmen
Now prayse, hereafter deare thou shalt repent
For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.
Is not enough thy evill life forespent?
For he that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth goe, the further he doth st

" Then doe no further goe, no further stray;
But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,
Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen may.
For what hath life, that may it loved make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, str
Payne, hunger, cold that makes the hart to qual
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife;
All which, and thousands mo, do make a loaths

" Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest n
If in true ballauncce thou wilt weigh thy state;
For never knight, that dared warlike deed,
More luckless dissaventures did amate:
Witnes the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
Thy life shutt up for death so oft did call;
And though good lucke prolonged hath thy da

:ath then would the like mishaps forestall,
ıe which hereafter thou maist happen fall.

' then doest thou, O man of sin, desire
ıw thy dayes forth to their last degree ?
the measure of thy sinfull hire
ıeaped up with huge iniquitee,
st the day of wrath, to burden thee ?
enough, that to this lady mild
falsed hast thy faith with periuree,
old thy selfe to serve Duessa vild,
whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe defild ?

ıt he iust, that all this doth behold
highest Heven, and beares an equall eie ?
ıe thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
uilty be of thine impietie ?
his law, Let every sinner die,
ıall all flesh ? What then must needs be donne,
ot better to doe willinglie,
linger till the glas be all out ronne ?
is the end of woes : die soone, O Faries sonne."

night was much enmoved with his speach,
ıs a swords poynt through his hart did perse,
ı his conscience made a secrete breach,
knowing trew all that he did reherse,
ɔ his fresh remembraunce did reverse
gly vew of his deformed crimes ;
ll his manly powres it did disperse,
were charmed with enchaunted rimes ;
ftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

In which amazement when the miscreaunt
Perceived him to waver weake and fraile,
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience daunt,
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile;
To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaile,
Hee shewd him painted in a table plaine
The damned ghosts, that doe in torments waile,
And thousand feends, that doe them endlesse paine
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remaine.

The sight whereof so thoroughly him dismaid,
That nought but death before his eies he saw,
And ever burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th' Almighties law.
Then gan the villein him to overcraw,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bad him choose, what death he would desire:
For death was dew to him, that had provokt Gods ire.

But, whenas none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake
And tremble like a leafe of aspin greene,
And troubled blood through his pale face was seene
To come and goe, with tidings from the heart,
As it a ronning messenger had beene.
At last, resolv'd to work his finall smart,
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.

Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swowne: but, soone reliev'd againe,
Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said; "Fie, fie, faint hearted knight,
What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?
In this the battaile, which thou vauntst to fight
With that fire-mouthed dragon, horrible and bright?

"Come; come away, fraile, feeble, fleshly wight,
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright:
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chosen art?
Where iustice growes, there grows eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
And that accurst hand-writing doth deface:
Arise, sir Knight; arise, and leave this cursed place."

So up he rose, and thence amounted streight,
Which when the carle beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight;
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hong himselfe, unbid, unblest.
But death he could not worke himselfe thereby;
For thousand times he so himselfe had drest,
Yet nathëlesse it could not doe him die,
Till he should die his last, that is, eternally.

CANTO X.

Her faithfull knight faire Una brings
To House of Holinesse;
Where he is taught repentaunce, and
The way to hevenly blesse.

WHAT man is he, that boasts of fleshly might
And vaine assurance of mortality,
Which, all so soone as it doth come to fight
Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,
Or from the fielde most cowardly doth fly!
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory:
If any strength we have, it is to ill;
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke

By that which lately hapned, Una saw
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint;
And all his sinewes woxen weake and raw,
Through long enprisonment, and hard constra
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was unfit for bloody fight.
Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him, where he chearen migl
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

There was an auncient house not far away,
Renownd throughout the world for sacred lor
And pure unspotted life: so well, they say,
It governd was, and guided evermore,
Through wisedome of a matrone grave and h

iely ioy was to relieve the needes
ied soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore:
she spent in bidding of her bedes,
ie day in doing good and godly deedes.

lia men did her call, as thought
ıven to come, or thether to arise;
ıer of three daughters, well upbrought
thewes, and godly exercise:
st two, most sober, chast, and wise,
ıd Speranza, virgins were;
poused, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize;
Charissa to a lovely fere
:ed, and by him had many pledges dere.

here, the dore they find fast lockt;
ı warely watched night and day,
of many foes; but, when they knockt,
:r opened unto them streight way.
ı aged syre, all hory gray,
:es full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
ı staffe his feeble steps to stay,
miltà. They passe in, stouping low;
ht and narrow was the way which he did
)w.

lly thing is hardest to begin;
d in, a spatious court they see,
ie and pleasaunt to be walked in;
em does meete a francklin faire and free,
ains with comely courteous glee;
was Zele, that him right well became:
speaches and behaveour hee

Did labour lively to expresse the same, [ca
And gladly did them guide, till to the hall th

There fayrely them receives a gentle squyre,
Of myld demeanure and rare courtesee,
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attyre;
In word and deede that shewd great modestee,
And knew his good to all of each degree;
Hight Reverence: he them with speaches meet
Does faire entreat; no courting nicetee,
But simple, trew, and eke unfained sweet,
As might become a squyre so great persons to gre

And afterwards them to his dame he leades,
That aged dame, the lady of the place,
Who all this while was busy at her beades;
Which doen, she up arose with seemely grace,
And toward them full matronely did pace.
Where, when that fairest Una she beheld,
Whom well she knew to spring from hevenly ra
Her heart with ioy unwonted inly sweld,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld:

And, her embracing, said; "O happy earth,
Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread!
Most vertuous virgin, borne of hevenly berth,
That, to redeeme thy woefull parents head
From tyrans rage and ever-dying dread,
Hast wandred through the world now long a da
Yett ceassest not thy weary soles to lead;
What grace hath thee now hether brought this w
Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hether stray

iunge thing it is an errant knight to see
in this place; or any other wight,
hether turnes his steps: so few there bee,
:hose the narrow path, or seeke the right!
·epe the broad high way, and take delight
many rather for to goe astray,
)e partakers of their evill plight,
with a few to walke the rightest way:
)lish men, why hast ye to your own decay?"

selfe to see, and tyred limbes to rest,
rone sage," quoth she, "I hether came;
his good knight his way with me addrest,
with thy prayses, and broad-blazed fame,
ıp to Heven is blowne." The auncient dame
oodly greeted in her modest guyse,
nterteynd them both, as best became,
ll the court'sies that she could devyse,
nted ought to shew her bounteous or wise.

ıs they gan of sondrie thinges devise,
wo most goodly virgins came in place,
·d arme in arme, in lovely wise;
countenance demure and modest grace

In which a serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horrour made to all that did behold;
But she no whitt did chaunge her constant m
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A booke, that was both signd and seald with bl
Wherein darke things were writt, hard to be u
stood.

Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well;
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,
As was her sister; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell:
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell;
And ever up to Heven, as she did pray,
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other v

They, seeing Una, towardes her gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courtesee;
Many kind speeches they betweene them spe
And greatly ioy each other for to see:
Then to the knight, with shamefast modestie
They turne themselves, at Unaes meeke requ
And him salute with well beseeming glee;
Who faire them quites, as him beseemed best,
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble ge

Then Una thus; "But she, your sister deare,
The deare Charissa, where is she become?
Or wants she health, or busie is elswhere?"
"Ah! no," said they, "but forth she ma
come;
For she of late is lightned of her wombe,

ıath encreast the world with one sonne more,
her to see should be but troublesome."
ed," quoth she, "that should her trouble sore;
hankt be God, and her encrease for ever-
more!"

said the aged Cœlia; "Deare dame,
ou, good sir, I wote that of youre toyle
abors long, through which ye hether came,
th forwearied be: therefore a whyle
you rest, and to your bowres recoyle."
called she a groome, that forth him ledd
goodly lodge, and gan despoile
ıssant armes, and laid in easie bedd:
ıme was meeke Obedience rightfully aredd.

when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
odies were refresht with dew repast,
Una gan Fidelia fayre request,
ve her knight into her schoolehous plaste,
of her heavenly learning he might taste,
ıeare the wisedom of her wordes divine.
raunted; and that knight so much agraste,
she him taught celestiall discipline, [shine.
opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them

hat her sacred booke, with blood ywritt.
none could reade except she did them teach,
nto him disclosed every whitt;
ıeavenly documents thereout did preach,
weaker witt of man could never reach;
d; of grace; of iustice; of free-will;
wonder was to heare her goodly speach:
ıe was *hable with her* wordes to kill,
ryse againe to life the hurt that she did thrill.

And, when she list poure out her larger sp
She would commaund the hasty Sunne to s
Or backward turne his course from Heven
Sometimes great hostes of men she could di
Dry-shod to passe she parts the flouds in tw
And eke huge mountaines from their nativ
She would command themselves to beare a
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat
Almightie God her gave such powre and pui

The faithfull knight now grew in little spac
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
To such perfection of all hevenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
And mortall life gan loath as thing forlore;
Greevd with remembrance of his wicked w
And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sor
That he desirde to end his wretched dayes
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dis

But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet,
And taught him how to take assured hold
Upon her silver anchor, as was meet;
Els has his sinnes so great and manifold
Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
In this distressed doubtfull agony,
When him his dearest Una did behold
Disdeining life, desiring leave to dye,
She found her selfe assayld with great perp

And came to Cælia to declare her smart;
Who well acquainted with that commune pl
Which sinfull horror workes in wounded ha
Her wisely comforted all that she might,

With goodly counsell and advisement right;
And streightway sent him carefull diligence,
To fetch a leach, the which had great insight
In that disease of grieved conscience, [tience.
And well could cure the same; his name was Pa-

Who, comming to that sowle-diseased knight,
Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief:
Which knowne, and all, that noyd his heavie spright,
Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply relief
Of salves and med'cines, which had passing prief;
And thereto added wordes of wondrous might:
By which to ease he him recured brief,
And much aswag'd the passion of his plight, [light.
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more

But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
Inward corruption and infected sin,
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
And festring sore did ranckle yett within,
Close creeping twixt the marow and the skin:
Which to extirpe, he laid him privily
Downe in a darksome lowly place far in,
Whereas he meant his córrosives to apply,
And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady.

In ashes and sackcloth he did array
His daintie corse, proud humors to abate;
And dieted with fasting every day,
The swelling of his woundes to mitigate;
And made him pray both earely and eke late:
And ever, as superfluous flesh did rott,
Amendment readie still at hand did wayt,
To pluck it out with pincers fyrie whott,
That soone in him was lefte no one corrupted iott.

And bitter Penaunce, with an yron whip,
Was wont him once to disple every day:
And sharp Remorse his hart did prick and nip,
That drops of blood thence like a well did play:
And sad Repentance used to embay
His body in salt water smarting sore,
The filthy blottes of sin to wash away.
So in short space they did to health restore [dore
The man that would not live, but erst lay at deathe

In which his torment often was so great,
That, like a lyon, he would cry and rore;
And rend his flesh; and his owne synewes eat.
His owne deare Una, hearing evermore
His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore
Her guiltlesse garments and her golden heare,
For pitty of his payne and anguish sore:
Yet all with patience wisely she did beare;
For well she wist his cryme could else be nev
cleare.

Whom, thus recover'd by wise Patience
And trew Repentaunce, they to Una brought;
Who, ioyous of his cured conscience,
Him dearely kist, and fayrely eke besought
Himselfe to chearish, and consuming thought
To put away out of his carefull brest.
By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,
Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest:
To her fayre Una brought this unacquainted gue

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage.

vas on Earth not easie to compare;
f great love; but Cupids wanton snare
ll she hated; chaste in worke and will;
cke and brest were ever open bare,
y thereof her babes might suck their fill;
st was all in yellow robes arayed still.

titude of babes about her hong,
g their sportes, that ioyd her to behold;
still she fed, whiles they were weake and young,
rust them forth still as they wexed old:
n her head she wore a tyre of gold,
d with gemmes and owches wondrous fayre,
passing price uneath was to be told:
y her syde there sate a gentle payre
le doves, she sitting in an yvory chayre.

night and Una entring fayre her greet,
id her ioy of that her happy brood:
hem requites with court'sies seeming meet,
ntertaynes with friendly cheerfull mood.
Una her besought, to be so good
ier vertuous rules to schoole her knight,
fter all his torment well withstood
sad House of Penaunce, where his spright
ast the paines of Hell and long-enduring night.

as right ioyous of her iust request;
aking by the hand that Faeries sonne,
m instruct in everie good behest,
e; and righteousness; and well to donne;
rath and hatred warely to shonne,

That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,
And many soules in dolours had fordonne;
In which when him she well instructed hath, [pa
From thence to Heaven she teacheth him the re

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guyde,
An auncient matrone she to her does call.
Whose sober lookes her wisedome well descryd
Her name was Mercy; well knowne over all
To be both gratious and eke liberall:
To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,
To leade aright, that he should never fall
In all his waies though this wide worldës wave;
That Mercy in the end his righteous soule mig
save.

The godly matrone by the hand him beares
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
Scattred with bushy thornes and ragged breares,
Which still before him she remov'd away,
That nothing might his ready passage stay:
And ever when his feet encombred were,
Or gan to shrinke, or from the right to stray:
She held him fast, and firmly did upbeare;
As careful nourse her child from falling oft do
reare.

Eftsoones unto an holy hospitall,
That was foreby the way, she did him bring;
In which seven bead-men, that had vowed all
Their life to service of high Heavens King,
Did spend their daies in doing godly thing;
Their gates to all were open evermore,
That by the wearie way were traveiling;

And one sate wayting ever them before,
To call in commers-by, that needy were and pore.

The first of them, that eldest was and best,
Of all the house had charge and government,
As guardian and steward of the rest:
His office was to give entertainemẽnt
And lodging unto all that came and went;
Not unto such as could him feast againe,
And double quite for that he on them spent;
But such, as want of of harbour did constraine:
Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

The second was an almer of the place:
His office was the hungry for to feed,
And thristy give to drinke; a worke of grace:
He feard not once himselfe to be in need,
Ne car'd to hoord for those whom he did breede:
The grace of God he layd up still in store,
Which as a stocke he left unto his seede;
He had enough; what need him care for more?
And had he lesse, yet some he would give to the pore.

The third had of their wardrobe custody,
In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay,
The plumes of pride, and wingds of vanity,
But clothes meet to keep keene cold away,
And naked nature seemely to array;
With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
The images of God in earthly clay;
And, if no spare clothes to give he had,
His owne cote he would cut, and it distribute glad.

The fourth appointed by his office was
Poore prisoners to relieve with gratious ayd,
And captives to redeeme with price of bras
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd;
And though they faulty were, yet all he wayd.
That God to us forgiveth every howre
Much more then that why they in bands were layd;
And he, that harrowd Hell with heavy stowre,
The faulty soules from thence brought to his heavenly bowre.

The fift had charge sick persons to attend,
And comfort those in point of death which lay;
For them most needeth comfort in the end,
When Sin, and Hell, and Death, doe most dismay
The feeble soule departing hence away.
All is but lost, that living we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man! have mind of that last bitter throw;
For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

The sixt had charge of them now being dead,
In seemely sort their corses to engrave,
And deck with dainty flowres their brydall bed,
That to their heavenly Spouse both sweet and brave
They might appeare, when he their soules shall save.
The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould,
Whose face he made all beastes to feare, and gave
All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
Ah, dearest God, me graunt, I dead be not defould!

The seventh, now after death and buriall done,
Had charge the tender orphans of the dead
And wydowes ayd, least they should be undone:

: of iudgement he their right would plead,
ght the powre of mighty men did dread
ir defence; nor would for gold or fee
nne their rightly causes downe to tread:
when they stood in most necessitee,
l supply their want, and gave them ever free

when the Elfin knight arrived was,
rst and chiefest of the seven, whose care
uests to welcome, towards him did pas;
: seeing Mercie, that his steps upbare
lwaies led, to her with reverence rare
mbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,
:emely welcome for her did prepare:
their order she was patronesse,
Charissa were their chiefest founderesse.

she awhile him stayes, himselfe to rest,
:o the rest more hable he might be:
g which time, in every good behest,
odly worke of almes and charitee,
him instructed with great industree.
y therein so perfect he became,
from the first unto the last degree,
ortall life he learned had to frame
y righteousnesse, without rebuke or blame.

:e forward by that painful way they pas
to an hill, that was both steepe and hy;
) whereof a sacred chappell was,
ke a little hermitage thereby,
ein an aged holy man did lie,
lay and night said his devotion,
ıer worldly busines did apply;

His name was Hevenly Contemplation;
Of God and goodness was his meditation.

Great grace that old old man to him given had;
For God he often saw from Heavens hight:
All were his earthly eien both blunt and bad,
And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
Yet wondrous quick and persaunt was his spright,
As eagles eie, that can behold the Sunne.
That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
That his fraile thighes, nigh weary and fordonne,
Gan faile; but, by her helpe the top at last he
wonne.

There they doe finde that godly aged sire,
With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed;
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy braunches of an oke halfe ded.
Each bone might through his body well be red,
And every sinew seene, through his long fast:
For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed;
His mind was full of spirituall repast,
And pyn'd his flesh to keep his body low and chast.

Who, when these two approaching he aspide,
At their first presence grew agrieved sore,
That forst him lay his heavenly thoughts aside;
And had he not that dame respected more,
Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
He would not once have moved for the knight.
They him saluted, standing far afore;
Who, well them greeting, humbly did requight,
And asked, to what end they clomb that tedious
hight?

"When end," quoth she, "should cause us take such paine,
But that same end, which every living wight
Should make his marke, high Heaven to attaine?
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
To that most glorious House, that glistreth bright
With burning starres and everliving fire,
Whereof the keies are to thy hand behight
By wise Fidelia? She doth thee require,
To shew it to this knight, according his desire."

"Thrise happy man," said then the father grave,
"Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
And shewes the way his sinfull soule to save!
Who better can the way to Heaven aread
Then thou thyselfe, that was both borne and bred
In hevenly throne, where thousand angels shine?
Thou doest the praiers of the righteous sead
Present before the Majesty Divine,
And his avenging wrath to clemency incline.

"Yet, since thou bidst, thy pleasure shal be donne.
Then come, thou man of Earth, and see the way,
That never yet was seene of Faries sonne;
That never leads the traveiler astray,
But, after labors long and sad delay,
Brings them to ioyous rest and endlesse blis.
But first thou must a season fast and pray,
Till from her bands the spright assoiled is, [tis."
And have her strength recur'd from fraile infirmi-

That done, he leads him to the highest mount;
Such one, as that same mighty man of God,
That blood-red billowes like a walled front

On either side disparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt forty daies upon; where, writt in stone
With bloody letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shot

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,
Adornd with fruitfull olives all arownd,
Is, as it were for endlesse memory
Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,
For ever with a flowring girlond crownd:
Or like that pleasaunt mount, that is for ay
Through famous poets verse each where renown
On which the thrise three learned ladies play [d
Their hevenly notes, and make full many a love

From thence, far off he unto him did shew
A little path, that was both steepe and long,
Which to a goodly citty led his vew;
Whose wals and towres were builded high a
strong
Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song!
The citty of the Greate King hight it well,
Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwe

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed angels to and fro descend
From highest Heven in gladsome companee,
And with great ioy into that citty wend,
As commonly as friend does with his frend,

Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquere,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,
And what unknowen nation there empeopled were.

'Faire knight," quoth he," "Hierusalem that is,
The New Hierusalem, that God has built
For those to dwell in, that are chosen his,
His chosen people purg'd from sinful guilt
With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt
On cursed tree, of that unspotted Lam,
That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt:
Now are they saints all in that citty sam, [dam."
More dear unto their God then younglings to their

'Till now," said then the knight, "I weened well,
That great Cleopolis where I have beene,
In which that fairest Faery queene doth dwell,
The fairest citty was that might be seene;
And that bright towre, all built of christall clene,
Panthea, seemd the brightest thing that was:
But now by proofe all otherwise I weene;
For this great citty that does far surpas, [of glas.'
And this bright angels towre quite dims that towre

"Most trew," then said the holy aged man;
"Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,
The fairest peece that eie beholden can;
And well beseemes all knights of noble name,
That covett in th' immortall booke of fame
To be eternized, that same to haunt.
And doen their service to that soveraigne dame,

That glory does to them for guerdon graunt:
For she is hevenly borne, and Heaven may ie
vaunt.

"And thou, faire ymp, sprong out from Englishr
How ever now accompted Elfins sonne,
Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,
To aide a virgin desolate fordonne.
But when thou famous victory hast wonne,
And high emongst all knights hast hong thy sh
Thenceforth the suitt of earthly conquest shou
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field
For blood can nought but sin, and wars but
rows, yield.

"Then seek this path that I to thee presage,
Which after all to Heaven shall thee send;
Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
To yonder same Hierusalem doe bend,
Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end:
For thou emongst those saints, whom thou does
Shall be a saint, and thine owne nations frend
And patrone: thou *Saint George* shalt called b
Saint George of mery *England*, the signe of victo

"Unworthy wretch," quoth he, "of so great g
How dare I thinke such glory to attaine!"
"These, that have it attaynd, were in like ca
Quoth he, "as wretched, and liv'd in like pair
"But deeds of armes must I at last be faine
And ladies love to leave, so dearely bought?"
"What need of armes, where peace doth r
maine,"

ed he, "and battailes none are to be fought?
for loose loves, they' are vaine, and vanish into
nought."

) let me not," quoth he, "then turne againe
cke to the world, whose ioyes so fruitlesse are;
it let me here for aie in peace remaine,
streightway on that last long voiage fare,
at nothing may my present hope empare."
hat may not be," said he, "ne maist thou yitt
goe that royal maides bequeathed care,
ho did her cause into thy hand committ,
ll from her cursed foe thou have her freely quitt."

hen shall I soone," quoth he, "so God me grace,
ett that virgins cause disconsolate,
d shortly back returne unto this place,
walke this way in pilgrims poore estate.
t now aread, old father, why of late
dst thou behight me borne of English blood,
hom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate?"
hat word shall I," said he, "avouchen good,
h to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy brood.

or well I wote thou springst from ancient race
Saxon kinges, that have with mightie hand,
d many bloody battailes fought in place,
gh reard their royall throne in Britane land,
d vanquisht them, unable to withstand:
om thence a Faery thee unweeting reft,
here as thou slept in tender swadling band.
nd her base Elfin brood there for thee left:
ich, men do chaungelings call, so chaung'd by
Faeries *theft*.

"Thence she thee brought into this Faery lond,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde;
Where thee a ploughman all unweeting fond,
As he his toylesome teme that way did guyde,
And brought thee up in ploughmans state to byde,
Whereof Geörges he thee gave to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,
To Faery court thou cam'st to seek for fame,
And prove thy puissant armes, as seemes thee best became."

"O holy sire," quoth he, "how shall I quight
The many favours I with thee have fownd,
That hast my name and nation red aright,
And taught the way that does to Heaven bownd!
This saide, adowne he looked to the grownd
To have returnd, but dazed were his eyne
Through passing brightnes, which did quite confound
His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne.
So darke are earthly thinges compared to thinges divine!

At last, whenas himself he gan to fynd,
To Una back he cast him to retyre;
Who him awaited still with pensive mynd.
Great thankes, and goodly meed, to that good syre
He thens departing gave for his paynes hyre.
So came to Una, who him ioyd to see;
And, after litle rest, gan him desyre
Of her adventure mindfull for to bee.
So leave they take of Cælia and her daughters thre

CANTO XI.

The knight with that old dragon fights
Two dayes incessantly:
The third, him overthrowes; and gayns
Most glorious victory.

sh time now gan it wex for Una fayre
thinke of those her captive parents deare,
d their forwasted kingdom to repayre:
ıereto whenas they now approched neare,
th hartie wordes her knight she gan to cheare,
d in her modest manner thus bespake;
eare knight, as deare as ever knight was deare,
at all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
;h Heven behold the tedious toyle, ye for me
take!

'ow are we come unto my native soyle,
d to the place where all our perilles dwell;
re hauntes that feend, and does his daily spoyle;
erefore henceforth bee at your keeping well,
d ever ready for your foeman fell:
e sparke of noble corage is now awake,
d strive your excellent selfe to excell:
ıt shall ye evermore renowmed make
ove all knights on Earth, that batteill undertake."

l pointing forth, "Lo! yonder is," said she,
he brasen towre, in which my parents deare
dread of that huge feend emprisond be;
om I from far see on the walles appeare,

Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly chear
And on the top of all I do espye
The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare;
That, O my parents, might I happily
Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery!"

With that they heard a roaring hideous sownd,
That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
And seemd uneath to shake the stedfast ground,
Eftsoones that dreadful dragon they espyde,
Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill:
But, all so soone as he from far descryde
Those glistring armes that Heven with light did fi
He rousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned them u
till.

Then badd the knight his lady yede aloof,
And to an hill herselfe withdraw asyde;
From whence she might behold that battailles proo
And eke be safe from daunger far descryde:
She him obayd, and turnd a little wyde.—
Now, O thou sacred Muse, most learned dame,
Fayre ympe of Phœbus and his aged bryde,
The nourse of time and everlasting fame,
That warlike handes ennoblest with immortall name

O, gently come into my feeble brest,
Come gently; but not with that mightie rage,
Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,
And hartes of great heroës doest enrage,
That nought their kindled corage may aswage:
Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd,
The god of warre with his fiers equipage

ou doest awake, sleepe neuer he so sownd;
d scared nations doest with horror sterne astownd.

re goddesse, lay that furious fitt asyde,
l I of warres and bloody Mars doc sing,
d Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,
ixt that great Faery queene and Paynim king,
at with their horror Heven and Earth did ring;
vorke of labour long, and endlesse prayse:
: now a while lett downe that haughtie string,
d to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
at I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

this, the dreadful beast drew nigh to hand,
fe flying and halfe footing in his haste,
at with his largenesse measured much land,
d made wide shadow under his huge waste;
mountaine doth the valley overcaste.
proching nigh, he reared high afore
body monstrous, horrible, and vaste;
ich, to increase his wondrous greatnes more,
s swoln with wrath and poyson, and with bloody gore;

d over all with brasen scales was armd,
e plated cote of steele, so couched neare
at nought mote perce; ne might his corse be harmd
h dint of swerd, nor push of pointed speare:
ich, as an eagle, seeing pray appeare,
aery plumes doth rouze full rudely dight;
haked he, that horror was to heare:

For, as the clashing of an armor bright,
Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto the knight.

His flaggy winges, when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the pennes, that did his pineons bynd,
Were like mayne-yardes with flying canvas lynd;
With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage fynd,
The cloudes before him fledd for terror great,
And all the heavens stood still amazed with his threat.

His huge long tayle, wownd up in hundred foldes,
Does overspred his long bras-scaly back,
Whose wreathed boughtes when ever he unfoldes,
And thick-entangled knots adown does slack,
Bespotted as with shieldes of red and blacke.
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but little lacke;
And at the point two stinges infixed arre, [farre.
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele exceeden

But stinges and sharpest steele did far exceed
The sharpnesse of his cruel rending clawes:
Dead was it sure, as sure as death indeed,
What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
But his most hideous head my tongue to tell
Does tremble; for his deepe devouring iawes
Wyde gaped, like the griesly mouth of Hell,
Through which into his darke abysse all ravin fell.

id, that more wondrous was, in either iaw
iree ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
which yett trickling blood, and gobbets raw,
'late devoured bodies did appeare;
iat sight thereof bred cold congealed feare:
hich to increase, and all at once to kill,
cloud of smoothering smoke, and sulphure scare,
t of his stinking gorge forth steemed still, [fill.
iat all the ayre about with smoke and stench did

s blazing eyes, like two bright shining shieldes,
d burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre:
two broad beacons, sett in open fieldes,
nd forth their flames far off to every shyre,
d warning give, that enemies conspyre
ith fire and sword the region to invade;
flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre:
t far within, as in a hollow glade, [full shade.
ose glaring lampes were sett, that made a dread

dreadfully he towardes him did pas,
relifting up a loft his speckled brest,
d often bounding on the brused gras,
for great ioyance of his new come guest.
soones he gan advance his haughty crest;
chaffed bore his bristles doth upreare;
d shoke his scales to battaile ready drest,
hat made the Redcrosse knight nigh quake for feare)
bidding bold defyaunce to his foeman neare.

e knight gan fayrely couch his steady speare,
d fiersely ran at him with rigorous might:
e pointed *steele, arriving* rudely theare,

His harder hyde would nether perce nor bight,
But, glauncing by, foorth passed forward right:
Yet, sore amoved with so puissant push,
The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
And him so rudely, passing by, did brush
With his long tayle, that horse and man to groun
did rush.

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towardes him addrest:
But th' ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beast,
To be avenged of so great despight;
For never felt his imperceable brest
So wondrous force from hand of living wight;
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissa
knight.

Then, with his waving wings displayed wyde,
Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground.
And with strong flight did forcibly divyde
The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
To beare so great a weight: he, cutting way
With his broad sayles, about him soared round;
At last, low stouping with unweldy sway, [aw
Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them qu

Long he them bore above the subject plaine,
So far as ewghen bow a shaft may send;
Till struggling strong did him at last constraine
To let them downe before his flightes end:
As hagard hauke, presuming to contend

'ith hardy fowle above his hable might,
is wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend
o trusse the pray too heavy for his flight; [fight.
'hich, comming down to ground, does free itselfe by

e so disseized of his gryping grosse,
he knight his thrillant speare again assayd
i his bras-plated body to embosse.
nd three mens strength unto the stroake he layd;
'herewith the stiffe beame quaked, as affrayd,
nd glauncing from his scaly necke did glyde
lose under his left wing, then broad displayd:
'he pereing steele there wrought a wound full wyde
'hat with the uncouth smart the monster lowdly
cryde.

le cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore,
'hen wintry storme his wrathful wreck does threat;
'he rolling billowes beate the ragged shore,
is they the Earth would shoulder from her seat;
nd greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
lis neighbour element in his revenge:
'hen gin the blustring brethren boldly threat
'o move the world from off his stedfast henge,
nd boystrous battaile make, each other to avenge.

'he steele head stuck fast still in his flesh,
'till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,
nd quite saunder broke: forth flowed fresh
i gushing river of blacke gory blood,
'hat drowned all the land whereon he stood;
'he streame thereof would drive a water-mill:
'rebly augmented war his furious mood

With bitter sence of his deepe rooted ill, [thrill.
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nose-

His hideout tayle then hurled he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth-foomy steed, whose courage stout
Striving to loose the knott that fast him tyes,
Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implyes,
That to the ground he is perforce constraynd
To throw his ryder; who can quickly ryse
From off the earth, with durty blood distaynd,
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd;

And fercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puissance could withstand:
Upon his crest the hardend yron fell;
But this more hardned crest was armd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
That from henceforth he shund the like to take,
But, when he saw them come, he did them still
forsake.

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyld,
And smot againe with more outrageous might;
But backe againe the sparcling steele recoyld,
And left not any marke where it did light,
As if in adamant rocke it had been pight.
The beast, impatient of his smarting wound
And of so fierce and forcible despight,
Thought with his winges to stye above the ground;
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

en, full of grief and anguish vehement,
lowdly brayd, that like was never heard;
d from his wide devouring oven sent
flake of fire, that, flashing in his beard,
n all amazd, and almost made afeard:
e scorching flame sore swinged all his face,
d through his armour all his body seard,
at he could not endure so cruell cace, [lace.
t thought his armes to leave, and helmet to un-

t that great champion of the antique world,
hom famous poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
d hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
hen him the poysoned garment did enchaunt,
ish Centaures blood and bloody verses charmd;
did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
hom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst him armd;
at erst him goodly armd, now most of all him
harmd.

ynt, wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved, brent, [fire.
ith heat, toyle, wounds, armes smart, and inward
at never man such mischiefes did torment;
ath better were; death did he oft desire;
t death will never come, when needes require.
hom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
cast to suffer him no more respire,
t gan his sturdy sterne about to weld, [feld.
d him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him

fortuned, (as fayre it then befell)
hind his backe, unweeting where he stood,
ancient time there was a springing well,

From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good:
Whylome, before that cursed dragon got
That happy land, and all with innocent blood
Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot
The Well of Life; ne yet his vertues had forgot;

For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;
Those, that with sicknesse were infected sore,
It could recure; and aged long decay
Renew, as one were borne that very day.
Both Silo this, and Iordan, did excell,
And th' English Bath, and eke the German Spau;
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this well:
Into the same the knight back overthrowen fell.

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to steepe
His fierie face in billowes of the west,
And his faint steedes watred in ocean deepe,
Whiles from their iournall labours they did rest;
When that infernall monster, having kest
His wearie foe into that living well,
Can high advaunce his broad discoloured brest
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell.

Which when his pensive lady saw from farre,
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
As weening that the sad end of the warre;
And gan to highest God entirely pray
That feared chaunce from her to turne away:
With folded hands and knees full lowly bent,
All night she watcht; ne once adowne would lay

dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,
praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

morrow next gan earely to appeare,
t Titan rose to runne his daily race;
earely, ere the morrow next gan reare
of the sea faire Titans deawy face,
rose the gentle virgin from her place,
looked all about, if she might spy
loved knight to move his manly pace;
she had great doubt of his safety,
e late she saw him fall before his enimy.

ast she saw, where he upstarted brave
of the well wherein he drenched lay;
:agle, fresh out of the ocean wave,
ere he hath lefte his plumes all hory gray,
deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,
e eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
newly-budded pineons to assay,
l marveiles at himselfe, stil as he flies: [rise.
iew this new-borne knight to battell new did

om when the damned feend so fresh did spy,
wonder if he wondred at the sight,
l doubted whether his late enimy
'ere, or other new supplied knight..
now, to prove his late-renewed might,
h brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,
)n his crested scalp so sore did smite,
.t to the scull a yawning wound it made:
: deadly dint his dulled sences all dismaid.

)te not, whether the revenging steele
re hardned with that holy water dew

Wherein he fell; or sharper edge did feele;
Or his baptized hands now greater grew;
Or other secret vertue did ensew;
Els never could the force of fleshly arme,
Ne molten mettall, in his blood embrew:
For, till that stownd, could never wight him harme
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

The cruell wound enraged him so sore,
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping lions seemd to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraine.
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore,
That to his force to yielden it was faine;
Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore

The same advauncing high above his head,
With sharpe intended sting so rude him smott,
That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead;
Ne living wight would have him life behott:
The mortall sting his angry needle shott
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seasd
Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout be gott:
The griefe thereof him wondrous sore diseasd,
Ne might his rancling painewith patience be appeasd

But yet, more mindfull of his honour deare
Then of the grievous smart which him did wring,
From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,
And strove to loose the far infixed sting:
Which when in vaine he tryde with struggëling,

Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he hefte,
And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
Of his huge taile he quite asonder clefte; [lefte.
Five ionts thereof he hewd, and but the stump him

Hart cannot think, what outrage and what cries,
With fowle enfouldred smoake and flashing fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skies,
That all was covered with darknesse dire:
Then fraught with rancour, and engorged yre,
He cast at once him to avenge for all;
And, gathering up himselfe out of the mire
With his uneven wings, did fiercely fall [all.
Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it fast with-

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
I feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
He wist yett, how his talaunts to unfold;
For harder was from Cerberus greedy iaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
To reave by strength the griped gage away:
Thrise he assayd it from his foote to draw,
And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay;
Yet booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his pray.

Tho, when he saw no power might prevaile,
His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
Wherewith he fiersly did his foe assaile,
And doubte blowes about him stoutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid;
As sparkles from the andvile use to fly,
When heavy hammers on the wedg are swaid;
Therewith at last he forst him to unty
One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

The other foote, fast fixed on his shield,
Whenas no strength nor stroks mote him constrain
To loose, ne yet the warlike pledg to yield;
He smott thereat with all his might and maine,
That nought so wondrous puissaunce might sustaine:
Upon the ioint the lucky steele did light,
And made such way, that hewd it quite in twaine;
The paw yett missed not his minisht might,
But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

For griefe thereof and divelish despight,
From his infernall fournace fourth he threw
Huge flames, that dimmed all the Hevens light,
Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone blew:
As burning Aetna from his boyling stew
Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
Enwrapt in coleblacke clowds and filthy smoke,
That al the land with stench, and Heven with horror, choke.

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence,
So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire
A little backeward for his best defence,
To save his body from the scorching fire,
Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.
It chaunst, (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
As he recoiled backeward, in the mire
His nigh forwearied feeble feet did slide, [fide.
And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terri-

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,
As they in pure vermilion had been dide,

hereof great vertues over all were redd:
r happy life to all which thereon fedd.
d life eke everlasting did befall:
eat God it planted in that blessed stedd
ith his almighty hand, and did it call
e Tree of Life, the crime of our first fathers fall.

all the world like was not to be fownd,
re in that soile, where all good things did grow,
d freely sprong out of the fruitfull grownd,
incorrupted Nature did them sow,
l that dredd dragon all did overthrow.
other like faire tree eke grew thereby,
ereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did know
th good and ill: O mournful memory! [to dy!
at tree through one mans fault hath doen us all

m that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,
rickling streame of balme, most soveraigne
d dainty deare, which on the ground still fell,
d overflowed all the fertile plaine,
it had deawed bene with timely raine;
e and long health that gracious ointment gave;
d deadly wounds could heale; and reare againe
e senceless corse appointed for the grave:
o that same he fell, which did from death him
save.

r nigh thereto the ever-damned beast
rst not approch, for he was deadly made,
d al that life preserved did detest;
t he it oft adventur'd to invade.
this the drouping Day-light gan to fade,

And yield his rowme to sad succeeding Night,
Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
The face of Earth and wayes of living wight,
And high her burning torch set up in Heaven bright.

When gentle Una saw the second fall
Of her deare knight, who, weary of long fight
And faint through losse of blood, moov'd not at all,
But lay, as in a dreame of deepe delight,
Besmeard with pretious balme, whose vertuous
might
Did heale his woundes, and scorching heat alay;
Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
And for his safetie gan devoutly pray, [day
And watch the noyous night, and wait for ioyous

The ioyous day gan early to appeare;
And fayre Aurora from the deawy bed
Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare
With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red:
Her golden locks, for hast, were loosely shed
About her eares, when Una her did marke
Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred,
From Heven high to chace the chearelesse darke;
With merry note her lowd salutes the mounting larke.

Then freshly up arose the doughty knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundës wide,
And did himselfe to battaile ready dight;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
As if late fight had nought him dammifyde,

e woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to feare;
thelesse with wonted rage he him advaunced
neare;

nd in his first encounter, gaping wyde,
e thought att ónce him to haves wallowed quight,
nd rusht upon him with outrageous pryde;
ho him rencounting fierse, as hauke in flight,
erforce rebutted back; the weapon bright,
aking advantage of his open iaw,
an through his mouth with so impórtune might,
hat deepe emperst his darksom hollow maw,
nk, back retyrd, his life blood forth withall did
draw.

o downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
hat vanisht into smoke and cloudës swift;
o downe he fell, that th' Earth him underneath
id grone, as feeble so great load to lift;
o downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
hose false foundacion waves have washt away,
ith dreadful poyse is from the mayneland rift,
nd, rolling downe, great Neptune doth dismay:
o down he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

he knight himselfe even trembled at his fall,
o huge and horrible a masse it seemd;
nd his deare lady, that beheld it all,
urst not aproch for dread which she misdeemd;
ut yet at last, whenas the direfull feend
he saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright
he nigher drew, and saw that ioyous end:
hen God she prays'd and thankt her faithfull
knight,
hat had atchievde so great a conquest by his might.

CANTO XII.

Fayre Una to the Redcrosse knight
Betrouthed is with ioy:
Though false Duessa, it to barre,
Her false sleightes doe employ.

Behold I see the haven nigh at hand,
To which I meane my wearie course to bend;
Vere the meane shete, and beare up with the la
The which afore is fayrly to be kend,
And seemeth safe from stormes that may offend:
There this fayre virgin wearie of her way
Must landed bee, now at her iourneys end;
There eke my feeble barke awhile may stay,
Till mery wynd and weather call her thence aw

Scarsely had Phœbus in the glooming east
Yet harnessed his fyrie-footed teeme,
Ne reard above the Earth his flaming creast;
When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,
That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme
Unto the watchman on the castle-wall,
Who thereby dead that balefull beast did deeme
And to his lord and lady lowd gan call,
To tell how he had seene the dragons fatall fall.

Uprose with hasty ioy, and feeble speed,
That aged syre, the lord of all that land,
And looketh forth, to weet if trew indeed
Those tydings were, as he did understand:
Which whenas trew by tryall he out fond,

He badd to open wyde his brasen gate,
Which long time had beene shut, and out of hond
Proclaymed ioy and peace through all his state;
For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed
late.

Then gan triumphant trompets sownd on hye,
That sent to Heven the ecchoed report
Of their new ioy, and happie victory
Gainst him, that had them long opprest with tort,
And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
To him assembled with one full consórt,
Reioycing at the fall of that great beast,
From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

Forth came that auncient lord, and aged queene,
Arayd in ántique robes downe to the grownd,
And sad habiliments right well beseene;
A noble crew about them waited rownd
Of sage and sober peres, all gravely gownd;
Whom far before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all hable armes to sownd,
But now they lawrell braunches bore in hand;
Glad signe of victory and peace in all their land.

Unto that doughtie conqueror they came,
And, him before themselves prostráting low,
Their lord and patrone loud did him proclame,
And at his feet their lawrell boughes did throw.
Soone after them, all dauncing on a row,
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
As fresh as flowres in medow greene doe grow,

When morning deaw upon their leaves doth light,
And in their handes sweet timbrells all upheld on
hight.

And, them before, the fry of children yong
Their wanton sportes and childish mirth did play,
And to the maidens sownding tymbrills song
In well attuned notes a ioyous lay,
And made delightful musick all the way,
Untill they came where that faire virgin stood;
As fayre Diana in fresh sommers day
Beholdes her nymphes enraung'd in shady wood,
Some wrestle, some do run; some bathe in christall
flood;

So she beheld those maydens meriment
With chearfull vew: who, when to her they came,
Themselves to ground with gracious humblesse bent,
And her ador'd by honorable name,
Lifting to Heven her everlasting fame,
Then on her head they sett a girlond greene,
And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game:
Who, in her self-resemblance well beseene,
Did seeme, such as she was, a goodly maiden
queene.

And after all the raskall many ran,
Heaped together in rude rablement,
To see the face of that victorious man,
Whom all admired as from Heven sent,
And gaz'd upon with gaping wonderment.
But when they came where that dead dragon lay,
Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,

ie sight with ydle feare did them dismay,
durst approach him nigh, to touch, or once assay.

me feard, and fledd: some feard, and well it
fayndi;
e, that would wiser seeme then all the rest,
rnd him not to touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
me lingring life within his hollow brest,
in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
many dragonettes, his fruitful seede;
other saide, that in his eyes did rest
t sparckling fyre, and badd thereof take heed;
other said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

e mother, whenas her foolehardy chyld
l come too neare, and with his talants play,
lfe dead through feare, her little babe revyld,
d to her gossibs gan in counsell say;
low can I tell, but that his talants may
t scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand?"
diversly themselves in vaine they fray;
iiles some more bold to measure him nigh stand,
prove how many acres he did spread of land.

us flocked all the folke him rownd about;
e whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
ing arrived where that champion stout
er his foes defeasaunce did remaine,
n goodly greetes, and fayre does entertayne
ith princely gifts of yvory and gold,
d thousand thankes him yeeldes for all his paine.
en when his daughter deare he does behold,
r dearely doth embrace, and kisseth manifold.

And after to his pallace he them bringes,
With shaumes, and trompets, and with cl
And all the way the ioyous people singes, [s
And with their garments strowes the paved s
Whence mounting up, they fynd purveyaunce
Of all, that royall princes court became;
And all the floore was underneath their feet
Bespredd with costly scarlott of great name,
On which they lowly sitt, and fitting purpose f

What needes me tell their feast and goodly g
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
What needes of dainty dishes to devize,
Of comely services, or courtly trayne?
My narrow leaves cannot in them containe
The large discourse of roiall princes state.
Yet was their manner then but bare and playn
For th' antique world excesse and pryde did
Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up bu

Then, when with meates and drinkes of every
Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
That auncient lord gan fit occasion finde,
Of straunge adventures, and of perils sad,
Which in his travell him befallen had,
For to demaund of his renowmed guest:
Who then with utt'rance grave, and count'nanc
From poynt to poynt, as is before exprest,
Discourst his voyage long, according his requ

Great pleasure, mixt with pittiful regard,
That godly king and queene did psssionate,
Whyles they his pittifull adventures heard;

That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
And often blame the too impórtune fate
That heaped on him so many wrathful wreakes;
(For never gentle knight, at he of late,
So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes;) [cheaks.
And all the while salt teares bedeawd the hearers

Then sayd that royall pere in sober wise;
'Deare soone, great beene the evils which ye bore
From first to last in your late enterprise,
That I no'te, whether praise or pitty more:
For never living man, I weene, so sore
In sea of deadly daungers was distrest:
But since now safe ye seised haue the shore,
And well arrived are, (high God be blest!)
Let us devize of ease and everlasting rest."

'Ah, dearest lord," said then that doughty knight,
'Of ease or rest I may not yet devize;
For by the faith, which I to armes have plight,
I bownden am streight after this emprize,
As that your daughter can ye well advize,
Backe to retourne to that great Faery queene,
And to her serve sixe yeares in warlike wize,
Gainst that proud Paynim king that works her teene:
Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have beene."

" Unhappy falls that hard necessity,"
Quoth he, " the troubler of my happy peace,
And vowed foe of my felicity;
Ne I against the same can justly preace.
But since that band ye cannot now release,

Nor doen undo (for vowes may not be vayne,)
Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,
Ye then shall hether backe retourne agayne,
The marriage to accomplish vowd betwixt you twayn:

"Which, for my part, I covet to performe,
In sort as through the world I did proclame,
That whoso kild that monster most deforme,
And him in hardy battayle overcame,
Should have mine only daughter to his dame,
And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt bee:
Therefore since now to thee perteynes the same,
By dew desert of noble chevalree,
Both daughter and eke kingdome, lo! I yield to thee."

Then forth he called that this daughter fayre,
The fairest Un', his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter and his onely hayre;
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
Out of the east, with flaming lockes bedight,
To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
And to the world does bring long-wished light:
So faire and fresh that lady shewd herselfe in sight.

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May;
For she had layd her mournefull stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,
Whiles on her wearie iourney she did ride;
And on her now a garment she did weare
All lilly white, withoutten spot or pride,

That seemd like silke and silver woven neare;
But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.

The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her sunshyny face,
To tell, were as to strive against the streame:
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
Ne wonder; for her own deare loved knight,
All were she daily with himselfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celestial sight:
Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire dight.

So fairely dight when she in presence came,
She to her syre made humble reverence,
And bowed low, that her right well became,
And added grace unto her excellence:
Who with great wisedome and grave eloquence
Thus gan to say—But, eare he thus had sayd,
With flying speede, and seeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man dismayd,
A messenger with letters, which his message sayd.

All in the open hall amazed stood
At suddeinnesse of that unwary sight,
And wondred at his breathlesse hasty mood;
But he for nought would stay his passage right,
Till fast before the king he did alight;
Where falling flat great humblesse he did make,
And kist the ground whereon his foot was pight;
Then to his handes that writt he did betake,
Which he disclosing, read thus, as the paper spake;

„ To thee, most mighty king of Eden fayre
Her greeting sends in these sad lines addre
The wofull daughter and forsaken heyre
Of that great emperour of all the west;
And bids thee be advized for the best,
Ere thou thy daughter linck, in holy band
Of wedlocke, to that unknowen guest:
For he already plighted his right hand
Unto another love, and to another land.

" To me sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
He was affyaunced long time before,
And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,
False errаunt knight, infamous, and forswo
Witnesse the burning altars, which he swor
And guilty Hevens of his bold periury:
Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
Yet I to them for iudgement iust doe fly,
And them coniure t' avenge this shamefull

" Therefore since mine h e is, or free or bo
Or false or trew, or living or else dead,
Withhold, O soverayne prince, your hasty h
From knitting league with him, I you aread
Ne weene my right with strength adowne t
Through weaknesse of my widowhed or wo
For truth is strong her rightfull cause to pl
And shall finde friends, if need requireth so
So bids thee well to fare, thy neither friend
" FIDE

When he these bitter byting wordes had re
The tydings straunge did him abashed make
That still he sate long time astonished,
As in great muse, ne word to creature spak

t last his solemn silence thus he brake,
/ith doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest;
Redoubted knight, that for myne only sake
hy life and honor late adventures;
et nought be hid from me, that ought to be exprest.

What meane these bloody vowes and idle threats,
hrowne out from womanish impatient mynd?
/hat Hevens? what altars? what enraged heates,
ere heaped up with termes of love unkynd,
y conscience cleare with guilty bands would bynd?
igh God be witnesse, that I guiltlesse ame!
ut if yourselfe, sir Knight, ye faulty fynd,
r wrapped be in loves of former dame,
/ith cryme doe not it cover, but disclose the same."

o whom the Redcrosse knight this answere sent;
My lord, my king; be nought hereat dismayd,
ill well ye wote by grave intendiment,
/hat woman, and wherefore, doth me upbrayd
/ith breach of love and loialty betrayd.
was in my mishaps, as hitherward
lately traveild, that unwares I strayd
ut of my way, through perils straunge and hard;
hat day should faile me ere I had them all declard.

There did I find, or rather I was fownd
f this false woman that Fidessa hight,
idessa hight the falsest dame on grownd,
lost false Duessa, royall richly dight,
hat easy wast t' inveigle weaker sight:
/ho by her wicked arts and wiely skill,
'oo false and strong for earthly skill or might,

Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
And to my foe betrayd, when least I feared ill."

Then stepped forth the goodly royall mayd,
And, on the ground herselfe prostráting low,
With sober countenance thus to him sayd;
" O pardon me, my soveraine lord, to show
The secret treasons, which of late I know
To have bene wrought by that false sorceresse:
She, onely she, it is, that earst did throw
This gentle knight into so great distresse,
That death him did awaite in daily wretchednes

" And now it seemes, that she suborned hath
This crafty messenger with letters vaine,
To worke new woe and unprovided scath,
By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine;
Wherein she used hath the practicke paine
Of this false footman, chokt with simplenesse,
Whome if ye please for to discover plaine,
Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse,
The falsest man alive; who tries, shall find no less

The king was greatly moved at her speach;
And, all with suddein indignation fraight,
Bad on that messenger rude hands to reach.
Eftsoones the gard, which on his state did wait,
Attacht that faytor false, and bound him strait:
Whose seeming sorely chauffed at his band,
As chained beare whom cruell dogs doe bait,
With ydle force did faine them to withstand;
And often semblaunce made to scape out of th
hand.

But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,
And bound him hand and foote with yron chains;
And with continual watch did warely keepe.
Who then would thinke, that by his subtile trains
He could escape fowle death or deadly pains?
Thus, when that princes wrath was pacifide,
He gan renew the late forbidden bains,
And to the knight his daughter dear he tyde
With sacred rites and vowes for ever to abyde,

His owne two hands the holy knotts did knitt,
That none but death for ever can divide;
His owne two hands, for such a turne most fitt,
The housling fire did kindle and provide,
And holy water thereon sprinckled wide;
At which the bushy teade a groome did light,
And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
For feare of evil fates, but burnen ever bright,

Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with wine,
And made great feasts to solemnize that day:
They all perfumde with frankincense divine,
And precious odours fetcht from far away,
That all the house did sweat with great aray;
And all the while sweete musicke did apply
Her curious skill the warbling notes to play,
To drive away the dull melancholy;
The whiles one sung a song of love and iollity.

During the which there was an hevenly noise
Heard sownd through all the pallace pleasantly,
Like as it had bene many an angels voice
Singing before th' Eternall Maiesty,
In their trinall triplicities on hye:

Yett wist no creature whence that hevenly sweet
Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly
Himselfe thereby refte of his sences meet,
And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

Great ioy was made that day of yong and old,
And solemne feast proclaymd throughout the lanc
That their exceeding merth may not be told:
Suffice it heare by signes to understand
The usuall ioyes at knitting of loves band.
Thrise happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
Possessed of his ladies hart and hand;
And ever, when his eie did her behold,
His hart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

Her ioyous presence, and sweet company,
In full content he there did long enioy;
Ne wicked envy, ne vile gealosy,
His deare delights were hable to annoy:
Yet, swimming in that sea of blissfull ioy,
He nought forgot how he whilome had sworne,
In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,
Unto his Faery queene backe to retourne;
The which he shortly did; and Una left to mourne

Now, strike your sailes, yee iolly mariners,
For we be come unto a quiet rode,
Where we must land some of her passengers,
And light this weary vessell of her lode,
Here she awhile may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
And wants supplide; and then againe abroad
On the long voiage whereto she is bent:
Well may she speede, and fairely finish her intent

THE FAERIE QUEENE.

BOOK II.

GUYON AND CYMOCHLES.

Guyon is of immodest merth
Led into loose desyre:
Fights with Cymochles, whiles his brother burnes in furious fyre.

A HARDER lesson to learn continence
In ioyous pleasure then in grievous paine:
For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker sence
So strongly, that uneathes it can refraine
From that which feeble nature covets faine:
But griefe and wrath, that be her enemies
And foes of life, she better can restraine:
Yet Vertue vauntes in both her victories;
And Guyon in them all shewes godly maysteries.

Whom bold Cymochles travailing to finde,
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind,
Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
Wayting to passe he saw whereas did swim
Along the shore, as swift as glaunce of eye,
A litle gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughes and arbours woven cunningly,
That like a litle forrest seemed outwardly.

And therein sate a lady fresh and fayre,
Making sweete solace to herselfe alone:
Sometimes she song as lowd as larke in ayre,
Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breath was gone;
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That to her might move cause of meriment:
Matter of merth enough, though there was none,
She could devise; and thousand waies invent
To feede her foolish humour and vaine iolliment.

Which when far off Cymochles heard and saw,
He lowdly cald to such as were abord
The little barke unto the shore to draw,
And him to ferry over that deepe ford.
The merry mariner unto his word
Soon hearkned, and her painted bote streightway
Turnd to the shore, where that same warlike lord
She in receiv'd; but Atin by no way
She would admit, albe the knight her much did pray.

Eftsoones her shallow ship away did slide,
More swift then swallow sheres the liquid skye,
Withouten oare or pilot it to guide,
Or winged canvas with the wind to fly:
Onely she turnd a pin, and by and by
It cut away upon the yielding wave,
(Ne cared she her course for to apply)
For it was taught the way which she would have,
And both from rocks and flats itself could wisely save.

And all the way the wanton damsell found
New merth her passenger to entertaine;
For she in pleasant purpose did abound,
And greatly ioyed merry tales to fayne,
Of which a store-house did with her remaine;
Yet seemed, nothing well they her became,
For all her wordes she drownd with laughter vaine,
And wanted grace in utt'ring of the same,
That turned all her pleasaunce to a scoffing game.

And other whiles vain toyes she would devize,
As her fantasticke wit did most delight:
Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize
With gaudy girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight
About her necke, or rings of rushes plight:
Sometimes, to do him laugh, she would assay
To laugh at shaking of the leavës light,
Or to behold the water worke and play
About her little frigot, therein making way.

Her light behaviour and loose dalliaunce
Gave wondrous great contentment to the knight,
That of his way he had no sovenaunce,
Nor care of vow'd revenge and cruell fight;
But to weake wench did yield his martiall might.
So easie was to quench his flamed minde
With one sweete drop of sensuall delight!
So easie is t'appease the stormy winde
Of malice in the calme of pleasaunt womankind!

Diverse discourses in their way they spent;
Mongst which Cymochles of her questioned
Both what she was, and what that usage ment,
Which in her cott she daily practized:

"Vaine man," said she, "that wouldest be reckoned
A straunger in thy home, and ignorant
Of Phædria, (for so my name is red)
Of Phædria, thine own fellow servaunt;
For thou to serve Acrasia thy selfe doest vaunt.

"In this wide inland sea, that hight by name
The Idle Lake, my wandring ship I row,
That knowes her port, and thether sayles by ayme,
Ne care ne feare I how the wind to blow,
Or whether swift I wend or whether slow:
Both slow and swift alike do serve my tourne;
Ne swelling Neptune ne lowd-thundring Iove
Can chaunge my cheare, or make me ever mourne:
My litle boat can safely passe this perilous bourne."

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyd,
They were far past the passage which he spake,
And come unto an island waste and voyd,
That floated in the midst of that great lake;
There her small gondelay her port did make,
And that gay payre issewing on the shore
Disburdned her: their way they forward take
Into the land that lay them faire before,
Whose pleasaunce she him shewd, and plentifull great store.

It was a chosen plott of fertile land,
Emongst wide waves sett, like a litle nest,
As if it had by Natures cunning hand
Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best:
No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on ground,
Nor arborett with painted blossomes drest

And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
To bud out faire, and her sweete smels throwe all
arownd.

No tree, whose braunches did not bravely spring;
No braunch, whereon a fine bird did not sitt;
No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetly sing;
No song, but did containe a lovely ditt.
Trees, braunches, birds, and songs, were framed fitt
For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease.
Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake witt
Was overcome of thing that did him please:
So pleased did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.

Thus when shee had his eyes and sences fed
With false delights, and fild with pleasures vayn,
Into a shady dale she soft him led,
And layd him downe upon a grassy playn;
And her sweete selfe without dread or disdayn
She sett beside, laying his head disarmd
In her loose lap, it softly to sustayn,
Where soone he slumbered fearing not be harmd:
The whiles with a love lay she thus him sweetly
charmd:

"Behold, O man, that toilesome paines doest take,
The flowrs, the fields, and all that pleasaunt growes,
How they themselves doe thine ensample make,
Whiles nothing envious Nature them forth throwes
Out of her fruitfull lap; how, no man knowes,
They spring, they hud, they blossome fresh and faire,
And decke the world with their rich pompous
showes;

Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.

"The lilly, lady of the flowring field,
The flowre-deluce, her lovely paramoure,
Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labors yield,
And soone leave off this toylsome weary stoure:
Loe! loe, how brave she decks her bounteous boure,
With silkin curtens and gold coverletts,
Therein to shrowd her sumptuous belamoure!
Yet neither spinnes nor cards, ne cares nor fretts,
But to her mother nature all her care she letts.

"Why then doest thou, O man, that of them all
Art lord, and eke of nature soveraine,
Wilfully make thyselfe a wretched thrall,
And waste thy ioyous howres in needlesse paine,
Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine?
What bootes it al to have and nothing use?
Who shall him rew that swimming in the maine
Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse?
Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present pleasures chuse."

By this she had him lulled fast asleepe,
That of no worldly thing he care did take:
Then she with liquors strong his eies did steepe,
That nothing should him hastily awake.
So she him lefte, and did herselfe betake
Unto her boat again, with which she clefte
The slouthfull wave of that great griesy lake:
Soone she that island far behind her lefte,
And now is come to that same place where first she wefte.

By this time was the worthy Guyon brought
Unto the other side of that wide strond
Where she was rowing, and for passage sought:
Him needed not long call; shee soone to hond
Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond
With his sad guide: himselfe she tooke aboord,
But the blacke palmer suffred still to stond,
Ne would for price or prayers once afford
To ferry that old man over the perlous foord.

Guyon was loath to leave his guide behind,
Yet being entred might not backe retyre;
For the flitt barke, obaying to her mind,
Forth launched quickly as she did desire,
Ne gave him leave to bid that aged sire
Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course
Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled mire,
Whom nether wind out of their seat could forse,
Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggish source.

And by the way, as war her wonted guize,
Her merry fitt she freshly gan to reare,
And did of ioy and iollity devize,
Herselfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare.
The knight was courteous, and did forbeare
Her honest merth and pleasaunce to partake;
But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
And passe the bonds of modest merimake,
Her dalliaunce he despis'd and follies did forsake.

Yet she still followed her former style,
And said, and did, all that mote him delight,
Till they arrived in that pleasaunt ile,

Where sleeping late she lefte her other knight.
But, whenas Guyon of that land had sight,
He wist himselfe amisse, and angry said;
"Ah! dame, perdy ye have not doen me right,
Thus to mislead mee, whiles I you obaid:
Me litle needed from my right way to have straid."

"Faire sir," quoth she, "be not displeasd at all;
Who fares on sea may not command his way,
Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:
The sea is wide, and easy for to stray;
The wind unstable, and doth never stay.
But here a while ye may in safety rest,
Till season serve new passage to assay:
Better safe port then be in seas distrest."
Therewith she laught, and did her earnest end in iest.

But he, halfe discontent, mote nathëlesse
Himselfe appease, and issewd forth on shore:
The ioys whereof and happy fruitfulnesse,
Such as he saw, she gan him lay before,
And all, though pleasaunt, yet she made much more.
The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,
The trees did bud, and early blossomes bore;
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
And told that gardins pleasures in the caroling.

And she, more sweete then any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes emongst them beare a part,
And strive to passe (as she could well enough)
Their native musicke by her skilful art:

i did she all, that might his constant hart
ithdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,
id drowne in dissolute delights apart,
here noise of armes, or view of martiall guize,
ight not revive desire of knightly exercise:

it he was wise, and wary of her will,
id ever held his hand upon his hart;
:t would not seeme so rude, and thewed ill,
i to despise so curteus seeming part
iat gentle lady did to him impart:
it, fairly tempring, fond desire subdewd,
id ever her desired to depart.
ie list not heare, but her disports poursewd,
id ever bad him stay till time the tide renewd.

id now by this Cymochles howre was spent,
iat he awoke out of his ydle dreme;
id, shaking off his drowsy dreriment,
in him avize, howe ill did him beseme
slouthfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,
id quench the brond of his conceived yre.
io up he started, stird with shame extreme,
: staied for his damsell to inquire,
it marched to the strond, there passage to require.

id in the way he with sir Guyon mett,
:companyde with Phædria the faire:
'soones he gan to rage, and inly frett,
'ying; "Let be that lady debonaire,
iou recreaunt knight, and soone thyselfe prepaire
i batteile, if thou meane her love to gayn.
ie! loe already how the fowles in aire
ie flocke, awaiting shortly to obtayn
iy carcas for their pray, the guerdon of thy payn."

And there-withall he fiersly at him flew,
And with impórtune outrage him assayld;
Who, soone prepard to field, his sword forth drew,
And him with equall valew countervayld:
Their mightie strokes their haberieons dismayld,
And naked made each others manly spalles;
The mortall steele despiteously entayld
Deepe in their flesh, quite through the yron walles,
That a large purple streame adown their giambeaux falles.

Cymochles, that had never mett before
So puissant foe, with envious despight
His prowd presumed force increased more,
Disdeigning to bee held so long in fight.
Sir Guyon, grudging not so much his might
As those unknightly raylinges which he spoke,
With wrathfull fire his corage kindled bright,
Thereof devising shortly to be wroke,
And doubling all his powres redoubled every stroke.

Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunst,
And both attonce their huge blowes down did sway:
Cymochles sword on Guyons shield yglaunst,
And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away:
But Guyons angry blade so fiers did play
On th' others helmett, which as Titan shone,
That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,
And bared all his head unto the bone;
Where-with astonisht still he stood as sencelesse stone.

s he stood, fayre Phædria, that beheld
deadly daunger, soone atweene them ran;
t their feete herselfe most humbly feld,
g with pitteous voyce, and count'nance wan,
well away! most noble lords, how can
cruell eyes endure so pitteous sight,
ed your lives on ground? Wo worth the man,
first did teach the cursed steele to bight
owne flesh, and make way to the living spright!

rer love of lady did empierce
yron brestes, or pittie could find place,
iold your bloody handes from battail fierce;
iith for me ye fight, to me this grace
yield, to stay your deadly stryfe a space."
stayd a while; and forth she gan proceede;
t wretched woman, and of wicked race,
am the author of this hainous deed,
ause of death betweene two doughtie knights
do breed!

if for me ye fight, or me will serve,
iis rude kynd of battail, nor these armes,
ieet, the which doe men in bale to sterve,
oolefull sorrowe heape with deadly harmes:
cruell game my scarmoges disarmes.
er warre, and other weapons, I
ove where Love does give his sweet alarmes
ut bloodshed, and where the enimy
yield unto his foe a pleasaunt victory.

atefull strife, and cruell enmity,
imous name of knighthood fowly shend;
vely peace, and gentle amity,

And in amours the passing howres to spend,
The mightie martiall handes doe most commend;
Of love they ever greater glory bore
Then of their armes: Mars is Cupidoes frend,
And is for Venus loves renowmed more [yore.
Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did of

Therewith she sweetly smyld. They, though full bent
To prove extremities of bloody fight,
Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight:
Suche powre have pleasing wordes! Such is the might
Of courteous clemency in gentle hart!
Now after all was ceast, the Faery knight
Besought that damzell suffer him depart,
And yield him ready passage to that other part.

She no lesse glad then he desirous was
Of his departure thence; for of her ioy
And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,
A foe of folly and immodest toy,
Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy;
Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
Troubled with terrour and unquiet iarre,
That she well pleased was thence to amove him farre.

Tho him she brought abord, and her swift bote
Forthwith directed to that further strand;
The which on the dull waves did lightly flote,
And soone arrived on the shallow sand,
Where gladsome Guyon sallied forth to land,
And to that damsell thankes gave for reward.

i that shore he spyed Atin stand,
e by his maister left, when late he far'd
ædrias flitt barck over that perlous shard.

SIR GUYON,

ED BY THE PALMER, TEMPERANCE, PASSES THE DANGERS OF THE TEMPLE OF BLISS.

: that the rolling sea, resounding soft,
i big base them fitly answered;
)n the rocke the waves breaking aloft
emne meane unto them measured;
vhiles sweet Zephyrus lowd whisteled
eble, a straunge kinde of harmony;
h Guyons senses softly tickeled,
he the boteman bad row easily,
et him heare some part of their rare melody.

im the palmer from that vanity
temperate advice discounselled,
they it past, and shortly gan descry
and to which their course they levelled;
i suddeinly a grosse fog over spred
his dull vapour all that desert has,
levens chearefull face enveloped,
ll things one, and one as nothing was,
his great universe seemd one confused mas.

at they greatly were dismayd, ne wist
o direct theyr way in darkenes wide,
ard to wander in that wastefull mist,
mbling into mischiefe unespyde:
: is *the daunger hidden* then descride.

Suddeinly an innumerable flight
Of harmefull fowles about them fluttering cride,
And with their wicked winges them ofte did smight,
And sore annoyed, groping in that griesly night.

Even all the nation of unfortunate
And fatall birds about them flocked were,
Such as by nature men abhorre and hate;
The ill-faste owle, Deaths dreadfull messengere;
The hoars night-raven, trump of dolefull drere;
The lether-winged batt, dayes enimy;
The ruefull strich, still waiting on the bere;
The whistler shrill, that whoso heares doth dy:
The hellish harpyes, prophets of sad destiny:

All those, and all that els does horror breed,
About them flew, and fild their sayles with feare:
Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,
Whiles th' one did row, and th' other stifly steare;
Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,
And the faire land itselfe did playnly show.
Said then the palmer; "Lo! where does appeare
The sacred soile where all our perills grow?
Therefore, sir Knight, your ready arms about you
throw."

He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,
The whiles the nimble bote so well her sped,
That with her crooked keele the land she strooke:
Then forth the noble Guyon sallied,
And his sage palmer that him governed;
But th' other by his bote behind did stay.
They marched fayrely forth, of nought ydred,

Both firmely armd for every hard assay,
With constancy and care, gainst daunger and
dismay.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beasts, that roard outrageously,
As if that hungers poynt or Venus sting
Had them enraged with fell surquedry;
Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,
Untill they came in vew of those wilde beasts,
Who all attonce, gaping full greedily,
And rearing fiercely their upstaring crests,
Ran towards to devoure those unexpected guests.

But, soone as they approcht with deadly threat,
The palmer over them his staffe upheld,
His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat:
Eftsoones their stubborne corages were queld,
And high advaunced crests downe meekely feld;
Instead of fraying they themselves did feare,
And trembled, as them passing they beheld:
Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,
All monsters to subdew to him that did it beare.

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly,
Of which caducëus whilome was made,
Caducëus, the rod of Mercury,
With which he wonts the Stygian realmes invade
Through ghastly horror and eternall shade;
Th' infernall feends with it he can asswage,
And Orcus tame, whome nothing can persuade,
And rule the Furyes when they most doe rage:
Such vertue in his staffe had eke this palmer sage.

Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arryve
Whareas the Bowre of Blisse was situate;
A place pickt out by choyce of best alyve,
That natures worke by art can imitate:
In which whatever in this wordly state
Is sweete and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may dayntest fantasy aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

Goodly it was enclosed rownd about,
Aswell their entred guestes to keep within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin;
Nought feard their force that fortilage to win,
But Wisedomes powre, and Temperaunces might,
By which the mightiest things efforced bin:
And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce light,
Rather for pleasure then for battery or fight.

Yt framed was of precious yvory,
That seemd a worke of admirable witt;
And therein all the famous history
Of Iason and Medæa was ywritt;
Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fitt;
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falsed fayth, and love too lightly flitt;
The wondred Argo, which in venturous peece
First through the Euxine seas bore all the flowr of Greece.

Ye might have seene the frothy billowes fry
Under the ship as thorough them she went,
That seemd the waves were into yvory,

Or yvory into the waves were sent;
And otherwhere the snowy substaunce sprent
With vermell, like the boyes blood therein shed,
A piteous spectacle did represent;
And otherwhiles with gold besprinkeled [wed.
Yt seemd th' enchaunted flame, which did Crëusa

All this and more might in that goodly gate
Be red, that ever open stood to all
Which thether came: but in the porch there sate
A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblaunce pleasing, more then naturall,
That traveilers to him seemd to entize;
His looser garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heeles in wanton wize,
Not fitt for speedy pace or manly exercize.

They in that place him Genius did call:
Not that celestiall powre, to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That lives, perteines in charge particulare
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And straunge phantomes doth lett us ofte foresee,
And ofte of secret ills bids us beware:
That is our selfe, whom though we do not see,
Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceive to bee:

Therefore a god him sage Antiquity
Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call:
But this same was to that quite contrary,
The foe of life, that good envyes to all,
That secretly doth us procure to fall
Through guilefull semblants, which he makes us see:
He of this gardin had the governall,

And Pleasures porter was devizd to bee,
Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee.

With divers flowres he daintily was deckt,
And strowed rownd about; and by his side
A mighty mazer bowle of wine was sett,
As if it had to him bene sacrifide;
Wherewith all new-come guests be gratyfide:
So did he eke sir Guyon passing by;
But he his ydle curtesie defide,
And overthrew his bowle disdainfully,
And broke his staffe, with which he charmed semblants sly.

Thus being entred, they behold arownd
A large and spacious plaine, on every side
Strowed with pleasauns; whose fayre grassy grownd
Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in scorne
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
Did decke her, and too lavishly adorne,
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th' early morne.

Thereto the Hevens always joviall
Lookte on them lovely, still in stedfast state,
Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall
Their tender buds or leaves to violate:
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell;
But the milde ayre with season moderate
Gently attempred, and disposd so well,
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and holesom smell:

More sweet and holesom then the pleasaunt hill
Of Rhodope, on which the nimphe, that bore
A gyaunt babe, herselfe for griefe did kill;
Or the Thessalian tempe, where of yore
Fayre Daphne Phœbus hart with love did gore;
Or Ida, where the gods lov'd to repayre,
Whenever they their hevenly bowres forlore;
Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses fayre;
Or Eden selfe, if ought with Eden mote compayre.

Much wondred Guyon at the fayre aspéct
Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
To sincke into his sence, nor mind affect;
But passed forth, lookt still forward right,
Brydling his will and maystering his might;
Till that he came unto another gate;
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
With bowes and braunches, which did broad dilate
Their clasping armes in wanton wreathings intricate:

So fashioned a porch with rare device,
Archt over head with an embracing vine,
Whose bounches hanging downe seemd to entice
All passers-by their taste their lushious wine,
And did themselves into their hands incline,
As freely offering to be gathered;
Some deepe empurpled as the hyacine,
Some as the rubine laughing sweetely red,
Some like faire emeraudes, not yet well ripened:

And them amongst some were of burnisht gold,
So made by art to beautify the rest,
Which did themselves emongst the leaves enfold,

As lurking from the vew of covetous guest,
That the weake boughes with so rich load oppresst
Did bow adowne as overburdened,
Under that porch a comely dame did rest
Clad in fayre weedes but fowle disordered, [hed:
And garments loose that seemd unmeet for woman-

In her right hand a cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whose sappy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,
Into her cup she scruzd with daintie breach
Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach,
That so faire winepresse made the wine more sweet:
Thereof she usd to give to drinke to each,
Whom passing by she happened to meet;
It was her guise all straungers goodly so to greet.

So she to Guyon offred it to tast;
Who, taking it out of her tender hond,
The cup to ground did violently cast,
That all in peeces it was broken fond,
And with the liquor stained all the lond:
Whereat Excesse exceedingly was wroth,
Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
But suffered him to passe, all were she loth; [goth.
Who, nought regarding her displeasure, forward

There the most daintie paradise on ground
Itselfe doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,
And none does others happinesse envye;
The painted flowres; the trees upshooting hye;
The dales for shade; the hilles for breathing space;
The trembling groves; the christall running by;

l, that which all faire workes doth most aggrace,
: art, which all that wrought, appeared in no
place.

: would have thought, (so cunningly the rude
l scorned partes were mingled with the fine)
.t Nature had for wantonesse ensude
, and that Art at Nature did repine;
striving each th' other to undermine,
h did the others worke more beautify;
liff'ring both in willes agreed in fine:
ll agreed, through sweete diversity,
s gardin to adorne with all variety.

l in the midst of all a fountaine stood,
richest substance that on Earth might bee,
pure and shiny that the silver flood
ough every channell running one might see;
it goodly it with curious ymageree
s over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
which some seemd with lively iollitee
fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
ylest others did themselves embay in liquid
ioyes.

l over all of purest gold was spred
rayle of yvie in his native hew;
the rich metall was so coloured,
it wight, who did not well avis'd it vew,
uld surely deeme it to bee yvie trew:
r his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
it themselves dipping in the silver dew
ir fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,
ich *drops of christall* seemd for wantones to
weep.

Infinit streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a litle lake it seemd to bee;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with jaspar shining bright,
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

And all the margent round about was sett
With shady laurell trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames which on the billowes bett,
And those which therein bathed mote offend.
As Guyon hapned by the same to wend,
Two naked damzelles he therein espyde,
Which therein bathing seemed to contend
And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde [eyd.
Their dainty partes from vew of any which them

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
Above the waters, and then downe againe
Her plong, as over-maystered by might,
Where both awhile would covered remaine,
And each the other from to rise restraine;
The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,
So through the christall waves appeared plaine:
Then suddeinly both would themselves unhele,
And th' amorous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes revele.

As that faire starre, the messenger of morne,
His deawy face out of the sea doth reare:
Or as the Cyprian goddesse, newly borne

Of th' ocean's fruitfull froth, did first appeare:
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
Christalline humor dropped downe apace.
Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him neare,
And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace; [brace.
His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to em-

The wanton maidens him espying, stood
Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise;
Then th' one herselfe low ducked in the flood,
Abasht that her a straunger did avise;
But th' other rather higher did arise,
And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
And all, that might his melting hart entyse
To her delights, she unto him bewrayd; [made.
The rest, hidd underneath, him more desirous

With that the other likewise up arose,
And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd
Up in one knott, she low adowne did lose,
Which flowing long and thick her cloth'd arownd,
And th' yvorie in golden mantle gownd;
So that faire spectacle from him was reft,
Yet that which reft it no lesse faire was fownd:
So hidd in lockes and waves from lookers theft,
Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.
Now when they spyde the knight to slacke his pace
Them to behold, and in his sparking face
The secrete signes of kindled lust appeare,
Their wanton merriments they did encreace,

And to him beckned to approch more neare,
And shewd him many sights that corage cold coul
reare:

On which when gazing him the palmer saw,
He much rebukt those wandring eyes of his,
And counseld well him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the Bowre of Blis,
Of her fond favorites so nam'd amis;
When thus the palmer; "Now, sir, well avise;
For here the end of all our traveill is:
Here wonnes Acrasia, whom we must surprise,
Els she will slip away, and all our drift despise."

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
Such as attonce might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elswhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,
To read what manner musicke that mote bee;
For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there consorted in one harmonee; [agre
Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters,

The ioyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet;
Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall;
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

There, whence that musick seemed heard to bee,
Was the faire witch herselfe now solacing
With a new lover, whom, through sorceree
And witchcraft, she from farre did thether bring:
There she had him now laid a slombering
In secret shade after long wanton ioyes;
Whilst round about them pleasauntly did sing
Many faire ladies and lascivious boyes, [toyes.
That ever mixt their song with light licentious

And all that while right over him she hong
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
As seeking medicine whence she was stong,
Or greedily depasturing delight;
And oft inclining downe with kisses light,
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did sucke his spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;
Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she rewd.

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay;
Ah! see, whoso fayre thing doest faine to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day!
Ah! see the virgin rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peepe foorth with bashfull modestee,
That fairer seemes the lesse ye see her may!
Lo! see soone after how more bold and free
Her bared bosome she doth broad display;
Lo! see soone after how she fades and falls away!

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre;
Ne more doth florish after first decay,
That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre

Of many a lady, and many a paramowre!
Gather therefore the rose whilest yet is prime,
For soone comes age that will her pride deflowre:
Gather the rose of love whilest yet is time,
Whilest loving thou mayst loved be with equall crime.

He ceast; and then gan all the quire of birdes
Their divers notes t' attune unto his lay,
As in approvaunce of his pleasing wordes.
The constant payre heard all that he did say,
Yet swarved not, but kept their forward way
Through many covert groves and thickets close,
In which they creeping did at last display
That wanton lady with her lover lose,
Whose sleepie head she in her lap did soft dispose.

Upon a bed of roses she was layd,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin;
And was arayd, or rather disarayd,
All in a vele of silke and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alablaster skin,
But rather shewd more white, if more might bee:
More subtile web Arachne cannot spin;
Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see [flee.
Of scorched deaw, do not in th' ayre more lightly

Her snowy brest was bare to ready spoyle
Of hungry eies, which n'ote therewith be fild;
And yet, through languour of her late sweet toyle,
Few drops, more cleare then nectar, forth distild,
That like pure orient perles adowne it trild;
And her faire eyes, sweet smyling in delight,
Moystened their fierie beames, with which she
thrild

Fraile harts, yet quenched not; like starry light,
Which, sparckling on the silent waves, does seeme
more bright.

The young man, sleeping by her, seemd to be
Some goodly swayne of honorable place;
That certes it great pitty was to see
Him his nobility so fowle deface:
A sweet regard and amiable grace,
Mixed with manly sternesse, did appeare,
Yet sleeping, in his well-proportiond face;
And on his tender lips the downy heare [beare.
Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossoms

His warlike armes, the ydle instruments
Of sleeping praise, were hong upon a tree;
And his brave shield, full of old moniments,
Was fowly ras't that none the signes might see;
Ne for them ne for honour cared hee,
Ne ought that did to his advauncement tend;
But in lewd loves, and wastefull luxuree,
His dayes, his goods, his bodie he did spend:
O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend!

The noble Elfe and carefull palmer drew
So nigh them, minding nought but lustfull game,
That suddein forth they on them rusht, and threw
A subtile net, which only for that same
The skilfull palmer formally did frame:
So held them under fast; the whiles the rest
Fled all away for feare of fowler shame.
The faire enchauntresse, so unwares opprest,
Tryde all her arts and all her sleights thence out
to wrest.

And eke her lover strove; but all in vaine:
For that same net so cunningly was wound,
That neither guile nor force might it distraine.
They tooke them both, and both them strongly bound
In captive bandes, which there they readie found:
But her in chaines of adamant he tyde;
For nothing else might keepe her safe and sound:
But Verdant (so he hight) he soone untyde,
And counsell sage in steed thereof to him applyde.

But all those pleasaunt bowres, and pallace brave,
Guyon broke downe with rigour pittilesse;
Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,
But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse;
Their groves he feld; their gardins did deface;
Their arbers spoyle; their cabinets suppresse;
Their banket-houses burne; their buildings race;
And, of the fayrest late, now made their fowlest place.

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad:
The way they came, the same retourn'd they right,
Till they arrived where they lately had
Charm'd those wild beasts that rag'd with furie mad;
Which, now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
As in their mistresse reskew, whom they lad;
But them the palmer soone did pacify.
Then Guyon askt, what meant those beastes which there did ly.

Say'd he; "These seeming beastes are men in deed,
Whom this enchauntresse hath transformed thus;
Whylome her lovers, which her lustes did feed,
Now turned into figures hideous,
According to their mindes like monstruous."
"Sad end," quoth he, "of life intemperate,
And mourneful meed of ioyes delicious!
But, palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
Let them returned be unto their former state."

Streightway he with his vertuous staffe then strooke,
And streight of beastes they comely men became;
Yet being men they did unmanly looke,
And stared ghastly; some for inward shame,
And some for wrath to see their captive dame:
But one above the rest in speciall
That had an hog beene late, hight Grylle by name,
Repyned greatly, and did him miscall [turall.
That had from hoggish forme him brought to na-

Saide Guyon; "See the mind of beastly man,
That hath so soone forgot the excellence
Of his creation, when he life began,
That now he chooseth with vile difference
To be a beast, and lacke intelligence!"
To whom the palmer thus; "The donghill kinde
Delightes in filth and fowle incontinence:
Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his hoggish minde;
But let us hence depart whilest wether serves and winde."

BOOK III.

GLAUSE AND BRITOMART

EXPLORING THE CAVE OF MERLIN.

Merlin bewrayes to Britomart
The state of Arthegall:
And shews the famous progeny,
Which from them springen shall.

Most sacred fyre, that burnest mightily
In living brests, ykindled first above
Emongst th' eternall spheres and lamping sl
And thence pourd into men, which men cal
Not that same, which doth base affections m
In brutish mindes, and filthy lust inflame;
But that sweete fit that doth true beautie lo
And choseth Vertue for his dearest dame,
Whence spring all noble deeds and neve

The fatall purpose of divine foresight
Thou doest effect in destined descents,
Through deepe impression of thy secret might,
And stirredst up th' heroës high intents,
Which the late world admyres for wondrous moni-
ments.

But thy dredd dartes in none doe triumph more,
Ne braver proofe in any of thy powre
Shewd'st thou, then in this royall maid of yore,
Making her seeke an unknowne paramoure,
From the worlds end, through many a bitter stowre:
From whose two loynes thou afterwardes did rayse
Most famous fruites of matrimoniall bowre,
Which through the Earth have spredd their living
prayse,
That Fame in tromp of gold eternally displayes.

Begin then, O my dearest sacred dame,
Daughter of Phœbus and of Memorye,
That doest ennoble with immortall name
The warlike worthies, from antiquityc,
In thy great volume of Eternitye;
Begin, O Clio, and recount from hence
My glorious soveraines goodly auncestrye,
Till that by dew degrees, and long protense,
Thou have it lastly brought unto her excellence.

Full many wayes within her troubled mind
Old Glaucè cast to cure this ladies griefe;
Full many wayes she sought, but none could find,
Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsel, that is chiefe
And choicest med'cine for sick harts reliefe:

For thy great care she tooke, and greater feare,
Least that it should her turne to fowle repriefe
And sore reproch, whenso her father deare
Should of his dearest daughters hard misfortune
heare.

At last she her avisde, that he which made
That mirrhour, wherein the sicke damosell
So straungely vewed her straunge lovers shade,
To weet, the learned Merlin, well could tell
Under what coast of Heven the man did dwell,
And by what means his love might best be wrought:
For, though beyond the Africk Ismaël
Or th' Indian Peru he were, she thought
Him forth through infinite endevour to have sought.

Forthwith themselves disguising both in straunge
And base attyre, that none might them bewray,
To Maridunum, that is now by chaunge
Of name Cayr-Merdin calld, they tooke their way:
There the wise Merlin whylome wont (they say)
To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,
In a deepe delve, far from the vew of day,
That of no living wight he mote be found,
Whenso he counseld with his sprights encompast
round.

And, if thou ever happen that same way
To traveill, go to see that dreadful place:
It is an hideous hollow cave (they say)
Under a rock that lyes a litle space
From the swift Barry, tombling down apace
Emongst the woody hilles of Dyneuowre:
But dare thou not, I charge, in any case

To enter into that same balefull bowre,
For fear the cruell feendes should thee unwares
devowre :

But standing high aloft low lay thine eare,
And there such ghastly noyse of yron chaines
And brazen caudrons thou shalt rombling heare,
Which thousand sprights with long enduring paines
Doe tosse, that it will stornn thy feeble braines ;
And oftentimes great grones, and grievous stownds,
When too huge toile and labour them constraines ;
And oftentimes loud strokes and ringing sowndes
From under that deepe rock most horribly re-
bowndes.

The cause, some say, is this : a little whyle
Before that Merlin dyde, he did intend
A brasen wall in compas to compyle
About Cairmardin, and did it commend
Unto these sprights to bring to perfect end :
During which worke the Lady of the Lake,
Whom long he lov'd, for him in hast did send ;
Who, thereby forst his workemen to forsake,
Them bownd, till his retourne, their labour not to
slake.

In the meane time through that false ladies traine
He was surprisd, and buried under beare,
Ne ever to his worke returnd againe :
Nath'lesse those feends may not their work forbeare,
So greatly his commandëment they, feare,
But there doe toyle and traveile day and night,
Until that brasen wall they up doe reare :

For Merlin had in magick more insight
Then ever him before or after living wight:

For he by wordes could call out of the sky
Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him obay;
The land to sea, and sea to maineland dry,
And darksom night he eke could turne to day;
Huge hostes of men he could alone dismay,
And hostes of men of meanest thinges could frame,
Whenso him list his enimies to fray:
That to this day, for terror of his fame,
The feendes do quake when any him to them does
name.

And, sooth, men say that he was not the sonne
Of mortall syre or other living wight,
But wondrously begotten, and begonne
By false illusion of a guilefull spright
On a faire lady Nonne, that whilome hight
Matilda, daughter to Pubidius,
Who was the lord of Mathtraval by right,
And coosen unto king Ambrosius;
Whence he indued was with skill so marveilous.

They, here arriving, staid awhile without,
Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,
But of their first intent gan make new dout
For dread of daunger, which it might portend:
Untill the hardy mayd (with Love to frend)
First entering, the dreadfull mage there fownd
Deepe busied 'bout worke of wondrous end,

And writing straunge charácters in the grownd,
With which the stubborne feendes he to his ser-
vice bownd.

BELPHŒBE FINDS TIMIAS WOUNDED, AND CONVEYS HIM TO HER DWELLING.

Shee on a day, as shee pursewd the chace
Of some wilde beast, which with her arrowes keene
She wounded had, the same along did trace
By tract of blood, which she had freshly seene
To have besprinckled all the grassy greene;
By the great pérsue which she there perceav'd,
Well hoped shee the beast engor'd had beene,
And made more haste the life to have bereav'd:
But ah! her expectation greatly was deceav'd.

Shortly she came whereas that woefull squire
With blood deformed lay in deadly swownd;
In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
The cristall humor stood congealed rownd;
His locks, like faded leaves fallen to grownd,
Knotted with blood in bounches rudely ran;
And his sweete lips, on which before that stownd
The bud of youth to blossome faire began,
Spoild of their rosy red were woxen pale and wan.

Saw never living eie more heavy sight,
That could have made a rocke of stone to rew,
Or rive in twaine: which when that lady bright,
Besides all hope, with melting eies did vew,

All suddenly abasht shee chaunged hew,
But with sterne horror backward gan to start:
But, when shee better him beheld, shee grew
Full of soft passion and unwonted smart:
The point of pity perced through her tender hart.

Meekely shee bowed downe, to weete if life
Yett in his frosen members did remaine;
And, feeling by his pulses beating rife
That the weake sowle her seat did yett retaine,
Shee cast to comfort him with busy paine:
His double-folded necke she reard upright,
And rubd his temples and each trembling vaine;
His mayled haberieon she did undight,
And from his head his heavy burganet did light.

Into the woods thenceforth in haste shee went,
To seeke for hearbes that mote him remedy;
For shee of herbes had great intendiment,
Taught of the nymphe which from her infancy
Her nourced had in trew nobility:
There, whether yt divine tobacco were,
Or panachæa, or polygony,
She fownd, and brought it to her patient deare,
Who al this while lay bleeding out his hart-blood
neare.

The soveraine weede betwixt two marbles plaine
Shee pownded small, and did in peeces bruze;
And then atweene her lilly handes twaine
Into his wound the juice thereof did scruze;
And round about, as shee could well it uze,
The flesh therewith shee suppled and did steepe,
T' abate all spasme and soke the swelling bruze;

And, after having searcht the intuse deepe,
She with her scarf did bind the wound, from cold
to keepe.

By this he had sweete life recur'd agayne,
And, groning inly deepe, at last his eies,
His watery eies drizling like deawy rayne,
He up gan lifte toward the azure skies,
From whence descend all hopelesse remedies:
Therewith he sigh'd; and, turning him aside,
The goodly maide full of divinities
And gifts of heavenly grace he by him spide,
Her bow and gilden quiver lying him beside.

"Mercy! deare Lord," said he, "what grace is this
That thou hast shewed to me sinfull wight,
To send thine angell from her bowre of blis
To comfort me in my distressed plight!
Angell, or goddesse, doe I call thee right?
What service may I doe unto thee meete,
That hast from darkenes me returnd to light,
And with thy hevenly salves and med'cines sweete
Hast drest my sinfull wounds! I kisse thy blessed
feete."

Thereat shee blushing said; "Ah! gentle squire,
Nor goddesse I, nor angell; but the mayd
And daughter of a woody nymphe desire
No service but thy safety and ayd;
Which if thou gaine, I shal be well apayd.
Wee mortall wights, whose lives and fortunes bee
To commun accidents stil open layd,

Are bownd with commun bond of frailtee,
To succor wretched wights whom we captived see."

By this her damzells, which the former chace
Had undertaken after her, arryv'd,
As did Belphœbe, in the bloody place,
And thereby deemd the beast had bene depriv'd
Of life, whom late their ladies arow ryv'd:
Forthy the bloody tract they followd fast,
And every one to ronne the swiftest stryv'd;
But two of them the rest far overpast,
And where their lady was arrived at last.

Where when they saw that goodly boy with blood
Defowled, and their lady dresse his wownd,
They wondred much; and shortly understood
How him in deadly cace their lady fownd,
And reskewed out of the heavy stownd.
Eftsoones his warlike courser, which was strayd
Farre in the woodes whiles that he lay in swownd,
She made those damzels search; which being stayd,
They did him set thereon, and forth with them convayd.

Into that forest farre they thence him led
Where was their dwelling; in a pleasant glade
With mountaines rownd about environed
And mightie woodes, which did the valley shade,
And like a stately theatre it made
Spreading itselfe into a spatious plaine;
And in the midst a little river plaide

Emongst the pumy-stones, which seemed to plaine
With gentle murmure that his course they did restraine.

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
Planted with mirtle trees and laurells greene,
In which the birds song many a lovely lay
Of Gods high praise, and of their sweet loves teene,
As it an earthly paradize had beene:
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight
A faire pavilion, scarcely to be seene,
The which was al within most richly dight,
That greatest princes living it mote well delight.

Thether they brought that wounded squire, and layd
In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest.
He rested him awhile; and then the mayd
His readie wound with better salves new drest:
Daily shee dressed him, and did the best,
His grievous hurt to guarish, that shee might;
That shortly shee his dolour hath redrest,
And his foule sore reduced to faire plight:
It shee reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

O foolish physick, and unfruitfull paine,
That heales up one, and makes another wound!
Shee his hurt thigh to him recurd againe,
But hurt his hart, the which before was sound,
Through an unwary dart which did rebownd
From her faire eyes and gratious countenaunce.
What bootes it him from death to be unbownd,
To be captived in endlésse duraúnce
Of sorrow and despeyre without aleggeaunce!

Thus warried he long time against his will;
Till that through weaknesse he was forst at last
To yield himselfe unto the mightie ill,
Which, as a victour proud, gan ransack fast
His inward partes, and all his entrayles wast,
That neither blood in face nor life in hart
It left, but both did quite dry up and blast;
As percing levin, which the inner part
Of every thing consumes and calcineth by art.

Which seeing, fayre Belphœbe gan to feare
Least that his wound were inly well not heald,
Or that the wicked steele empoysned were:
Litle shee weend that love he close conceald.
Yet still he wasted, as the snow congeald
When the bright Sunne his beams thereon doth beat:
Yet never he his hart to her reveald;
But rather chose to dye for sorow great
Then with dishonorable terms her to entreat.

SONNETS.

SONNET.

Since I did leave the presence of my love,
Many long weary dayes I have outworne;
And many nights, that slowly seemd to move
Theyr sad protract from evening untill morn.
For, when as day the Heven doth adorne,
I wish that night the noyous day would end:
And, when as night hath us of light forlorne,
I wish that day would shortly reascend.
Thus I the time with expectation spend,
And faine my griefe with chaunges to beguile,
That further seemes his terme still to extend,
And maketh every minute seem a myle.
So sorrowe still doth seem too long to last;
But ioyous houres do fly away too fast.

SONNET.

ke as the culver, on the bared bough,
s mourning for the absence of her mate;
d, in her songs, sends many a wishful vow
his returne that seems to linger late:

So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourne to myselfe the absence of my love;
And, wandering here and there all desolate,
Seek with my playnts to match that mournful dove;
Ne ioy of ought, that under Heven doth love,
Can comfort me, but her own ioyous sight:
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move,
In her unspotted pleasauns to delight.
Dark is my day, whyles her fayre light I mis,
And dead my life, that wants such lively blis.

SONNET.

To the right worshipful, my singular good friend, M. Gabriel Harvey, doctor of the lawes.

Harvey, the happy above happiest men,
I read; that, sitting like a looker-on
Of this worldes stage, doest note with critique pen
The sharpe dislikes of each condition:
And, as one careless of suspition,
Ne fawnest for the favour of the great;
Ne fearest foolish reprehension
Of faulty men, which daunger to thee threat:
But freely doest, of what thee list, entreat,
Like a great lord of peerelesse liberty;
Lifting the good up to high Honours seat,
And the evil damning evermore to dy:
For life and death is in thy doomful writing!
So thy renowme lives ever by endighting.

EPITHALAMION.

Ye learned sisters, which have oftentimes
Beene to the ayding, others to adorne,
Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rymes,
That even the greatest did not greatly scorne
To hear theyr names sung in your simple layes,
But ioyed in theyr praise;
And when ye list your own mishaps to mourne,
Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck, did rayse,
Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your doleful dreriment:
Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside;
And, having all your heads with girlands crownd,
Help me mine owne loves prayses to resound;
Ne let the same of any be envide:
So Orpheus did for his owne bride!
So I unto my selfe alone will sing;
The woods shall to me answer, and my eccho ring.
Early before the worlds light-giving lampe,
His golden beame upon the hils doth spred,
Having disperst the nights unchearful dampe,
Doe ye awake; and with fresh lustyhed,
Go to the bowre of my beloved love,
My truest turtle dove;
Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his maske to move,
With his bright tead that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to waite on him,
In theyr fresh garments trim.

Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight,
For loe! the wished day is come at last,
That shall, for all the paynes and sorrowes past,
Pay to her usury of long delight:
And, whylest she doth her dight,
Doe ye to her of ioy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Bring with you all the nymphes that you can heare,
Both of the rivers and the forrests greene,
And of the sea that neighbours to her neare;
All with gay girlands goodly wel beseene.
And let them also with them bring in hand,
Another gay girland,
For my fayre love, of lillyes and of roses,
Bound truelove wize, with a blue silk riband.
And let them make great store of bridale poses,
And let them eke bring store of other flowers,
To deck the bridale bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strewd with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred lyke the discolored mead.
Which done, doe at her chamber door awayt,
For she will waken strayt;
The whiles do ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shal to you answer, and your eccho ring.

Ye nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull heed
The silver scaly trouts do tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed;
(Those trouts and pikes all others doe excell)
And ye likewise, which keepe the rushy lake,
Where none doo fishes take;

Bynd up the locks the which hang scattered light,
And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the christall bright,
That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
No blemish she may spie.
And eke, ye lightfoot mayds, which keepe the dore,
That on the hoary mountayne use to towre;
And the wylde wolves, which seeke them to devoure,
With your steele darts doe chace from coming neere;
Be also present heere,
To help to decke her, and to help to sing, [ring.
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho

Wake now, my love, awake; for it is time;
The rosy Morne long since left Tithons bed,
All ready to her silver coche to clyme;
And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.
Hark! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr laies,
And carroll of loves praise.
The merry larke her mattins sings aloft;
The thrush replyes; the mavis descant playes;
The ouzell shrills; the ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this dayes merriment.
Ah! my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T' awayt the comming of your ioyous make,
And hearken to the birds love-learned song,
The deawy leaves among!
For they of ioy and pleasaunce to you sing, [ring.
That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho

My love is now awake out of her dreame,
And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmed were

With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly beams
More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere.
Come now, ye damzels, daughters of delight,
Helpe quickly her to dight:
But first come, ye fayre Houres, which were begot,
In Ioves sweet paradice, of Day and Night;
Which doe the seasons of the year allot,
And all, that ever in this world is fayre,
Doe make and still repayre;
And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian queene,
The which doe still adorn her beauties pride,
Help to adorne my beautifullest bride:
And, as ye her array, still throw betweene
Some graces to be seene;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing, [ring.
The whiles the woods shal answer, and your eccho

Loe! where she comes along with portly pace,
Lyke Phœbe, from her chamber of the east,
Arysing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that ye would weene
Some angell she had beene.
Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
Sprinkled with perle, and perling flowers atweene,
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre;
And, being crowned with a girland greene,
Seem lyke some mayden queene.
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are:
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her prayses sung so loud,
So far from being proud.

Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see
So fayre a creature in your town before?
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adornd with beautyes grace and vertues store:
Her goodly eyes lyke saphyres shining bright,
Her forehead yvory white,
Her cheekes lyke apples which the Sun hath rudded,
Her lips lyke cherries charming men to byte,
Her breast like to a bowl of creame uncrudded,
Her paps lyke lyllies budded,
Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre;
And all her body like a pallace fayre,
Ascending up with many a stately stayre,
To Honors seat and Chastities sweet bowre.
Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnisht with heavenly guifts of high degree,
Much more would ye wonder at that sight.
There dwells sweet Love, and constant Chastity,
Unspotted Fayth, and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty;
There Vertue raynes as queene in royal throne,
And giveth lawes alone,
The which the base affections doe obay,
And yeeld theyr services unto her will;

Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seene these her celestial threasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her prayses sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your ecch
ring.

With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She commeth in, before th' Almighties view:
Of her ye virgins learne obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endlesse matrimony make;
And let the roring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throates,
The choristers the ioyous antheme sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their eccho ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermill stayne.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsownd.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band!

Sing, ye sweet angels, alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho
ring.

Now all is done: bring home the bride againe;
Bring home the triumph of our victory;
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,
With ioyance bring her and with iollity.
Never had man more ioyfull day than this,
Whom Heaven would heape with blis.
Make feast therefore now all this live-long day;
This day for ever to me holy is.
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the posts and wals with wine,
That they may sweat and drunken be withall.
Crowne ye god Bacchus with a coronall,
And Hymen also crowne with wreaths of vine;
And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
For they can do it best:
The whyles the maydens do theyr carroll sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and theyr eccho
ring.

HYMNE.

ON HEAVENLY LOVE.

Love, lift me up upon thy golden wings
From this base world unto thy Heavens hight,
Where I may see those admirable things
Which there thou workest by thy soveraine migh
Farre above feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof an heavenly hymne may sing
Unto the God of Love, high Heavens king.

Many lewd layes (ah! woe is me the more!)
In praise of that mad fit which fooles call love,
I have in th' heat of youth made heretofore,
That in light wits did loose affection move;
But all those follies now I do reprove,
And turned have the tenor of my string,
The heavenly prayses of true love to sing.

And ye that wont with greedy vaine desire
To reade my fault, and, wondring at my flame
To warme your selves at my wide sparckling f
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my b
And in her ashes shrowd my dying shame;
For who my passed follies now pursewes,
Beginnes his owne, and my old fault renewe

Before this worlds great fame, in which a
Are now containd, found any being-place,
Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas wings
About that mightie bound which doth emb
The rolling spheres, and parts their houres

That high Eternall Powre, which now doth move
In all these things, mov'd in it selfe by love.

It lovd itself, because it selfe was faire;
(For faire is lov'd;) and of it self begot
Like to it selfe his eldest sonne and heire,
Eternall, pure, and voide of sinfull blot,
The firstling of his ioy, in whom no iot
Of loves dislike or pride was to be found,
Whom he therefore with equall honour crownd.

With him he raignd, before all time prescribed,
In endlesse glorie and immortall night,
Together with that Third from them derived,
Most wise, most holy, most almightie Spright!
Whose kingdomes throne no thoughts of earthly wight
Can comprehend, much lesse my trembling verse
With equall words can hope it to reherse.

Yet, O most blessed Spirit! pure Lampe of Light,
Eternall Spring of grace and wisedom trew,
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright
Some little drop of thy celestiall dew,
That may my rymes with sweet infuse embrew,
And give me words equall unto my thought,
To tell the marveiles by thy mercie wrought.

Yet being pregnant still with powrefull grace,
And full of fruitfull Love, that loves to get
Things like himselfe, and to enlarge his race,
His second brood, though not of powre so great,
Yet full of beautie, next he did beget,
An infinite increase of angels bright,
All glistring glorious in their Makers light.

To them the Heavens illimitable hight
(Not this round Heaven, which we from hence behold,
Adornd with thousand lamps of burning light,
And with ten thousand gemmes of shyning gold,)
He gave as their inheritance to hold,
That they might serve him in eternall bliss,
And be partakers of those ioyes of his.

There they in their trinall triplicities
About him wait, and on his will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When he them on his messages doth send,
Or on his owne dread presence to attend,
Where they behold the glorie of his light,
And caroll hymnes of love both day and night.

Both day, and night, is unto them all one;
For he his beames doth unto them extend,
That darknesse there appeareth never none;
Ne hath their day, ne hath their blisse, an end,
But there their termelesse time in pleasure spend
Ne ever should their happinesse decay,
Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobay.

But pride, impatient of long resting peace,
Did puffe them up with greedy bold ambition,
That they gan cast their state how to increase
Above the fortune of their first condition,
And sit in Gods own seat without commission:
The brightest angel, even the child of light,
Drew millions more against their God to fight.

Th' Almighty, seeing their so bold assay,
Kindled the flame of his consuming yre,
And with his onely breath them blew away
From Heavens hight, to which they did aspyre,
To deepest Hell, and lake of damned fyre,
Where they in darknesse and dread horror dwell,
Hating the happie light from which they fell.

So that next off-spring of the Makers love,
Next to himselfe in glorious degree,
Degendering to hate, fell from above
Through pride; (for pride and love may ill agree;)
And now of sinne to all ensample bee:
How then can sinfull flesh it selfe assure,
Sith purest angels fell to be impure?

But that Eternall Fount of love and grace,
Still flowing forth his goodnesse unto all,
Now seeing left a waste and emptie place
In his wyde pallace, through those angels fall,
Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
A new unknowen colony therein, [begin.
Whose root from earths base groundworke should

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to nought,
Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by his might,
According to an heavenly patterne wrought,
Which he had fashiond in his wise foresight,
He man did make, and breathed a living spright
Into his face, most beautifull and fayre,
Endewd with wisedomes riches, heavenly, rare.

Such he him made, that he resemble might
Himselfe, as mortall thing immortall could;
Him *to be lord of every* living wight

He made by love out of his owne like mould,
In whom he might his mightie selfe behould;
For love doth love the thing belov'd to see,
That like it selfe in lovely shape may bee.

But man, forgetfull of his Makers grace
No lesse than angels, whom he did ensew,
Fell from the hope of promist heavenly place,
Into the mouth of Death, to sinners dew,
And all his off-spring into thraldome threw,
Where they for ever should in bonds remaine
Of never-dead yet ever-dying paine.

Till that great Lord of Love, which him at first
Made of meere love, and after liked well,
Seeing him he like creature long accurst
In that deep horor of despeyred Hell,
Him, wretch, in doole would let no lenger dwell,
But cast out of that bondage to redeeme,
And pay the price, all were his debt extreeme.

Out of the bosome of eternall blisse,
In which he reigned with his glorious syre,
He downe descended, like a most demisse
And abiect thrall, in fleshes fraile attyre,
That he for him might pay sinnes deadly hyre,
And him restore unto that happie state
In which he stood before his haplesse fate.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
Therefore in flesh it must be satisfyde;
Nor spirit, nor angel, though they man surpas,
Could make amends to God for mans misguyde,
But onely man himselfe, who selfe did slyde:

So, taking flesh of sacred virgins wombe,
For mans deare sake he did a man become.

And that most blessed bodie, which was borne
Without all blemish or reprochfull blame,
He freely gave to be both rent and torne
Of cruell hands, who with despightfull shame
Revyling him, that them most vile became,
At length him nayled on a gallow-tree,
And slew the iust by most uniust decree.

O huge and most unspeakeable impression
Of loves deep wound, that pierst the piteous hart
Of that deare Lord with so entyre affection,
And, sharply launcing every inner part,
Dolours of death into his soule did dart,
Doing him die that never it deserved,
To free his foes, that from his heast had swerved!

What hart can feel least touch of so sore launch,
Or thought can think the depth of so deare wound?
Whose bleeding sourse their streames yet never
staunch,
But stil do flow, and freshly stil redownd,
To heale the sores of sinfull soules unsound,
And clense the guilt of that infected cryme
Which was enrooted in all fleshly slyme.

O blessed Well of Love! O Floure of Grace!
O glorious Morning-Starre! O Lampe of Light!
Most lively image of thy Fathers face,
Eternal King of Glorie, Lord of Might,
Meeke Lambe of God, before all worlds behight,
How can we thee requite for all this good?
Or what can prize that thy most precious blood?

Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this love,
But love of us, for guerdon of thy paine:
Ay me! what can us lesse than that behove?
Had he required life for us againe,
Had it beene wrong to ask his owne with gaine?
He gave us life, he it restored lost;
Then life were least, that us so little cost.

But he our life hath left unto us free,
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was band;
Ne ought demaunds but that we loving bee,
As he himselfe hath lov'd us afore-hand,
And bound therto with an eternall band,
Him first to love that was so dearely bought,
And next our brethren, to his image wrought.

Him first to love great right and reason is,
Who first to us our life and being gave,
And after, when we fared had amisse,
Us wretches from the second death did save;
And last, the food of life, which now we have,
Even he himselfe, in his dear sacrament,
To feede our hungry soules, unto us lent.

Then next, to love our brethren, that were made
Of that selfe mould, and that self Maker's hand,
That we, unto the same againe shall fade,
Where they shall have like heritage of land,
However here on higher steps we stand,
Which also were with selfe-same price redeemed
That we, however of us light esteemed.

And were they not, yet since that loving Lord
Commaunded us to love them for his sake,
Even for his sake, and for his sacred word,

Which in his last bequest he to us spake,
We should them love, and with their needs partake;
Knowing that, whatsoere to them we give,
We give to him by whom we all doe live.

Such mercy he by his most holy reede
Unto us taught, and to approve it trew,
Ensampled it by his most righteous deede,
Shewing us mercie (miserable crew!)
That we the like should to the wretches shew,
And love our brethren; thereby to approve
How much, himselfe that loved us, we love.

Then rouze thy selfe, O Earth! out of thy soyle,
In which thou wallowest like to filthy swyne,
And doest thy mynd in durty pleasures moyle;
Unmindfull of that dearest Lord of thyne;
Lift up to him thy heavie clouded eyne,
That thou this soveraine bountie mayst behold,
And read, through love, his mercies manifold.

Beginne from first, where he encradled was
In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Betweene the toylfull oxe and humble asse,
And in what rags, and in how base array,
The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
When him the silly shepheards came to see,
Whom greatest princes sought on lowest knee.

From thence reade on the storie of his life,
His humble carriage, his unfaulty wayes,
His cancred foes, his fights, his toyle, his strife,
His paines, his povertie, his sharpe assayes,
Through which he past his miserable dayes,

Offending none, and doing good to all,
Yet being malist both by great and small.

And look at last, how of most wretched wights
He taken was, betrayd, and false accused,
How with most scornfull taunts, and fell despights
He was revyld, disgrast, and foule abused;
How scourgd, how crownd, how buffeted, how
brused;
And, lastly, how twixt robbers crucifyde,
With bitter wounds through hands, through feet
and syde!

Then let thy flinty hart, that feeles no paine,
Empierced be with pittifull remorse,
And let thy bowels bleede in every vaine,
At sight of his most sacred heavenly corse,
So torne and mangled with malicious forse;
And let thy soule, whose sins his sorrows wrought
Melt into teares, and grone in grieved thought.

With sence whereof, whilest so thy softened spirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale
Through meditation of his endlesse merit,
Lift up thy mind to th' Author of thy weale,
And to his soveraine mercie doe appeale;
Learne him to love that loved thee so deare,
And in thy brest his blessed image beare.

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and mind,
Thou must him love, and his beheasts embrace;
All other loves, with which the world doth blind
Weake fancies, and stirre up affections base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,

And give thy selfe unto him full and free,
That full and freely gave himselfe to thee.

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possest,
And ravisht with devouring great desire
Of his dear selfe, that shall thy feeble brest
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeale, through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in his sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all worlds desire will in thee dye,
And all Earthes glorie, on which men do gaze,
Seeme durt and drosse in thy pure-sighted eye,
Compar'd to that celestiall beauties blaze,
Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth daze
With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes, and lumining the spright.

Then shall thy ravisht soul inspired bee
With heavenly thoughts, farre above humane skil,
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainely see
Th' idee of his pure glorie present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
With sweete enragement of celestiall love,
Kindled through sight of those faire things above.

HYMNE.

OF HEAVENLY BEAUTIE.

Rapt with the rage of mine own raviaht thought,
Through contemplation of those goodly sights,
And glorious images in Heaven wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights,
Do kindle love in high conceipted sprights;
I faine to tell the things that I behold,
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, O thou most Almightie Spright!
From whom all guifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of thine eternall truth, that I may show
Some little beames to mortall eyes below
Of that immortall Beautie, there with thee,
Which in my weake distraughted mynd I see;

That with the glorie of so goodly sight
The hearts of men, which fondly here admyre
Faire seeming shewes, and feede on vaine delight,
Transported with celestiall desyre
Of those faire formes, may lift themselves up hyer,
And learne to love, with zealous humble dewty,
Th' Eternall Fountaine of that heavenly beauty.

Beginning then below, with th' easie vew
Of this base world, subject to fleshly eye,
From thence to mount aloft, by order dew,
To contemplation of th' immortall sky;
Of the soare faulcon so I learne to fye,

That flags a while her fluttering wings beneath,
Till she her selfe for stronger flight can breath.

Then looke, who list thy gazefull eyes to feed
With sight of that is faire, looke on the frame
Of this wide universe, and therein reed
The endlesse kinds of creatures which by name
Thou canst not count, much less their natures aime;
All which are made with wondrous wise respect,
And all with admirable beautie deckt.

First, th' Earth, on adamantine pillers founded
Amid the sea, engirt with brazen bands;
Then th' aire still flitting, but yet firmely bounded
On everie side, with pyles of flaming brands,
Never consum'd, nor quencht with mortall hands;
And, last, that mightie shining cristall wall,
Wherewith he hath encompassed this all.

By view whereof it plainly may appeare,
That still as every thing doth upward tend,
And further is from Earth, so still more cleare
And faire it growes, till to his perfect end
Of purest beautie it at last ascend;
Ayre more then water, fire much more then ayre,
And Heaven then fire, appeares more pure and
fayre.

Looke thou no further, but affixe thine eye
On that bright shynie round still moving masse,
The house of blessed God, which men call skye,
All sowd with glistring stars more thicke then grasse,
Whereof each other doth in brightnesse passe,

But those two most, which, ruling night and day,
As king and queene, the Heavens empire sway;

And tell me then, what hast thou ever seene
That to their beautie may compared bee,
Or can the sight that is most sharpe and keene
Endure their captains flaming head to see?
How much lesse those, much higher in degree,
And so much fairer, and much more then these,
As these are fairer then the land and seas?

For farre above these Heavens, which here we se
Be others farre exceeding these in light,
Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same bee,
But infinite in largenesse and in hight,
Unmoving, uncorrupt, and spotlesse bright,
That need no sunne t'illuminate their spheres,
But their own native light farre passing theirs.

And as these Heavens still by degrees arize,
Until they come to their first movers bound,
That in his mightie compasse doth comprize,
And carrie all the rest with him around;
So those likewise doe by degrees redound,
And rise more faire, till they at last arrive,
To the most faire, whereto they all do strive.

Faire is the Heaven where happy soules have pla
In full enioyment of felicitie,
Whence they doe still behold the glorious face
Of the Divine Eternall Maiestie;
More faire is that, where those idees on hie
Enraunged be, which Plato so admyred,
And pure intelligences from God inspyred.

'et fairer is that Heaven, in which do raine
'he soveraigne powres and mightie potentates,
Vhich in their high protections doe containe
.ll mortall princes and imperiall states;
.nd fayrer yet, whereas the royall seates
.nd heavenly dominations are set,
'rom whom all earthly governance is fet.

'et farre more faire be those bright cherubins,
Vhich all with golden wings are overdight,
.nd those eternall burning seraphins,
Vhich from their faces dart out fierie light;
'et fairer then they both, and much more bright,
'e th' angels and archangels, which attend
'n Gods owne person, without rest or end.

'hese thus in faire each other farre excelling,
.s to the highest they approach more near,
'et is that highest farre beyond all telling,
'airer then all the rest which there appeare,
'hough all their beauties ioyn'd together were;
[ow then can mortall tongue hope to expresse
'he image of such endlesse perfectnesse?

ease then, my tongue! and lend unto my mynd
eave to bethinke how great that beautie is,
Vhose utmost parts so beautifull I find;
[ow much more those essential parts of his,
[is truth, his love, his wisedome, and his blis,
[is grace, his doome, his mercy, and his might,
y which he lends us of himselfe a sight!

'hose unto all he daily doth display,
.nd shew himselfe in th' image of his grace,
.s in a *looking-glasse*, through which he may

Be seene of all his creatures vile and base,
That are unable else to see his face,
His glorious face! which glistereth else so bright,
That th' angels selves can not endure his sight.

But we, fraile wights! whose sight cannot sustaine
The Suns bright beames when he on us doth shyne,
But that their points rebutted backe againe
Are duld, how can we see with feeble eyne
The glorie of that Maiestie divine,
In sight of whom both Sun and Moone are darke,
Compared to his least resplendent sparke;

The meanes, therefore, which unto us is lent
Him to behold, is on his workes to looke,
Which he hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the same, as in a brazen booke,
To read enregistred in every nooke
His goodnesse, which his beautie doth declare;
For all thats good is beautifull and faire.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To impe the wings of thy high flying mynd,
Mount up aloft through heavenly contemplation,
From this darke world, whose damps the soule do blynd,
And, lyke the native brood of eagles kynd,
On that bright Sunne of Glorie fixe thine eyes,
Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmities.

Humbled with feare and awfull reverence,
Before the footestoole of his Maiestie
Throw thy selfe downe, with trembling innocence,

Ne dare looke up with córruptible eye
On the dred face of that Great Deity,
For feare, lest if he chaunce to looke on thee,
Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded be.

But lowly fall before his mercie seate,
Close covered with the Lambes integrity
From the iust wrath of his avengeful threate
That sits upon the righteous throne on hy;
His throne is built upon eternity,
More firme and durable then steele or brasse,
Or the hard diamond, which them both doth passe.

His scepter is the rod of Righteousnesse,
With which he bruseth all his foes to dust,
And the great dragon strongly doth represse,
Under the rigour of his iudgment iust;
His seate is Truth, to which the faithfull trust,
From whence proceed her beames so pure and bright,
That all about him sheddeth glorious light:

Light, farre exceeding that bright blazing sparke
Which darted is from Titans flaming head,
That with his beames enlumineth the darke
And dampish air, whereby al things are red;
Whose nature yet so much is marvelled
Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze
The greatest wizards which thereon do gaze.

But that immortall light which there doth shine,
Is many thousand times more bright, more cleare,
More excellent, more glorious, more divine,

Through which to God all mortall actions here,
And even the thoughts of men, do plaine appeare;
For from th' Eternall Truth it doth proceed,
Through heavenly vertue which her beames doe
breed.

With the great glorie of that wondrous light
His throne is all encompassed around,
And hid in his owne brightnesse from the sight
Of all that looke thereon with eyes unsound;
And underneath his feet are to be found
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fyre,
The instruments of his avenging yre.

There in his bosome Sapience doth sit,
The soveraine dearling of the Deity,
Clad like a queene in royall robes, most fit
For so great powre and peerelesse majesty,
And all with gemmes and iewels gorgeously
Adornd, that brighter then the starres appeare,
And make her native brightnes seem more cleare.

And on her head a crown of purest gold
Is set, in signe of highest soverainty;
And in her hand a scepter she doth hold,
With which she rules the house of God on hy,
And menageth the ever-moving sky,
And in the same these lower creatures all
Subiected to her powre imperiall.

Both Heaven and Earth obey unto her will,
And all the creatures which they both containe;
For of her fulnesse which the world doth fill

ll partake, and do in state remaine
ır great Maker did at first ordaine,
gh observation of her high beheast,
ch they first were made, and still increast.

irnesse of her face no tongue can tell;
: the daughters of all wemens race,
gels eke, in beautie doth excell,
ed on her from Gods owne glorious face,
ore increast by her owne goodly grace,
doth farre exceed all humane thought,
on Earth compared be to ought.

ld that painter (had he lived yet)
pictured Venus with so curious quill,
l posteritie admyred it,
urtray'd this, for all his maistring skill;
her selfe had she remained still,
:re as faire as fabling wits do fayne,
nce come neare this beauty soverayne.

l those wits, the wonders of their dayes,
sweete Teian poet, which did spend
nteous vaine in setting forth her praise,
it a glims of this which I pretend,
ondrously would he her face commend,
that idole of his fayning thought,
l the world should with his rimes be fraught'

en dare I, the novice of his art,
e to picture so divine a wight,
: t' expresse her least perfections part,
beautie filles the Heavens with her light,
rkes the Earth with shadow of her sight?

Ah, gentle Muse! thou art too weake and faint
The pourtraict of so heavenly hew to paint.

Let angels, which her goodly face behold
And see at will, her soveraigne praises sing,
And those most sacred mysteries unfold
Of that faire love of mightie Heavens King;
Enough is me t' admyre so heavenly thing,
And, being thus with her huge love possest,
In th' only wonder of her selfe to rest.

But whoso may, thrise happie man him hold,
Of all on Earth whom God so much doth grace,
And lets his owne beloved to behold;
For in the view of her celestiall face
All ioy, all blisse, all happinesse, have place;
Ne ought on Earth can want unto the wight
Who of her selfe can win the wishfull sight.

For she, out of her secret threasury,
Plentie of riches forth on him will powre,
Even heavenly riches, which there hidden ly
Within the closet of her chastest bowre,
Th' eternal portion of her precious dowre,
Which mighty God hath given to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy bee.

None thereof worthy be, but those whom shee
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receave,
And letteth them her lovely face to see,
Whereof such wondrous pleasures they conceave,
And sweete contentment, that it doth bereave
Their soul of sense, through infinite delight,
And them transport from flesh into the spright.

ı which they see such admirable things,
.s carries them into an extasy,
ınd heare such heavenly notes and carolings
f Gods high praise, that filles the brasen sky;
nd feele such ioy and pleasure inwardly,
hat maketh them all worldly cares forget,
nd onely thinke on that before them set.

e from thenceforth doth and fleshly sense,
r idle thought of earthly things remaine;
ut all that earst seemd sweet seemes now offense,
nd all that pleased earst now seemes to paine:
heir ioy, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,
ı fixed all on that which now they see;
ll other sights but fayned shadows bee.

nd that faire lampe which useth to enflame
he hearts of men with selfe-consuming fyre,
henceforth seemes fowle, and full of sinfull blame;
nd that all pompe to which proud minds aspyre
y names of honour, and so much desyre,
eemes to them baseness, and all riches drosse,
nd all mirth sadnesse, and all lucre losse.

o full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
nd senses fraught with such satietie,
hat in nought else on Earth they can delight,
ut in th' aspect of that felicitie,
Vhich they have written in theyr inward ey;
n which they feed, and in theyr fastened mynd
ll happie ioy and full contentment fynd.

h, then, my hungry soule! which long hast fed
n idle fancies of thy foolish thought,
nd, *with false beauties* flattring bait misled,

Hast after vaine deceiptful shadows sought,
Which all are fled, and now have left thee nought
But late repentance through thy follies prief;
Ah! cease to gaze on matter of thy grief:

And looke at last up to that Soveraine Light,
From whose pure beams al perfect beauty springs,
That kindleth love in every godly spright,
Even the love of God; which loathing brings
Of this vile world and these gay-seeming things;
With whose sweet pleasures being so possest,
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for ever rest.

SELECT POEMS

OF

SAMUEL DANIEL.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF DANIEL.

SAMUEL DANIEL, the son of a music master, was born near Taunton, Somersetshire, in 1562. At seventeen, he became a Commoner of Magdalen Hall, in Oxford; and, as the graver parts of scholastic discipline were ill-suited to his genius, he consumed three years chiefly in the perusal of history and poetry. He left the University without a degree; and, after pursuing his studies, for some time, at Wilton, under the patronage of Mary, Countess of Pembroke, and sister to Sir Philip Sidney, he became the tutor of Lady Anne Clifford, daughter of George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland. His subsequent patrons were Lord Montjoy, the Countess of Bedford, and the Earl of Southampton.

He published a translation of Paulus Jovius, on Rare Inventions, in 1585; his tragedy of *Cleopatra*, and the *Complaints of Rosamond*, in 1584; the *Sonnets to Delia*, not long after; and the *Letter from Octavio to Marcus Antonius*, in 1611. In 1599, he succeeded Spenser, as Poet Laureat to Queen Elizabeth: four years afterwards, he wrote a congratulatory poem on the accession of King James,

and some time, during that monarch's reign, was, in return, appointed gentleman extraordinary. Queen Anne, who is said to have been delighted with his conversation and writings, made him a groom of the privy chambers; and, as his office did not require his constant attendance at court, he rented a house and garden in Oldstreet, near London; where he sometimes buried himself for two months together; and would suddenly come out to sun himself at court, enjoy the conversation of his friends, and see one of his plays performed.

In 1604, he wrote the Masque of the *Twelve Goddesses;* in 1605, the two pastoral tragi-comedies of the *Queen's Arcadia*, and *Hymen's Triumph;* and, six years afterwards, the tragedy of *Philotas*. But the work upon which his fame, as a poet, is principally, founded—the *History of Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster*,—was published in 1604. In the years 1613-18, he published the *History of England*; and died, in October, of the following year, at his farm, in Beckington, near Philips-Norton, in Somersetshire. He was interred in the church of Beckington; and a long time after, Lady Anne Clifford, Countess Dowager of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery, erected a monument to his memory.

Daniel is distinguished for the justness and good sense of his thoughts, and the neatness and harmony of his verse. He appears to have had great diffidence in his own powers; and, never daring to aim at eminence, he very frequently fell short of mediocrity. His imagination seems, for a moment, to take wing; but is soon brought down to earth again, by the sober weight of reality and common sense. He seems to have been a follower of truth, rather than a votary of fiction; and perhaps it would be difficult to determine whether he is most distinguished as a historian, or as a poet. Longbaine 'takes his prose History of Eng-

and to be the crown of all his works'; and, for his poetical account of the Civil Wars, he has acquired the title of the English Lucan. He was a great improver of our language; and, while Milton, for example, has antidated his poems, by using antique modes of expression, Daniel seems to have anticipated one or two centuries, by employing language, which perhaps time can never render obsolete, or even unfamiliar.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

THE

COMPLAINT OF ROSAMOND.

ут from the horrour of infernal deeps,
poor afflicted ghost comes here to plain it,
ended with my shame that never sleeps,
ɜ spot wherewith my kind and youth did stain it;
body found a grave where to contain it:
heet could hide my face, but not my sin,
· fame finds never tomb t' enclose it in.

nd which is worse, my soul is now denied
r transport to the sweet Elysian rest,
e joyful bliss for ghosts repurified,
e ever-springing gardens of the bless'd:
ıron denies me waftage with the rest,
d says, my soul can never pass the river,
l lovers sighs on Earth shall it deliver.

o shall I never pass; for how should I
›cure *this* sacrifice amongst the living?

Time hath long since worn out the memory
Both of my life, and lives unjust depriving,
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reviving.
Rosamond hath little left her but her name,
And that disgrac'd, for time hath wrong'd the same,

"No Muse suggests the pity of my case,
Each pen doth overpass my just complaint,
Whilst others are preferr'd, though far more base;
Shore's wife is grac'd, and passes for a saint;
Her legend justifies her foul attaint:
Her well-told tale did such compassion find,
That she is pass'd, and I am left behind.

"Which seen with grief, my miserable ghost,
(Whilome invested in so fair a veil,
Which, whilst it liv'd, was honour'd of the most;
And being dead, gives matter to bewail)
Comes to solicit thee (whilst others fail)
To take this task, and in thy woful song
To form my case, and register my wrong.

"Although I know thy just lamenting Muse,
Toil'd in the affection of thine own distress,
In others' cares hath little time to use,
And therefore may'st esteem of mine the less;
Yet as thy hopes attend happy redress:
The joys depending on a woman's grace,
So move thy mind, a woful woman's case.

"Delia may hap to deign to read our story,
And offer up her sighs amongst the rest,
Whose merit would suffice for both our glory,

Whereby thou might'st be grac'd and I be bless'd,
That indulgence would profit me the best:
Such pow'r she hath by whom thy youth is led,
To joy the living, and to bless the dead.

"So I (through beauty) made the woful'st wight,
By beauty might have comfort after death;
That dying fairest, by the fairest might
Find life above on Earth, and rest beneath:
She that can bless us with one happy breath,
Give comfort to thy Muse to do her best,
That thereby thou may'st joy, and I may rest."

Thus said, forthwith mov'd with a tender care
And pity (which myself could never find)
What she desir'd my Muse deign'd to declare,
And therefore will'd her boldly tell her mind:
And I (more willing) took this charge assign'd,
Because her griefs were worthy to be known,
And telling hers, might apt forget mine own.

"Then write," quoth she, "the ruin of my youth,
Report the downfall of my slipp'ry state;
Of all my life reveal the simple truth,
To teach to others what I learnt too late;
Exemplify my frailty, tell how fate
Keeps in eternal dark our fortunes hidden,
And e'er they come to know them 't is forbidden.

"For whilst the sunshine of my fortune lasted,
I joy'd the happiest warmth, the sweetest heat,
That ever yet imperious beauty tasted;
I had what glory ever flesh could get;
But this fair morning had a shameful set;

Disgrace dark'd honour, sin did cloud my brow,
As note the sequel, and I'll tell thee how.

" The blood I stain'd was good, and of the best;
My birth had honour, and my beauty fame;
Nature and fortune join'd to make me bless'd,
Had I had grace t' have known to use the same.
My education show'd from whence it came,
And all concurr'd to make me happy first,
That so great hope might make me more accurs'd.

" Happy liv'd I, whilst parents' eye did guide
The indiscretion of my feeble ways;
And country home kept me from being ey'd,
Where best, unknown, I spent my sweetest days,
Till that my friends mine honour sought to raise
To higher place, which greater credit yields,
Deeming such beauty was unfit for fields.

" From country then to court I was prefer'd,
From calm to storms, from shore into the deeps:
There, where I perish'd, where my youth first err'd,
There, where I lost the flower which honour keeps,
There, where the worser thrives, the better weeps:
Ah me! (poor wench) on this unhappy shelf,
I grounded me, and cast away myself.

" There, where as frail and tender beauty stands,
With all assaulting powers environed;
Having but prayers and weak feeble hands
To hold their honour's fort unvanquished;
There where to stand, and be unconquered,
Is to b' above the nature of our kind.
That cannot long, for pity, be unkind,

"For thither com'd, when years had arm'd my youth,
With rarest proof of beauty ever seen:
When my reviving eye had learnt the truth,
That it had power to make the winter green.
And flour affections, whereas none had been;
Soon could I teach my brow to tyrannize,
And make the world do homage to mine eyes.

"For age I saw (though years with cold conceit
Congeal'd their thoughts against a warm desire,)
Yet sigh their want, and look at such a bait:
I saw how youth was wax before the fire;
I saw by stealth, I fram'd my look a lyre,
Yet well perceiv'd how fortune made me then
The envy of my sex, and wonder unto men.

"Look how a comet, at the first appearing,
Draws all men's eyes with wonder to behold it;
Or as the saddest tale, at sudden hearing,
Takes silent, list'ning unto him that told it;
So did my speech, when rubies did unfold it;
So did the blazing of my blush appear,
T' amaze the world that holds such sighs so dear.

"Ah, Beauty! syren, fair enchanting good,
Sweet silent rhetoric of persuading eyes;
Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood,
More than the words or wisdom of the wise;
Still harmony, whose diapason lies
Within a brow; the key which passions move
To ravish sense, and play a world in love.

"What might I then not do whose power is such?
What cannot women do that know their power?

What women know it not (I fear too much)
How bliss or bale lies in their laugh or lour?
Whilst they enjoy their happy blooming flower,
Whilst nature decks them in their best attires
Of youth and beauty, which the world admires.

"Such one was I, my beauty was mine own;
No borrow'd blush, which bankrupt beauties seek,
That new-found shame, a sin to us unknown;
Th' adulterate beauty of a falsed cheek,
Vile stain to honour, and to women eke;
Seeing that time our fading must detect,
Thus with defect to cover our defect.

"Impiety of times, chastity's abator,
Falsehood, wherein thyself thyself deniest;
Treason to counterfeit the seal of Nature,
The stamp of Heaven, impressed by the highest;
Disgrace unto the world, to whom thou liest:
Idol unto thyself, shame to the wise,
And all that honour thee idolatrize.

"Far was that sin from us, whose age was pure,
When simple beauty was accounted best;
The time when women had no other lure
But modesty, pure cheeks, a virtuous breast,
This was the pomp wherewith my youth was bless'd:
These were the weapons which mine honour won,
In all the conflicts which mine eyes begun;

"Which were not small, I wrought on no mean object,
A crown was at my feet, sceptres obey'd me;
Whom fortune made my king, love made my subject,

did command the land, most humbly pray'd
me,
y the Second, that so highly weigh'd me;
d well (by proof) the privilege of beauty,
it had power to countermand all duty.

after all his victories in France,
ll the triumphs of his honour won;
itch'd by sword, was vanquish'd by a glance,
hotter wars within his breast begun:
, whom whole legions of desires drew on;
ist all which, my chastity contends
force of honour, which my shame defends.

armour might be found that could defend
piercing rays of crystal pointed eyes;
ratagem, no reason could amend,
ot his age; (yet old men should be wise)
hows deceive, outward appearance lies.
one for seeming so think saints of others;
ll are men, and all have suck'd their mothers.

o would have thought a monarch would have
'd his hand-maid of so mean estate, [ever
re ambition feeding on his liver,
aving worn his pleasures out of date?
ap comes never, or it comes too late:
uch a dainty, which his youth found not,
his feeble age did chance a lot.

fortune! never absolutely good,
hat some cross still counter-checks our luck;
re behold th' incompatible blood
e and youth, was that whereon we stuck,
e loathing we from Nature's breasts do suck;

As opposite to what our blood requires,
For equal age doth equal like desires.

"But mighty men in highest honour sitting,
Nought but applause and pleasure can behold:
Sooth'd in their liking, careless what is fitting,
May not be suffer'd once to think they 're old:
Not trusting what they see, but what is told.
Miserable fortune to forget so far
The state of flesh, and what our frailties are.

"Yet must I need excuse so great defect,
For, drinking of the Lethe of mine eyes,
He's forc'd to forget himself, and all respect
Of majesty, whereon his state relies:
And now of loves and pleasures must devise.
For thus reviv'd again, he serves and su'th,
And seeks all means to undermine my youth.

"Which never by assault he could recover,
So well encamp'd in strength of chaste desires:
My clean-arm'd thoughts repell'd an unchaste lover.
The crown that could command what it requires,
I lesser priz'd than chastity's attires.
Th' unstain'd veil, which innocents adorns,
Th' unguarded rose, defended with the thorns.

"And safe mine honour stood, till that in truth,
One of my sex, of place and nature bad,
Was set in ambush to entrap my youth.
One in the habit of like frailty clad,
One who the liv'ry of like weakness had.
A seeming matron, yet a sinful monster,
As by her words the chaster sort may construe.

" She set upon me with the smoothest speech
That court and age could cunningly devise:
Th' one authentic, made her fit to teach,
The other learn'd her how to subtilize.
Both were enough to circumvent the wise.
A document that well might teach the sage,
That there 's no trust in youth, nor hope in age.

" 'Daughter,' said she, 'behold thy happy chance,
That hast the lot cast down into thy lap,
Whereby thou may'st thy honour great advance,
Whilst thou, unhappy, wilt not see thy hap:
Such fond respect thy youth doth so inwrap,
T' oppose thyself against thine own good fortune,
That points thee out, and seems thee to importune.

" 'Dost thou not see, how that thy king (thy Jove)
Lightens forth glory on thy dark estate:
And showers down gold and treasure from above,
Whilst thou dost shut thy lap against thy fate?
Fie, fondling, fie! thou wilt repent too late
The errour of thy youth; that canst not see
What is thy fortune that doth follow thee.

" 'Thou must not think thy flower can always flourish,
And that thy beauty will be still admir'd;
But that those rays which all these flames do nourish,
Cancell'd with time, will have their date expir'd,
And men will scorn what now is so desir'd.
Our frailties' doom is written in the flowers,
Which flourish now, and fade e'er many hours.

" ' Read in my face the ruins of my youth,
The wreck of years upon my aged brow;
I have been fair (I must confess the truth)
And stood upon as nice respects as thou;
I lost my time, and I repent it now.
But were I to begin my youth again,
I would redeem the time I spent in vain.

" ' But thou hast years and privilege to use them,
Thy privilege doth bear beauty's great seal;
Besides, the law of Nature doth excuse them,
To whom thy youth may have a just appeal.
Esteem not fame more than thou dost thy weal.
Fame (whereof the world seems to make such
Is but an echo, and an idle voice. [choice)

" ' Then why should this respect of honour bound
In th' imaginary list of reputation? [us,
Tities which cold severity hath found us,
Breath of the vulgar, foe to recreation:
Melancholy's opinion, custom's relation;
Pleasure's plague, beauty's scourge, Hell to the fair,
To leave the sweet for castles in the air.

" ' Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceiv'd,
Honour, a thing without us, not our own;
Whereof we see how many are bereav'd,
Which should have reap'd the glory they had sown:
And many have it, yet unworthy, known.
So breathes his blast this many-headed beast,
Whereof the wisest have esteemed least.

" ' The subtle city-women, better learn'd,
Esteem them chaste enough that best seem so:

Who though they sport, it shall not be discern'd,
Their face berays not what their bodies do;
'T is wary walking that does safeliest go.
With show of virtue, as the cunning knows,
Babes are beguil'd with sweets, and men with shows.

" 'Then use thy talent, youth shall be thy warrant,
And let not honour from thy sports detract;
Thou must not fondly think thyself transparent,
That those who see thy face can judge thy fact,
Let her have shame that cannot closely act,
And seem the chaste, which is the chiefest art,
For what we seem each see, none knows our heart.

" 'What, dost thou stand on this, that he is old?
Thy beauty hath the more to work upon,
Thy pleasure's want shall be supply'd with gold,
Cold age dotes most, when heat of youth is gone:
Enticing words prevail with such a one.
Alluring shows most deep impression strikes,
For age is prone to credit what it likes.'

" Here interrupt, she leaves me in a doubt,
When lo! began the combat in my blood,
Seeing my youth environ'd round about,
The ground uncertain where my reasons stood;
Small my defence to make my party good.
Against such powers which were so surely laid,
To overthrow a poor unskilful maid.

" Treason was in my bones, myself conspiring
To sell myself to lust, my soul to sin:
Pure blushing shame was even in retiring,
Leaving the sacred hold it gloried in.

Honour lay prostrate for my flesh to win,
When cleaner thoughts my weakness gan upbray
Against myself, and shame did force me say;

" 'Ah! Rosamond, what doth thy flesh prepare?
Destruction to thy days, death to thy fame;
Wilt thou betray that honour held with care,
T' entomb with black reproach a spotted name?
Leaving thy blush, the colours of thy shame?
Opening thy feet to sin, thy soul to lust,
Graceless to lay thy glory in the dust?

" 'Nay, first let the Earth gape wide to swallow thee,
And shut thee up in bosom with her dead,
Ere serpent tempt thee taste forbidden tree,
Or feel the warmth of an unlawful bed,
Suffering thyself by lust to be misled;
So to disgrace thyself and grieve thine heirs,
That Clifford's race should scorn thee one of theirs.

" 'Never wish longer to enjoy the air,
Than that thou breath'st the breath of chastity:
Longer than thou preserv'st thy soul as fair
As is thy face, free from impurity.
Thy face, that makes th' admir'd in every eye,
Where Nature's care such rarities enroll,
Which, us'd amiss, may serve to damn thy soul.

" 'But what! he is my king, and may contrain me,
Whether I yield or not, I live defamed.
The world will think authority did gain me,
I shall be judg'd his love, and so be shamed,
We see the fair condemn'd, that never gamed.

And if I yield, 't is honourable shame,
If not, I live disgrac'd, yet thought the same.

" 'What way is left thee then (unhappy maid!)
Whereby thy spotless foot may wander out
This dreadful danger which thou seest is laid,
Wherein thy shame doth compass thee about?
Thy simple years cannot resolve this doubt.
Thy youth can never guide thy foot so even,
But (in despite) some scandal will be given.'

"Thus stood I ballanc'd equally precise,
Till my frail flesh did weigh me down to sin;
Till world and pleasure made me partialize,
And glittering pomp my vanity did win,
When to excuse my fault my lusts begin,
And impious thoughts alleg'd this wanton clause,
That though I sinn'd, my sin had honest cause.

"So well the golden balls cast down before me,
Could entertain my course, hinder my way:
Whereat my wretchless youth stooping to store me,
Lost me the goal, the glory, and the day.
Pleasure had set my well-school'd thoughts to play,
And bid me use the virtue of mine eyes,
For sweetly it fits the fair to wantonize.

"Thus wrought to sin, soon was I train'd from court,
T' a solitary grange, there to attend
The time the king should thither make resort,
Where he love's long desired work should end.
Thither he daily messages doth send,
With costly jewels (orators of love)
Which (ah! too well men know) do women move.

"The day before the night of my defeature,
He greets me with a casket richly wrought;
So rare, that Art did seem to strive with Nature,
T' express the cunning workman's curious thought;
The mystery whereof I prying sought,
And found engraven on the lid above,
Amymone, how she with Neptune strove.

"Amymone, old Danaus' fairest daughter,
As she was fetching water all alone
At Lyrna, whereas Neptune came and caught her,
From whom she striv'd and struggled to be gone,
Bathing the air with cries and pitious moan;
But all in vain, with him she 's forc'd to go,
'T is shame that men should use poor maidens so.

"There might I see described how she lay,
At those proud feet, not satisfy'd with prayer:
Wailing her heavy hap, cursing the day,
In act so pitious to express despair,
And by how much more griev'd, so much more fair
Her tears upon her cheeks (poor careful girl!)
Did seem against the Sun crystal and pearl;

"Whose pure clear streams (which lo so fair appears)
Wrought hotter flames (O miracle of love)
That kindles fire in water, heat in tears,
And make neglected beauty mightier prove,
Teaching afflicted eyes affect to move;
To show that nothing ill becomes the fair,
But cruelty, which yields unto no prayer.

"This having view'd, and therewith something
mov'd,
Figur'd I find within the other squares,
Transformed Io, Jove's dearly lov'd,
In her affliction how she strangely fares.
Strangely distress'd (O beauty, born to cares!
Turn'd to a heifer, kept with jealous eyes,
Always in danger of her hateful spies.

"These precedents presented to my view,
Wherein the presage of my fall was shown,
Might have forewarn'd me well what would ensue,
And others' harms have made me shun mine own;
But fate is not prevented, though foreknown:
For that must hap, decreed by heavenly powers,
Who work our fall, yet make the fault still ours.

"Witness the world, wherein is nothing rifer,
Than miseries unken'd before they come:
Who can the characters of chance decipher,
Written in clouds of our concealed doom?
Which though perhaps have been reveal'd to some,
Yet that so doubtful (as success did prove them)
That men must know they have the Heav'ns above
them.

"I saw the sin wherein my foot was ent'ring;
I saw how that dishonour did attend it;
I saw the shame whereon my flesh was vent'ring,
Yet had I not the power for to defend it;
So weak is sense, when error hath condemn'd it.
We see what's good, and thereto we consent;
But yet we choose the worst, and soon repent.

"And now I come to tell the worst of illness;
Now draws the date of mine affliction near.
Now when the dark had wrapt up all in stillness,
And dreadful black had dispossess'd the clear,
Com'd was the Night (mother of Sleep and Fear,)
Who with her sable mantle friendly covers
The sweet stol'n sport of joyful meeting lovers.

"When, lo! I joy'd my lover, not my love,
And felt the hand of lust most undesir'd;
Enforc'd th' unproved bitter sweet to prove,
Which yields no natural pleasure when 't is hir'd;
Love 's not constrain'd, nor yet of due requir'd;
Judge they who are unfortunately wed,
What 't is to come unto a loathed bed.

"But soon his age receiv'd his short contenting,
And sleep seal'd up his languishing desires;
When he turns to his rest, I to repenting,
Into myself my waking thought retires;
My nakedness had prov'd my senses liars.
Now open'd were mine eyes to look therein,
For first we taste the fruit, then see our sin.

"Now did I find myself unparadis'd,
From those pure fields of my so clean beginning:
Now I perceiv'd how ill I was advis'd,
My flesh gan loath the new-felt touch of sinning;
Shame leaves us by degrees, not at first winning;
For nature checks a new offence with loathing;
But use of sin doth make it seem as nothing.

"And use of sin did work in me a boldness,
And love in him incorporates such zeal,

That jealousy increas'd with age's coldness;
Fearing to lose the joy of all his weal,
Or doubting time his stealth might else reveal,
He 's driven to devise some subtile way,
How he might safeliest keep so rich a prey.

"A stately palace he forthwith did build,
Whose intricate innumerable ways,
With such confused errours, so beguil'd
Th' unguided ent'rers with uncertain strays,
And doubtful turnings kept them in delays;
With bootless labour leading them about,
Able to find no way, nor in, nor out.

"Within the closed bosom of which frame,
That serv'd a centre to that goodly round,
Were lodgings, with a garden to the same,
With sweetest flowers that e'er adorn'd the ground,
And all the pleasures that delight hath found
T' entertain the sense of wanton eyes,
Fuel of love, from whence lust's flames arise.

"Here I enclos'd, from all the world asunder,
The minotaur of Shame kept for disgrace;
The monster of Fortune, and the world's wonder,
Liv'd cloist'red in so desolate a case:
None but the king might come into the place,
With certain maids that did attend my need,
And he himself came guided by a thread.

"O Jealousy! daughter of Envy and Love,
Most wayward issue of a gentle sire;

Foster'd with fears, thy father's joys t' improve;
Mirth-marring monster, born a subtile liar;
Hateful unto thyself, flying thine own desire;
Feeding upon suspect, that doth renew thee;
Happy were lovers if they never knew thee.

"Thou hast a thousand gates thou enterest by,
Condemning trembling passions to our heart:
Hunder'd-ey'd Argus, ever waking spy,
Pale hag, infernal fury, pleasure's smart,
Envious observer, prying in every part;
Suspicious, fearful, gazing still about thee;
O would to God that love could be without thee.

"Thou did'st deprive (through false suggesting [fear)
Him of content, and me of liberty,
The only good that women hold so dear,
And turn'st my freedom to captivity,
First made a prisoner ere an enemy:
Enjoin'd the ransom of my body's shame,
Which, though I paid, could not redeem the same.

"What greater torment ever could have been,
Than to enforce the fair to live retir'd?
For what is beauty if it be not seen?
Or what is 't to be seen, if not admir'd?
And though admir'd, unless in love desir'd?
Never were cheeks of roses, locks of amber,
Ordain'd to live imprison'd in a chamber.

"Nature created beauty for the view,
(Like as the fire for heat, the Sun for light:)
The fair do hold this privilege as due,
By ancient charter, to live most in sight,
And she that is debarr'd it hath not right.

In vain our friends from this do us dehort,
For beauty will be where is most resort.

" Witness the fairest streets that Thames doth visit,
The wondrous concourse of the glitt'ring fair;
For what rare woman, deck'd with beauty, is it,
That thither covets not to make repair?
The solitary country may not stay her.
Here is the centre of all beauties best,
Excepting Delia, left t' adorn the west.

" Here doth the curious, with judicial eyes,
Contemplate beauty gloriously attir'd:
And herein all our chiefest glory lies,
To live where we are prais'd and most desir'd.
O? how we joy to see ourselves admir'd,
Whilst niggardly our favours we discover;
We love to be belov'd, yet scorn the lover.

" Yet would to God my foot had never mov'd
From country safety, from the fields of rest;
To know the danger to be highly lov'd,
And live in pomp to brave among the best:
Happy for me, better had I been bless'd,
If I unluckily had never stray'd,
But liv'd at home a happy country maid.

" Whose unaffected innocency thinks
No guileful fraud, as doth the courtly liver!
She's deck'd with truth; the river where she drinks,
Doth serve her for her glass; her counsel-giver
She loves sincerely, and is loved ever.
Her days are peace, and so she ends her breath,
(True life that knows not what's to die till death.)

" So should I never have been regist'red,
In the black book of the unfortunate;
Nor had my name, enrol'd with maids misled,
Which bought their pleasures at so high a rate:
Nor had I taught (through my unhappy fate)
This lesson (which myself learnt with expense)
How most it hurts, that most delights the sense.

" Shame follows sin, disgrace is duly given;
Impiety will out, never so closely done:
No walls can hide us from the eye of Heaven;
For shame must end what wickedness begun;
Forth breaks reproach when we least think thereon;
And this is ever proper unto courts,
That nothing can be done, but Fame reports.

" Fame doth explore what lies most secret hidden,
Ent'ring the closet of the palace-dweller;
Abroad revealing what is most forbidden:
Of truth and falsehood both an equal teller,
'T is not a guard can serve for to expell her:
The sword of justice cannot cut her wings,
Nor stop her mouth from uttering secret things.

" And this our stealth she could not long conceal,
From her whom such a forfeit most concern'd,
The wronged queen, who could so closely deal,
That she the whole of our practise learn'd,
And watch'd a time when least it was discern'd,
In absence of the king, to wreak her wrong,
With such revenge as she desired long.

" The labyrinth she enter'd by that thread,
That serv'd a conduct to my absent lord;

Left there by chance, reserv'd for such a deed,
Where she surpris'd me whom she so abhorr'd:
Enrag'd with madness, scarce she speaks a word,
But flies with eager fury to my face,
Offering me most unwomanly disgrace.

"Look how a tigress that hath lost her whelp,
Runs fiercely ranging through the woods astray;
And seeing herself depriv'd of hope or help,
Furiously assaults what 's in her way,
To satisfy her wrath (not for a prey;)
So fell she on me in outrageous wise,
As could disdain and jealousy devise.

" And after all her vile reproaches us'd,
She forc'd me take the poison she had brought,
To end the life that had her so abus'd,
And free her fears, and ease her jealous thought;
No cruelty her wrath could leave unwrought;
No spiteful act that to revenge is common;
(No beast being fiercer than a jealous woman.)

" ' Here take,' said she, ' though impudent unclean,
Base graceless strumpet, take this next your heart;
Your love-sick heart, that overcharg'd hath been
With pleasure's surfeit, must be purg'd with art;
This potion hath a power that will convert
To nought those humours that oppress you so;
And, girl, I 'll see you take it ere I go.

" ' What! stand you now amaz'd; retire you back?
Tremble, you minion? come, dispatch with speed;

There is no help, your champion now we lack,
And all these tears you shed will nothing steed;
Those dainty fingers needs must do the deed:
Take it, or I will drench you else by force,
And trifle not, lest that I use you worse.'

" Having this bloody doom from hellish breath,
My wofull eyes on every side I cast;
Rigour about me, in my hand my death,
Presenting me the horrour of my last;
All hope of pity and of comfort past.
No means, no power, no forces to contend,
My trembling hands must give myself my end.

" Those hands that beauty's ministers had been,
They must give death, that me adorn'd of late,
That mouth that newly gave consent to sin,
Must now receive destruction in thereat;
That body which my lust did violate,
Must sacrifice itself, t' appease the wrong.
(So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long.)

" And she no sooner saw I had it taken,
But forth she rushes (proud with victory,)
And leaves m' alone, of all the world forsaken,
Except of Death, which she had left with me.
(Death and myself alone together be.)
To whom she did her full revenge refer.
Oh, poor weak conquest both for him and her!

" Then straight my conscience summons up my sin
T' appear before me in a hideous face;
Now doth the terrour of my soul begin,
When ev'ry corner of that hateful place
Dictates mine errour, and reveals disgrace;

Whilst I remain oppress'd in every part,
Death in my body, horrour at my heart

"'Down on my bed my loathsome self I cast,
The bed that likewise gives in evidence
Against my soul, and tells I was unchaste,
Tells I was wanton, tells I follow'd sense,
And therefore cast, by guilt of mine offence.
Must here the right of Heaven needs satisfy,
And where I wanton lay, must wretched die,

"Here I began to wail my hard mishap,
My sudden, strange, unlook'd-for misery,
Accusing them that did my youth entrap,
To give me such a fall of infamy.
'And poor distressed Rosamond,' said I,
'Is this thy glory got, to die forlorn
In deserts where no ear can hear thee mourn?

"'Nor any eye of pity to behold
The wofull end of thy sad tragedy;
But that thy wrongs unseen, thy tale untold,
Must here in secret silence bury'd lie,
And with thee, thine excuse together die?
Thy sin reveal'd, but thy repentance hid,
Thy shame alive, but dead what thy death did.

"'Yet breathe out to these walls the breath of moan,
Tell th' air thy plants, since men thou canst not tell.
And though thou perish desolate alone,
Tell yet thyself, what thyself knows too well:
Utter thy grief, wherewith thy soul doth swell.

And let thy heart pity thy heart's remorse,
And be thyselfe the mourner and the corse.

"'Condole thee here, clad all in black despair,
With silence only, and a dying bed;
Thou that of late, so flourishing, so fair,
Did'st glorious live, admir'd and honoured:
And now from friends, from succour hither led,
Art made a spoil to lust, to wrath, to death,
And in disgrace, forc'd here to yield thy breath.

"'Did Nature (for this good) ingeniate,
To show in thee the glory of her best;
Framing thine eye the star of thy ill fate,
Making thy face the foe to spoil the rest?
O beauty! thou an enemy profess'd
To chastity, and us that love thee most,
Without thee, how w' are loath'd, and with thee lost!

"'You, you that proud with liberty and beauty,
(And well may you be proud that you be so)
Glitter in court, lov'd and observ'd of duty;
Would God I might to you but ere I go
Speak what I feel, to warn you by my woe,
To keep your feet in cleanly paths of shame,
That not enticing may divert the same.

"'Seeing how 'gainst your tender weakness still,
The strength of wit, and gold, and all is bent;
And all th' assaults that ever might or skill
Can give against a chaste and clean intent;
Ah! let not greatness work you to consent.
The spot is foul, though by a monarch made,
ings cannot privilege what God forbade.

"'Lock up therefore the treasure of your love,
Under the surest keys of fear and shame:
And let no powers have power chaste thoughts to [move,
To make a lawless entry on your fame.
Open to those the comfort of your flame,
Whose equal love shall march with equal pace,
In those pure ways that lead to no disgrace.

"' For see how many discontented beds,
Our own aspiring or our parents' pride
Have caus'd, whilst that ambition vainly weds
Wealth and not love, honour and nought beside:
Whilst marry'd but to titles, we abide
As wedded widows, wanting what we have,
When shadows cannot give us what we crave.

"' Or whilst we spend the freshest of our time,
The sweets of youth inplotting in the air;
Alas! how oft we fall, hoping to climb;
Or whither as unprofitably fair,
Whilst those decays which are without repair,
Make us neglected, scorned, and reprov'd.
(And O, what are we, if we be not lov'd?)

"' Fasten therefore upon occasions fit,
Lest this, or that, or like disgrace as mine,
Do overtake your youth, or ruin it,
And cloud with infamy your beauty's shine:
Seeing how many seek to undermine
The treasury that 's unpossess'd of any;
And hard 't is kept that is desir'd of many.

"' And fly (O fly!) these bed-brokers unclean,
(The monsters of our sex) that make a prey
Of their own kind, by an unkindly mean;

And e'en (like vipers) eating out a way [they
Through th' womb of their own shame, accursed
Live by the death of fame, the gain of sin,
The filth of lust, uncleanness wallows in.

"'As if 't were not enough that we (poor we)
Have weakness, beauty, gold, and men, our foes,
But we must have some of ourselves to be
Traitors unto ourselves, to join with those;
Such as our feeble forces do disclose,
And still betray our cause, our shame, our youth,
To lust, to folly, to mens' untruth.

"'Hateful confounders both of blood and laws,
Vile orators of shame, that plead delight;
Ungracious agents in a wicked cause,
Factors for darkness, messengers of night,
Serpents of guile, devils that do unite
The wanton taste of that forbidden tree,
Whose fruit once pluck'd, will show how foul we
be.

"'You in the habit of a grave aspect,
(In credit by the trust of years) can show
The cunning ways of lust, and can direct
The fair and wily wantons how to go, [so:
Having (your loathsome selves) your youth spent
And in uncleanness ever have been fed,
By the revenue of a wanton bed:

"'By you have been the innocent betray'd,
The blushing fearful bolden'd unto sin,
The wife made subtile, subtile made the maid,
The husband scorn'd, dishonoured the kin;
Parents disgrac'd, children infamous been:

Confus'd our race, and falsify'd our blood,
Whilst fathers' sons possess wrong fathers' good.'

"This, and much more, I would have utter'd then,
A testament to be recorded still,
Sign'd with my blood, subscrib'd with conscience' pen,
To warn the fair and beautiful from ill!
Though I could wish (by the example of my will)
I had not left this note unto the fair,
But dy'd intestate to have had no heir.

"But now the poison, spread through all my veins,
Gan dispossess my living senses quite;
And nought-respecting Death (the last of pains)
Plac'd his pale colours (th' ensign of his might)
Upon his new-got spoil before his right:
Thence chas'd my soul, setting my day ere noon,
When I least thought my joys could end so soon.

"And as convey'd t' untimely funerals,
My scarce cold corse not suffer'd longer stay:
Behold! the king (by chance) returning, falls
T' encounter with the same upon the way,
As he repair'd to see his dearest joy;
Not thinking such a meeting could have been,
To see his love, and seeing been unseen.

"Judge those whom chance deprives of sweetest treasure,
What 't is to lose a thing we hold so dear!
The best delight wherein our soul takes pleasure.
The sweet of life, that penetrates so near.
What passions feels that heart, inforc'd to bear

The deep impression of so strange a sight,
That overwhelms us, or confounds us quite?

" Amaz'd he stands, nor voice nor body stirs;
Words had no passage, tears no issue found,
For sorrow shut up words, wrath kept in tears;
Confus'd effects each other do confound;
Oppress'd with grief, his passion had no bound.
Striving to tell his woes, words would not come;
For light cares speak, when mighty griefs are dumb.

" At length extremity breaks out a way,
Through which, th' imprison'd voice with tears attended,
Wails out a sound that sorrows do bewray;
With arms across, and eyes to Heaven bended,
Vapouring out sighs that to the skies ascended;
Sighs (the poor ease calamity affords) [words.
Which serve for speech, when sorrow wanteth

" ' O Heavens!' quoth he, ' why do mine eyes behold
The hateful rays of this unhappy Sun? [hold
Why have I light to see my sins control'd,
With blood of mine own shame thus wildly done?
How can my sight endure to look thereon?
Why doth not black eternal darkness hide
That from mine eyes, my heart cannot abide?

" ' What saw my life wherein my soul might joy?
What had my days, whom troubles still afflicted,
But only this, to counterpoise annoy?
This joy, this hope, which death hath interdicted;
This sweet, whose loss hath all distress inflicted;

This, that did season all my sour of life,
Vex'd still at home with broils, abroad in strife.

"'Vex'd still at home with broils, abroad in strife,
Dissention in my blood, jars in my bed;
Distrust at board, suspecting still my life,
Spending the night in horrour, days in dread;
(Such life hath tyrants, and this life I led.)
These miseries go mask'd in glittering shows,
Which wise men see, the vulgar little knows.'

"Thus, as these passions do him overwhelm,
He draws him near my body to behold it;
And as the vine married unto the elm,
With strict embraces, so doth he infold it:
And as he in his careful arms doth hold it,
Viewing the face that even death commends,
On senseless lips, millions of kisses spends.

"'Pitiful mouth!' said he, 'that living gav'st
The sweetest comfort that my soul could wish;
O be it lawful now, that dead thou hav'st,
This sorrowing farewell of a dying kiss.
And you fair eyes, containers of my bliss,
Motives of love, born to be matched never,
Entomb'd in your sweet circles, sleep for ever.

"'Ah! how methinks I see Death dallying seeks
To entertain itself in Love's sweet place;
Decayed roses of discolour'd cheeks,
Do yet retain dear notes of former grace:
And ugly Death sits fair within her face;
Sweet remnants resting of vermilion red,
That Death itself doubts whether she be dead.

" ' Wonder of beauty, oh ! receive these plaints,
These obsequies, the last that I shall make thee:
For lo, my soul that now already faints,
(That lov'd thee living, dead will not forsake thee)
Hastens her speedy course to overtake thee.
I'll meet my death, and free myself thereby,
For, ah! what can he do that cannot die ?

" Yet, ere I die, thus much my soul doth vow,
Revenge shall sweeten death with ease of mind:
And I will cause posterity shall know,
How fair thou wert above all woman kind,
And after-ages monuments shall find,
Showing thy beauty's title, not thy name,
Rose of the world, that sweeten'd so the same.'

" This said, though more desirous yet to say,
(For sorrow is unwilling to give over)
He doth repress what grief should else bewray,
Lest he too much his passions should discover,
And yet respect scarce bridles such a lover,
So far transported, that he knows not whither,
For love and majesty dwell ill together.

" Then were my funerals not long deferred,
But done with all the rites pomp could devise,
At Godstow, where my body was interred,
And richly tomb'd in honourable wise,
Where yet as now scarce any note descries
Unto these times, the memory of me,
Marble and brass so little lasting be.

' For those walls, which the credulous devout
And apt-believing ignorant did found,

With willing zeal, that never call'd in doubt,
That time their works should ever so confound,
Lie like confused heaps as under ground.
And what their ignorance esteem'd so holy,
The wiser ages do account as folly.

"And were it not thy favourable lines
Re-edify'd the wreck of my decays,
And that thy accents willingly assigns
Some further date, and give me longer days,
Few in this age had known my beauty's praise.
But thus renew'd, my fame redeems some time,
Till other ages shall neglect thy rhyme.

"Then when confusion in her course shall bring
Sad desolation on the times to come:
When mirthless Thames shall have no swan to sing,
All music silent, and the Muses dumb;
And yet even then it must be known to some,
That once they flourish'd, though not cherish'd so,
And Thames had swans as well as ever Po.

"But here an end, I may no longer stay,
I must return t' attend at Stygian flood:
Yet, ere I go, this one word more I pray,
Tell Delia, now her sigh may do me good,
And will her note the frailty of our blood.
And if I pass unto those happy banks,
Then she must have her praise, thy pen her thanks."

So vanish'd she, and left me to return
To prosecute the terrour of my woes:
Eternal matter for my Muse to mourn,
But yet the world hath heard too much of those,

My youth such errours must no more disclose.
I 'll hide the rest, and grieve for what hath been,
Who made me known, must make me live unseen

ULYSSES AND THE SYREN.

SYREN.

Come, worthy Greek, Ulysses come,
Possess these shores with me,
The winds and seas are troublesome,
And here we may be free.
Here may we sit and view their toil,
That travail in the deep,
Enjoy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleep.

ULYSSES.

Fair nymph, if fame or honour were
To be attain'd with ease,
Then would I come and rest with thee,
And leave such toils as these:
But here it dwells, and here must I,
With danger seek it forth;
To spend the time luxuriously
Becomes not men of worth.

SYREN.

Ulysses, O be not deceiv'd
With that unreal name:
This honour is a thing conceiv'd,
And rests on others' fame.

Begotten only to molest
Our peace, and to beguile
(The best thing of our life) our rest,
And give us up to toil!

ULYSSES.

Delicious nymph, suppose there were
No honour, or report,
Yet manliness would scorn to wear
The time in idle sport:
For toil doth give a better touch
To make us feel our joy;
And ease finds tediousness, as much
As labour yields annoy.

SYREN.

Then pleasure likewise seems the shore,
Whereto tends all your toil;
Which you forego to make it more,
And perish oft the while.
Who may disport them diversly,
Find never tedious day;
And ease may have variety,
As well as action may.

ULYSSES.

But natures of the noblest frame
These toils and dangers please;
And they take comfort in the same,
As much as you in ease:
And with the thought of actions past
Are recreated still:
When pleasure leaves a touch at last,
To show that it was ill.

SYREN.

That doth opinion only cause,
  That 's out of custom bred;
Which makes us many other laws,
  Than ever Nature did.
No widows wail for our delights,
  Our sports are without blood;
The world we see by warlike wights
  Receives more hurt than good.

ULYSSES.

But yet the state of things require
  These motions of unrest.
And these great spirits of high desire
  Seem born to turn them best:
To purge the mischiefs, that increase,
  And all good order mar:
For oft we see a wicked peace,
  To be well chang'd for war.

SYREN.

Well, well, Ulysses, then I see
  I shall not have thee here;
And therefore I will come to thee,
  And take my fortune there.
I must be won that cannot win,
  Yet lost were I not won;
For beauty hath created been
  T' undo, or be undone.

SELECT POEMS

OF

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF DRAYTON.

ICHAEL DRAYTON, the descendant of an an-
ıt family, in Drayton, Leicestershire, and the
of a butcher, according to Aubrey, was born at
ıerton, in Warwickshire, about the year 1563.
ppears from his *Epistle* to Henry Reynold, Esq.
, at the age of ten, he was a considerable pro-
ıt in the Latin, and a page to a person of quality.
find it stated, in Sir Aston Cockayne's *Choice*
ms, that he was, for some time, a student at
ord; but, if he had completed his education at
er University, he would have been noticed by
od. He is said to have shown an early predis-
ition to poetry; and, though the time of his first
lication is not exactly determined, it is agreed
all, that the greater part of his poems were
ın to the world before his thirtieth year.
lis chief patrons were Sir Henry Gooden, and
Walter Aston; the first of whom gave him a
at part of his education; and the second sup-
ted him for many years. In 1593, he published
pastoral *Ideas*; and, not long after, the *Baron's*
rs, *Heroical Epistles, and Legends*. In 1603, he

printed his 'congratulatory poem' on King J accession to the British throne; but it does n pear, that he ever published the verses, in v he condescends to extol, as a poet and a he man who was alike devoid of fancy and of com In 1612, he printed the first part of the *Poly-Ol* in eighteen books; and, ten years afterwards, second part, in twelve books. In 1619, the volume of his poems were published: in 1626, was made Poet Laureat: in 1627, he printed second volume of poems, containing the *Battle Agincourt, Miseries of Queen Margaret, Nymphid the Court of Faeyne, Queen of Cynthia, Shepherd Sirena, Elegies,* and the *Moon-Calf;* and, thre years afterwards, the third appeared, under th title of the *Muses Elysium,* together with the three *Divine Poems, Noah's Flood, Birth and Miracles,* and *David and Goliah.* He died in 1631; and was buried among the poets in Westminster Abbey. A table monument of blue marble, adorned with his laurelled bust, was erected over his grave by the Countess of Dorset; who did a similar honour to Spenser and Daniel. Some pains have been taken to ascertain the author of the inscription. It was at first attributed to Jonson; but it is given to Quarles, in Aubrey's MSS; and surely no one would wish to take from either, the credit of describing the death of a Poet Laureat as the exchange of his official laurel for a crown of glory; or that of telling the 'pious marble' to be a monument to his name, till it was in ruins; and adding, by way of consolation, that the name should, as in duty bound, be thenceforward a monument to the marble. This is justice, whether it be poetry or not.

MICHAEL DRAYTON, ESQUIRE,
A memorable poet of his age,
Exchang'd his laurel for a crown of glory,
1631.

Do, pious marble, let thy readers know
What they, and what their children owe
To Drayton's name, whose sacred dust
We recommend unto thy trust.
Protect his memory and preserve his story:
Remain a lasting monument of his glory;
And when thy ruins shall disclaim
To be the treasurer of his name,
His name that cannot fade shall be
An everlasting monument to thee.

As Aubius Persius Flaccus,' says Meres, in the
's *Treasury*, 'is reputed among all writers to be
an honest life and upright conversation; so
:hael Drayton (*quemtoties honoris et amoris causa
sino*) among scholars, soldiers, poets, and all
ts of people, is held for a man of a virtuous dis-
ition, honest conversation, and well governed
riage, which is almost miraculous among good
s in these declining and corrupt times, when there
othing but roguery in villainous man; and when
:ating and craftiness are counted the cleanest
and the soundest wisdom?' Villainous man has
:n declining any time these four thousand years.
We can assign Drayton to no particular order of
ets; for, so far as he is famous at all, he has
ually distinguished himself under all the Muses,
m a love-lorn sonnet up to what, for a more
scriptive appellation, we must call an epic poem.
e *Poly-Olbion* is a sort of historical, antiquarian,
l topographical chronicle in verse; and is alike
narkable for the prolixity of its narrative, the
gth of its metre, and the variety of its informa-
n. It can hardly be called prose or verse, his-
y or romance, argument or description; but an
omalous cento of all these species of composi-
n; and, although it contains many poetical pas-
es, and much curious detail, its merit as a whole
scarcely make us regret, that he did not com-
:te his design, by extending the poem to Scot-
id. The *Baron's Wars* are liable to the same

objections with the *Poly-Olbion:* the *Legends* and *Heroical Epistles* are in a much better taste; and the *Nymphidia* is among the best specimens of the wild and whimsical in the language. It is said to have suggested Shakespeare's witches in Macbeth. His *Idias*, *Sonnets*, and *Divine Poems*, are not distinguished by any peculiar excellence; and his general merits are so well expressed by Mr. Headly, that we shall spare ourselves the trouble of delineating them in our own language. Drayton 'possessed great command of his abilities. He has written no masques; his personifications of the passions are few; and the allegorical view which the popularity of Spenser's works may fairly be supposed to have rendered fashionable, and which overruns our earlier poetry, but seldom occurs in him. While his cotemporary Jonson peopled his pages with the heathen mythology, and gave our language new idiomes, by the introduction of latinisms, Drayton adopted a style, that, with a few exceptions, the present age may peruse without difficulty, and not unfrequently mistake for its own offspring. In a most pedantic æra he was unaffected, and seldom exhibits his learning at the expense of his judgment.' The latter observation must be confined to particular passages; for, as applied to whole poems, the *Poly-Olbion* is an everlasting monument of the contrary.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

NYMPHIDIA:

THE COURT OF FAIRY.

Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell,
Mad Rablais of Pantagruel,
A later third of Dowsabel,
With such poor trifles playing:
Others the like have labour'd at,
Some of this thing, and some of that,
And many of they know not what,
But that they must be saying.

Another sort there be, that will
Be talking of the FAIRIES still,
Nor never can they have their fill,
As they were wedded to them:
No tales of them their thirst can slake,
So much delight therein they take,
And some strange thing they fain would make,
Knew they the way to do them.

Then since no Muse hath been so bold,
Or of the latter, or the old,

Those elvish secrets to unfold,
Which lie from others' reading;
My active Muse to light shall bring
The court of that proud fairy king,
And tell there of the revelling,
Jove prosper my proceeding.

And thou Nymphidia, gentle fay,
Which meeting me upon the way,
These secrets didst to me bewray,
Which now I am in telling:
My pretty light fantastic maid,
I here invoke to thee my aid,
That I may speak what thou hast said,
In numbers smoothly swelling.

This palace standeth in the air,
By necromancy placed there,
That it no tempests needs to fear,
Which way soe'er it blow it:
And somewhat southward tow'rd the noon,
Whence lies a way up to the Moon,
And thence the fairy can as soon
Pass to the Earth below it.

The walls of spiders' legs are made,
Well morticed and finely laid,
He was the master of his trade,
It curiously that builded:
The windows of the eyes of cats,
And for the roof, instead of slats,
Is cover'd with the skins of bats,
With moonshine that are gilded.

Hence Oberon, him sport to make,
(Their rest when weary mortals take,

And none but only fairies wake)
Descendeth for his pleasure:
And Mab, his merry queen, by night
Bestrides young folks that lie upright,
(In elder times the mare that hight)
With plagues them out of measure.

Hence shadows, seeming idle shapes,
Of little frisking elves and apes,
To earth do make their wanton scapes,
As hope of pastime hastes them:
Which maids think on the hearth they see,
When fires well-near consumed be,
There dancing hays by two and three,
Just as their fancy casts them.

These make our girls their slutt'ry rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe,
The house for cleanly sweeping:
And in their courses make that round,
In meadows and in marshes found,
Of them so call'd the Fairy-ground,
Of which they have the keeping.

These, when a child haps to be got,
Which after proves an idiot,
When folk perceive it thriveth not,
The fault therein to smother:
Some silly doating brainless calf,
That understands things by the half,
Say, that the fairy left this aulf,
And took away the other.

But listen, and I shall you tell
A chance in Fairy that befell,
Which certainly may please some well,
In love and arms delighting:
Of Oberon, that jealous grew
Of one of his own fairy crew,
Too well (he fear'd) his queen, that knew,
His love but ill requiting.

Pigwiggen was this fairy knight,
One wond'rous gracious in the sight
Of fair queen Mab, which day and night
He amorously observed:
Which made king Oberon suspect
His service took too good effect,
His sauciness he often check'd,
And could have wish'd him starv'd.

Pigwiggen gladly would commend
Some token to queen Mab to send,
If sea or land him aught could lend,
Were worthy of her wearing;
At length this lover doth devise,
A bracelet made of emmets' eyes,
A thing he thought that she would prize,
No whit her state impairing.

And to the queen a letter writes,
Which he most curiously indites,
Conjuring her, by all the rites
Of love, she would be pleased
To meet him her true servant, where
They might without suspect or fear
Themselves to one another clear,
And have their poor hearts eased.

"At midnight the appointed hour,
And for the queen a fitting bow'r,"
Quoth he, "is that fair cowslip flow'r,
On Hipcut-hill that groweth:
In all your train there's not a fay,
That ever went to gather May,
But she hath made it in her way,
The tallest there that groweth."

When by Tom Thum a fairy page
He sent it, and doth him engage,
By promise of a mighty wage,
It secretly to carry:
Which done, the queen her maids doth call,
And bids them to be ready all,
She would go see her summer hall,
She could no longer tarry.

Her chariot ready straight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stay'd,
For nought must her be letting:
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamere,
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excell;
The fair queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning:
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a py'd butterflee,
I trow, 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels compos'd of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For fear of rattling on the stones,
With thistle-down they shod it:
For all her maidens much did fear,
If Oberon had chanc'd to hear,
That Mab his queen should have been there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice,
Until her maids, that were so nice,
To wait on her were fitted,
But ran herselfe away alone;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
As she had been diswitted.

Hop, and Mop, and Drap so clear,
Pip, and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab their sovereign dear,
Her special maids of honour;
Fib, and Tib, and Pinck, and Pin,
Tick, and Quick, and Jill, and Jin,
Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Win,
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grass-hopper they got,
And what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
But after her they hie them,
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow,
Themselves they wisely could bestow,
Lest any should espy them.

But let us leave queen Mab a while,
Through many a gate, o'er many a style,
That now had gotten by this while,
Her dear Pigwiggen kissing;
And tell how Oberon doth fare,
Who grew as mad as any hare,
When he had sought each place with care,
And found his queen was missing

By grisly Pluto he doth swear,
He rent his clothes, and tore his hair,
And as he runneth here and there,
An acorn cup he getteth;
Which soon he taketh by the stalk,
About his head he lets it walk,
Nor doth he any creature balk,
But lays on all he meeteth.

The Tuscan poet doth advance
The frantic Paladine of France,
And those more ancient do inhance
Alcides in his fury,
And others Ajax Telamon:
But to this time there hath been none
So bedlam as our Oberon,
Of which I dare assure ye.

nd first encount'ring with a wasp,
e in his arms the fly doth clasp,
i tho' his breath he forth would grasp,
Him for Pigwiggen taking:
Where is my wife, thou rogue?" (quoth he)
igwiggen she is come to thee;
tore her, or thou dy'st by me."
Whereat the poor wasp, quaking,

Cries, " Oberon, great fairy king,
Content thee, I am no such thing;
I am a wasp, behold my sting!"
At which the fairy started.
When soon away the wasp doth go,
Poor wretch was never frighted so,
He thought his wings were much too slow,
O'erjoy'd they so were parted.

He next upon a glow worm light,
(You must suppose it now was night)
Which, for her hinder part was bright,
He took to be a devil,
And furiously doth her assail
For carrying fire in her tail;
He thrash'd her rough coat with his flail,
The mad king fear'd no evil.

" Oh!" (quoth the glow worm) " hold thy hand,
Thou puissant king of Fairy-land,
Thy mighty strokes who may withstand?
Hold, or of life despair I."
Together then herself doth roll,
And tumbling down into a hole,
She seem'd as black as any coal,
Which vext away the fairy.

From thence he ran into a hive,
Amongst the bees he letteth drive,
And down their combs begins to rive,
All likely to have spoiled;
Which with their wax his face besmear'd,
And with their honey daub'd his beard;
It would have made a man affear'd,
To see how he was moiled.

A new adventure him betides:
He met an ant, which he bestrides,
And post thereon away he rides,
Which with his haste doth stumble,
And came full over on her snout,
Her heels so threw the dirt about,
For she by no means could get out,
But over him doth tumble.

And being in this piteous case,
And all beslurried head and face,
In runs he in this wildgoose chase,
As here and there he rambles,
Half blind, against a mole-hill hit,
And for a mountain taking it,
For all he was out of his wit,
Yet to the top he scrambles.

And being gotten to the top,
Yet there himself he could not stop,
But down on th' other side doth chop,
And to the foot came tumbling:
So that the grubs therein that bred,
Hearing such turmoil over head,
Thought surely they had all been dead,
So fearful was the jumbling.

And falling down into a lake,
Which him up to the neck doth take,
His fury it doth somewhat slake,
He calleth for a ferry:
Where you may some recovery note,
That was his club he made his boat,
And in his oaken cup doth float,
As safe as in a wherry.

Men talk of the adventures strange
Of Don Quishot, and of their change,
Through which he armed oft did range,
Of Sancha Pancha's travel:
But should a man tell every thing,
Done by this frantic fairy king,
And them in lofty numbers sing,
It well his wits might gravel.

Scarce set on shore, but therewithal
He meetheth Puck, which most men call
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall
With words from phrenzy spoken:
"Hoh, hoh," quoth Hob, "God save thy grace.
Who dress'd thee in this piteous case?
He thus that spoil'd my sov'reign's face,
I would his neck were broken."

This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us;
And leading us, makes us to stray
Long winter's nights out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us.

"Dear Puck," quoth he, "my wife is gone;
As ere thou lovs't king Oberon,
Let every thing but this alone,
With vengeance and pursue her:
Bring her to me alive or dead;
Or that vile thief Pigwiggen's head;
That villain hath defil'd my bed.
He to this folly drew her."

Quoth Puck, " My liege, I'll never lin,
But I will thorough thick and thin,
Until at length I bring her in,
My dearest lord, ne'er doubt it."
Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough mier,
Thorough water, thorough fier,
And thus goes Puck about it.

This thing Nymphidia overheard,
That on this mad king had a guard,
Not doubting of a great reward,
For first this bus'ness broaching;
And through the air away doth go
Swift as an arrow from the bow,
To let her sovereign Mab to know
What peril was approaching.

The queen, bound with love's pow'rfull'st charm,
Sat with Pigwiggen arm in arm;
Her merry maids, that thought no harm,
About the room were skipping:
A humble-bee, their minstrel, play'd
Upon his hautbois, ev'ry maid
Fit for this revel was array'd,
The hornpipe neatly tripping.

In comes Nymphidia, and doth cry,
" My sovereign, for your safety fly,
For there is danger but too nigh,
I posted to forewarn you:
The king hath sent Hobgoblin out,
To seek you all the fields about,
And of your safety you may doubt,
If he but once discern you."

When like an uproar in a town,
Before them every thing went down;
Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,
'Gainst one another justling:
They flew about like chaff i' th' wind;
For haste some left their masks behind,
Some could not stay their gloves to find;
There never was such bustling.

Forth ran they by a secret way,
Into a brake that near them lay,
Yet much they doubted there to stay,
Lest Hob should hap to find them:
He had a sharp and piercing sight,
All one to him the day and night,
And therefore were resolv'd by flight
To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanc'd to find a nut,
In th' end of which a hole was cut,
Which lay upon a hazel root,
There scatter'd by a squirrel,
Which out the kernel gotten had:
When quoth this fay, "Dear queen, be glad,
Let Oberon be ne'er so mad,
I'll set you safe from peril.

"Come all into this nut," quoth she,
"Come closely in, be rul'd by me,
Each one may here a chooser be,
For room ye need not wrestle,
Nor need ye be together heapt."
So one by one therein they crept,
And lying down, they soundly slept,
And safe as in a castle.

Nymphidia, that this while doth watch,
Perceiv'd if Puck the queen should catch,
That he would be her over-match,
Of which she well bethought her;
Found it must be some powerful charm,
The queen against him that must arm,
Or surely he would do her harm,
For throughly he had sought her.

And list'ning if she aught could hear,
That her might hinder, or might fear;
But finding still the coast was clear,
Nor creature had descry'd her:
Each circumstance and having scan'd,
She came thereby to understand,
Puck would be with them out of hand,
When to her charms she hy'd her.

And first her fern-seed doth bestow,
The kernel of the misletoe;
And here and there as Puck should go,
With terrour to affright him,
She nightshade straws to work him ill,
Therewith her vervain and her dill,
That hind'reth witches of their will,
Of purpose to despite him.

Then sprinkles she the juice of rue,
That groweth underneath the yew,
With nine drops of the midnight dew,
From lunary distilling;
The molewarp's brain mixt therewithal,
And with the same the pismire's gall:
For she in nothing short would fall,
The fairy was so willing.

Then thrice under a brier doth creep,
Which at both ends was rooted deep,
And over it three times she leapt,
Her magic much availing:
Then on Proserpina doth call,
And so upon her spell doth fall,
Which here to you repeat I shall,
Not in one tittle failing.

"By the croaking of the frog;
By the howling of the dog;
By the crying of the hog
Against the storm arising;
By the evening curfeu-bell;
By the doleful dying knell;
O let this my direful spell,
Hob, hinder thy surprising.

"By the mandrakes dreadful groans;
By the Lubricans sad moans;
By the noise of dead men's bones
In charnel-houses rattling;
By the hissing of the snake,
The rustling of the fire-drake,
I charge thee this place forsake,
Nor of queen Mab be prattling.

"By the whirlwind's hollow sound,
By the thunder's dreadful stound,
Yells of spirits under ground,
I charge thee not to fear us:
By the scritch-owl's dismal note,
By the black night-raven's throat,
I charge thee, Hob, to tear thy coat
With thorns, if thou come near us,"

Her spell thus spoke, she stept aside,
And in a chink herself doth hide,
To see thereof what would betide,
For she doth only mind him:
When presently she Puck espies,
And well she mark'd his gloating eyes,
How under every leaf he pries,
In seeking still to find them.

But once the circle got within,
The charms to work do straight begin,
And he was caught as in a gin:
For as he thus was busy,
A pain he in his head-piece feels,
Against a stubbed tree he reels,
And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels:
Alas! his brain was dizzy.

At length upon his feet he gets,
Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,
And as again he forward sets,
And through the bushes scrambles,
A stump doth trip him in his pace,
Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
And lamentably tore his case
Amongst the briers and brambles.

Plague upon queen Mab," quoth he,
And all her maids, where'er they be;
think the devil guided me,
To seek her, so provoked."
When stumbling at a piece of wood,
He fell into a ditch of mud,
Where to the very chin he stood,
In danger to be choked.

Now worse than e'er he was before,
Poor Puck doth yell, poor Puck doth roar,
That wak'd queen Mab, who doubted sore
Some treason had been wrought her:
Until Nymphidia told the queen
What she had done, what she had seen,
Who then had well near crack'd her spleen
With very extreme laughter.

But leave we Hob to clamber out,
Queen Mab and all her fairy rout,
And come again to have a bout
With Oberon yet madding:
And with Pigwiggen now distraught,
Who much was troubled in his thought,
That he so long the queen had sought,
And through the fields was gadding.

And as he runs, he still doth cry,
"King Oberon, I thee defy,
And dare thee here in arms to try,
For my dear lady's honour:
For that she is a queen right good,
In whose defence I'll shed my blood,
And that thou in this jealous mood
Hast laid this slander on her."

And quickly arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
Yet could it not be pierced:
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well near of two inches long:
The pile was of a horsefly's tongue,
Whose sharpness naught reversed.

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fish's scale,
That when his foe should him assail,
No point should be prevailing.
His rapier was a hornet's sting,
It was a very dangerous thing;
For if he chanc'd to hurt the king,
It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
Yet it did well become him:
And for a plume, a horse's hair,
Which being tossed by the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
Ere he himself could settle:
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

When soon he met with Tomalin,
One that a valiant knight had been,
And to great Oberon of kin:
Quoth he, "Thou manly fairy,
Tell Oberon I come prepar'd,
Then bid him stand upon his guard;
This hand his baseness shall reward,
Let him be ne'er so wary.

"Say to him thus, that I defy
His slanders and his infamy,
And as a mortal enemy
Do publicly proclaim him:
Withal, that if I had mine own,
He should not wear the fairy crown,
But with a vengeance should come down:
Nor we a king should name him."

This Tomalin could not abide,
To hear his sovereign villify'd;
But to the fairy court him hy'd,
Full furiously he posted,
With ev'ry thing Pigwiggen said;
How title to the crown he laid,
And in what arms he was array'd,
And how himself he boasted.

'Twixt head and foot, from point to point,
He told the arming of each joint,
In every piece how neat and quaint;
For Tomalin could do it:
How fair he sat, how sure he rid;
As of the courser he bestrid,
How manag'd, and how well he did.
The king, which listen'd to it,

Quoth he, "Go, Tomalin, with speed,
Provide me arms, provide my steed,
And every thing that I shall need,
By thee I will be guided:
To straight account call thou thy wit,
See there be wanting not a whit,
In ev'ry thing see thou me fit,
Just as my foe's provided."

this news through Fairy-land,
/e queen Mab to understand
at that was then in hand
xt those men so mighty:
:atly she began to rue,
; that all fairy knew,
ıccasion from her grew,
ese affairs so weighty.

:, attended with her maids,
'ogs, and mists, and damps she wades,
pine the queen of shades,
eat, that it would please her
into her hands to take,
ıt love and friendship's sake,
thereof an end to make,
h of much care would ease her.

ere let we Mab alone,
we to king Oberon,
d to meet his foe is gone,
roud Pigwiggen crying:
ht the fairy king as fast,
o well his journies cast,
rrived at the last,
uissant foe espying.

ıalin came with the king,
n doth on Pigwiggen bring,
:ct were in ev'ry thing
ngle fights belonging:
fore they themselves engage,
:m exercise their rage,
and comely equipage,
ne the other wronging.

So like in arms these champions were,
As they had been a very pair,
So that a man would almost swear
That either had been either:
Their furious steeds began to neigh,
That they were heard a mighty way:
Their staves upon their rests they lay;
Yet ere they flew together,

Their seconds minister an oath,
Which was indifferent to them both,
That on their knightly faith and troth,
No magic them supplied;
And sought them that they had no charms,
Wherewith to work each other's harms,
But came with simple open arms,
To have their causes tried.

Together furiously they ran,
That to the ground came horse and man;
The blood out of their helmets span,
So sharp were their encounters:
And tho' they to the earth were thrown,
Yet quickly they regain'd their own;
Such nimbleness was never shown:
They were two gallant mounters.

When in a second course again,
They forward came with might and main,
Yet which had better of the twain,
The seconds could not judge yet:
Their shields were into pieces cleft,
Their helmets from their heads were reft,
And to defend them nothing left,
These champions would not budge yet.

Away from them their staves they threw,
Their cruel swords they quickly drew,
And freshly they the fight renew,
They every stroke redoubled:
Which made Proserpina take heed,
And make to them the greater speed,
For fear lest they too much should bleed,
Which wond'rously her troubled.

When to th' infernal Styx she goes,
She takes the fogs from thence that rose,
And in a bag doth them enclose,
When well she had them blended:
She hies her then to Lethe spring,
A bottle and thereof doth bring,
Wherewith she meant to work the thing
Which only she intended.

Now Proserpine with Mab is gone
Unto the place where Oberon
And proud Pigwiggen, one to one,
Both to be slain were likely:
And there themselves they closely hide,
Because they would not be espy'd;
For Proserpine meant to decide
The matter very quickly.

And suddenly unties the poke,
Which out of it sent such a smoke,
As ready was them all to choke,
So grievous was the pother:
So that the knights each other lost,
And stood as still as any post,
Tom Thum nor Tomalin could boast
Themselves of any other.

But when the mist 'gan somewhat cease,
Proserpina commandeth peace,
And that awhile they should release
Each other of their peril:
" Which here," quoth she, " I do proclaim
To all, in dreadful Pluto's name,
That as ye will eschew his blame,
You let me hear the quarrel.

" But here yourselves you must engage,
Somewhat to cool your spleenish rage,
Your grievous thirst and to asswage,
That first you drink this liquor;
Which shall your understandings clear,
As plainly shall to you appear,
Those things from me that you shall hear,
Conceiving much the quicker."

This Lethe water, you must know,
The memory destroyeth so,
That of our weal, or of our woe,
It all remembrance blotted,
Of it nor can you ever think:
For they no sooner took this drink,
But nought into their brains could sink,
Of what had them besotted.

King Oberon forgotten had,
That he for jealousy ran mad;
But of his queen was wond'rous glad,
And ask'd how they came thither.
Pigwiggen likewise doth forget
That he queen Mab had ever met,
Or that they were so hard beset,
When they were found together.

Nor either of 'em both had thought,
That e'er they had each other sought,
Much less that they a combat fought,
But such a dream were loathing.
Tom Thum had got a little sup,
And Tomalin scarce kiss'd the cup,
Yet had their brains so sure lockt up,
That they remember'd nothing.

Queen Mab and her light maids the while
Amongst themselves do closely smile,
To see the king caught with this wile,
With one another jesting:
And to the Fairy-court they went,
With mickle joy and merriment,
Which thing was done with good intent;
And thus I left them feasting.

THE MOON-CALF.

Stultorum plena sunt omnia.

"HELP! neighbours, help! for God's sake come with speed!
For of your help there never was such need.
Midwives, make haste, and dress ye as ye run;
Either come quickly, or we're all undone!
The World's in labour, her throws come so thick,
That with the pangs she's waxt stark lunatic."
"But whither? whither?" one was heard to cry.
She that call'd thus, doth presently reply,
"Do ye not see, in ev'ry street and place,
The general World now in a piteous case?"
Up got the gossips, and for very haste
Some came without shoes, some came all unlac'd,

As she had first appointed them, and found
The World in labour, dropt into a swound:
Wallowing she lay, like to a boist'rous hulk,
Dropsy'd with riots, and her big-swoln bulk
Stuff'd with infection, rottenness, and stench;
Her blood so fir'd, that nothing might it quench
But the asp's poison, which stood by her still,
That in her drought she often us'd to swill.
Clothed she was in a fool's coat and cap
Of rich embroider'd silks, and in her lap
A sort of paper puppets, gauds, and toys,
Trifles scarce good enough for girls and boys,
Which she had dandled, and with them had play'd,
And of this trash her only god had made.
"Out and alas!" quoth one the rest among,
"I doubt me, neighbours, we have stay'd too long!
Pluck off your rings, lay me your bracelets by,
Fall to your bus'ness, and that speedily;
Or else I doubt, her spirits consume so fast,
That ere the birth, her strength will quite be past."
But when more wistly they did her behold,
There was not one that once durst be so bold
As to come near her, but stood all amaz'd,
Each upon other silently and gaz'd;
When as her belly they so big do see,
As if a tun within the same should be;
And heard a noise and rumbling in her womb,
As at the instant of the general doom:
Thunder and earthquakes raging, and the rocks
Tumbling down from their sites, like mighty blocks
Roll'd from huge mountains, such a noise they make,
As tho' in sunder Heaven's huge ax-tree brake,
They either poles their heads together pasht,
And all again into the chaos dasht.

Some of slight judgment, that were standing by,
Said, it was nothing but a tympany;
Others said, sure she human help did want,
And had conceived by an elephant;
Or some sea-monster, of a horrid shape,
Committed with her by some violent rape:
Others, more wise, and noting very well
How her huge womb did past all compass swell,
Said, certainly (if that they might confess her)
It would be found some devil did possess her.
Thus while they stood, and knew not what to do,
"Women," quoth one, "why do you trifle so?
I pray you, think but wherefore ye came hither;
Shall womb and burthen perish both together?
Bring forth the birth-stool—no, let it alone—
She is so far beyond all compass grown,
Some other new device us needs must stead,
Or else she never can be brought to bed.
Let one that hath some execrable spell,
Make presently her entrance into Hell,
Call Hecate and the damn'd Furies hither,
And try if they will undertake together
To help the sick World." One is out of hand
Dispatch'd for Hell, who by the dread command
Of pow'rful charms brought Hecate away;
Who knowing her bus'ness, from herself doth lay
That sad aspect she wont to put on there
In that black empire, and doth now appear
As she's Lucina, giving strength and aid
In birth to women; mild as any maid,
Full of sweet hope her brow seem'd, and her eyes
Darting fresh comfort, like the morning skies.
Then came the Furies with their bosoms bare,
Save somewhat cover'd with their snaky hair,

In wreaths contorted, mumbling hellish charms,
Up to the elbows naked were their arms.
Megera, eld'st of these damn'd female fiends,
Gnawing her wrists, biting her fingers' ends,
Enter'd the first; Tisiphone the next,
As to revenge her sister throughly vext,
In one hand bare a whip, and in the other
A long-shape knife; the third, which seem'd to smother
Her manner of revenge, cast such an eye,
As well near turn'd to stone all that stood by,
Her name Alecto, which no plague doth rue,
Nor never leaves them whom she doth pursue.
The women pray the goddess now to stand
Auspicious to them, and to lend her hand
To the sick World; which willingly she granted:
But at the sight, as altogether daunted,
From her clear face the sprightly vigour fled,
And but she saw the women hard bestead,
Out she had gone, nor one glance back had shot,
Till Heav'n or Hell she o'er her head had got;
Yet she herself retires next to the door.
The gossips, worse than e'er they were before,
At their wits' end, know not which way to take;
At length the World beginning to awake
Out of the trance, in which she lay as dead,
And somewhat raising her unwieldy head,
To bright Lucina call'd for help, that she
Now in her travail would propitious be.
The goddess, not from feeling of her woe,
Only to see with what the World might go,
As she is dreaded Hecate, having power
Of all that keep Hell's ugly baleful bower,
Commands the Furies to step in and aid her,
And be the midwives till they safe had laid her.

hose pleasure as they were about,
· housewife pertly stepping out,
Hold a while, and let the quean alone;
natter, let her lie and groan:
r still to't, we'll do the best we can
ut of her certainly the man
wns the bastard: for there's not a nation
with her committed fornication;
her base and common prostitution,
e by this unnatural pollution.
a mean for women thus abus'd,
t this time may very well be us'd,
this case, when people do desire
· the truth, yet doubtful of the sire,
the woman most of life doth doubt her,
us throws, to those that are about her,
is then at the last cast disclos'd,
ıral father is to be suppos'd;
just law doth faithfully decide,
the nursing he is to provide:
re let's see what in her pangs she'll say,
t this bastard on the land we lay."
:'d her counsel, and their help deny'd,
: her lie and languish till she dy'd,
o them she truly would confess
'd her belly with this foul excess.
!" quoth she, "the Devil dress'd me thus,
my riot, whilst that incubus
t on my weakness, and, by him beguil'd,
is the father of the child:
ument, my apish imitation
monstrous and prodigious fashion,
my weakness; women, it was she,
s the bawd betwixt the fiend and me·

That this is true, it on my death I take;
Then help me, women, even for pity's sake."
When ominous signs to show themselves began,
That now at hand this monstrous birth fore-ran:
About at noon flew the affrighted owl,
And dogs in corners set them down to howl;
Bitches and wolves, these fatal signs among,
Brought forth most monstrous and prodigious young;
And from his height the earth refreshing Sun,
Before his hour his golden head doth run
Far under us, in doubt his glorious eye
Should be polluted with this prodigy.
A panic fear upon the people grew,
But yet the cause there was not one that knew,
When they had heard this; a short tale to tell,
The Furies straight upon their bus'ness fell,
And long it was not ere there came to light
The most abhorred, the most fearful sight
That ever eye beheld, a birth so strange,
That at the view it made their looks to change.
"Women," quoth one, "stand off, and come not near it;
The Devil, if he saw it, sure would fear it:
For by the shape, for ought that I can gather,
The child is able to affright the father."
"Out!" cries another; "now, for God's sake, hide it,
It is so ugly, we may not abide it!
The birth is double, and grows side to side,
That human hand it never can divide;
And in this wond'rous sort as they be twins,
Like male and female, they be Androgynes:

The man is partly woman, likewise she
Is partly man, and yet in face they be
Full as prodigious as in parts; the twin
That is most man, yet in the face and skin
Is all mere woman: that which most doth take
From weaker woman, nature seems to make
A man in show, thereby as to define,
A feminine man, a woman masculine,
Before bred nor begot; a more strange thing
That ever Nile yet into light could bring,
Made as creation merely to despite,
Nor man, nor woman, scarce hermaphrodite.
Afric, that's said, mother of monsters is,
Let her but show me such a one as this,
And then I will subscribe (to do her due)
And swear that what is said of her is true."
Quoth one, "'Tis monstrous, and for nothing fit;
And, for a monster, quick let's bury it."
"Nay," quoth another, "rather make provision,
If possible, to part it by incision,
For were it parted, for ought I can see,
Both man and woman it may seem to be."
"Nay," quoth a third, "that must be done with cost,
And were it done our labour is but lost:
For when w' have wrought the utmost that we can,
He's too much woman, and she's too much man:
Therefore, as 'tis a most prodigious birth,
Let it not live here to pollute the earth."
"Gossip," quoth the last, "your reason I deny,
Tis more by law than we can justify;
For sire and dam have certainly decreed,
That they will have more comfort of their seed:

For he begot it, and 'twas born of her,
And out of doubt they will their own prefer.
Therefore, good women, better be advis'd;
For precious things should not be lightly priz'd.
This Moon-Calf, born under a lucky fate,
May powr'ful prove in many a wealthy state:
And, taught the tongues, about some few years hence
(As now we're all tongue, and but little sense)
It may fall out, for any thing you know,
This Moon-Calf may on great employments go;
When learned men, for noble action fit,
Idly at home (unthought of once) may sit;
A bawd, or a projector, he may prove,
And by his purse so purchasing him love,
May be exalted to some thriving room,
Where seldom good men suffer'd are to come.
What will you say, hereafter when you see
The times so graceless and so mad to be,
That men their perfect human shape shall fly,
To imitate this beast's deformity?
Nay, when you see this monster, which you now
Will hardly breath upon the Earth allow,
In his caroche with four white Friezlands drawn,
And he as py'd and garish as the pawn,
With a set face, in which, as in a book,
He thinks the world for grounds of state should look,
When to some greater one, whose might doth awe him,
He's known a verier jade than those that draw [him?
Nay, at the last, the very killing sight,
To see this Calf (as Virtue to despite)

Above just honest men his head to rear,
Nor to his greatness may they once come near?"
  Each ignorant sot, to honour seeks to rise;
But as for Virtue, who did first devise
That title, a reward for her to be,
As most contemned and despised she,
Goes unregarded, that they who should own her,
Dare not take notice ever to have known her:
And but that Virtue, when she seemeth thrown
Lower than Hell, hath power to raise her own
Above the World, and this her monstrous birth,
She long ere this had perish'd from the Earth;
Her fautors banish'd by her foes so high,
Which look so big, as they would scale the sky.
  But seeing no help, why should I thus complain?
Then to my Moon-Calf I return again,
By his dear dam the World so choicely bred,
To whom there is such greatness promised;
For it might well a perfect man amaze,
To see what means the sire and dam will raise
T' exalt their Moon-Calf, and him so to cherish,
That he shall thrive when virtuous men shall perish.
  The drunkard, glutton, or who doth apply
Himself to beastly sensuality,
Shall get him many friends, for that there be
Many in every place just such as he.
The evil love them that delight in ill;
Like have cleav'd to their like, and ever will.
But the true virtuous man (God knows) hath few:
They that his straight and harder steps pursue,
Are a small number scarcely known of any;
"God hath few friends, the Devil hath so many."
  But to return, that ye may plainly see,
That such a one he likely is to be,

And that my words for truth that ye may try,
Of the World's babe, thus do I prophesy:
Mark but the more man of these monstrous twins,
From his first youth, how tow'rdly he begins!
When he should learn, being learn'd to leave the school,
This arrant Moon-Calf, this most beastly fool,
Just to our English proverb shall be seen,
"Scarcely so wise at fifty, as fifteen:"
And when himself he of his home can free,
He to the city comes, where then if he,
And the familiar butterfly his page,
Can pass the street, the ord'nary, and stage,
It is enough; and he himself thinks then
To be the only absolut'st of men.
Then in his cups you shall not see him shrink,
To the grand devil a carouse to drink.
Next to his whore he doth himself apply;
And to maintain his goatish luxury,
Eats capons cook'd at fifteen crowns a piece,
With their fat bellies stuff'd with ambergrise.
And being to travel, he sticks not to lay
His post-caroches still upon his way:
And in some six days' journey doth consume
Ten pounds in suckets and the Indian fume.
For his attire, then foreign parts are sought,
He holds all vile in England that is wrought;
And into Flanders sendeth for the nonce,
Twelve dozen of shirts providing him at once,
Lay'd in the seams with costly lace, that be
Of the smock fashion, whole above the knee;
Then bathes in milk, in which when he hath been,
He looks like one for the preposterous sin,
Put by the wicked and rebellious Jews
To be a pathic in their male-kind stews.

With the ball of 's foot the ground he may not feel,
But he must tread upon his toe and heel:
Doublet and cloke, with plush and velvet lin'd;
Only his head-piece, that is fill'd with wind.
Rags, running horses, dogs, drabs, drink, and dice,
The only things that he doth hold in price:
Yet more than these, naught doth him so delight,
As doth his smooth-chinn'd plump-thigh'd catamite.

Sodom for her great sin that burning sank,
Which at one draught the pit infernal drank,
Which that just God on Earth could not abide,
Hath she so much the devils terrify'd,
As from their seat them will near to exile,
Hath Hell new spew'd her up after this while?
Is she new risen, and her sin agen
Embrac'd by beastly and outrageous men?

Nay, more, he jests at incest, as therein
There were no fault, counts sacrilege no sin:
His blasphemies he useth for his grace,
Wherewith he truth doth oftentimes outface:
He termeth virtue madness, or mere folly;
He hates all high things, and profanes all holy.

Where is thy thunder, God, art thou asleep?
Or to what suffering hand giv'st thou to keep
Thy wrath and vengeance? where is now the strength
Of thy almighty arm, fails it at length?
Turn all the stars to comets, to out-stare
The Sun at noon-tide, that he shall not dare
To look but like a glow-worm, for that he
Can without melting these damnations see.

But this I'll leave, lest I my pen defile:
Yet to my Moon-Calf keep I close the while,
Who by some knave persuaded he hath wit,
When like a brave fool, he to utter it,
Dare with a desperate boldness roughly pass
His censure on those books, which the poor ass
Can never reach to, things from darknes sought,
That to the light with blood and sweat were
brought:
And takes upon him those things to control,
Which should the brainless idiot sell his soul,
All his dull race, and he, can never buy,
With that base pelf, his glorious industry.
Knowledge with him is idle, if it strain
Above the compass of his yesty brain:
Now knows men's worths but by a second hand,
For he himself doth nothing understand;
He would have something, but what 'tis he shows
not:
What he would speak, nay, what to think, he knows
not:
He nothing more than truth and knowledge loathes
And nothing he admires of man, but clothes.
Now for that I thy dotage dare mislike,
And seem so deep into thy soul to strike;
Because I am so plain, thou lik'st not me:
Why now, poor slave, I no more think of thee,
Than of the ordure that is cast abroad,
I hate thy vice more than I do a toad.
Poor is the spirit that fawns on thy applause,
Or seeks for suffrage from thy barbarous jaws.
Misfortune light on him, that aught doth weigh,
Ye sons of Belial, what ye think or say:

Who would have thought, whilst wit sought to advance
Itself so high, damn'd beastly ignorance,
Under the cloke of knowledge, should creep in,
And from desert should so much credit win?
But all this poisonous froth Hell hath let fly,
In these last days, at noble Poesy,
That which hath had both in all times and places,
For her much worth, so sundry sovereign graces;
The language which the spheres and angels speak,
In which their mind they to poor mortals break,
By God's great power, into rich souls infus'd,
By every Moon-Calf lately thus abus'd:
Should all Hell's black inhabitants conspire,
And more unheard-of mischief to them hire,
Such as high Heav'n were able to affright,
And on the noonstead bring a double night,
Than they have done, they could not more disgrace her,
As from the Earth (ev'n) utterly to raze her:
What princes lov'd, by peasants now made hateful
In this our age, so damnably ungrateful:
And to give open passage to her fall,
It is devis'd to blemish her withal,
That th' hideous braying of each barb'rous ass,
In printed letters freely now must pass,
In accents so untuneable and vile,
With other nations as might damn our isle,
If so our tongue they truly understood, [mud.
And make them think our brains were merely
To make her vile and ugly to appear,
Whose natural beauty is divinely clear,
That on the stationer's stall who passing looks,
To see the multiplicity of books

That pester it, may well believe the press,
Sick of a surfeit, spew'd with the excess:
Which breedeth such a dulness through the land,
'Mongst those one tongue who only understand,
Which, did they read those sinewy poems writ,
That are material, relishing of wit,
Wise policy, morality, or story,
Well pourtraying th' ancients and their glory,
These blinded fools, on their base carrion feeding,
Which are (in truth) made ignorant by reading,
In little time would grow to be asham'd,
And blush to hear those lousy pamphlets nam'd,
Which now they study, naught but folly learning,
Which is the cause that they have no discerning,
The good from bad, this ill, that well to know,
Because in ignorance they are nourish'd so.
Who for this hateful trash should I condemn,
They that do utter, or authorise them?
O that the ancients should so careful be
Of what they did impress, and only we
Loosely at random should let all things fly.
Though 'gainst the Muses it be blasphemy!
But yet to happy spirits, and to the wise,
All is but foolish that they can devise;
For when contempt of Poesy is proudest,
Then have the Muses ever sung the loudest.
But to my Calf: who, to be counted prime,
According to the fashion of the time,
Him to associate some buffoon doth get,
Whose brains he still with much expense must whet,
And ever bear about him as his guest,
Who coming out with some ridiculous jest,
Of one perhaps a god that well might be,
If but compar'd with such an ass as he,

patron roars with laughter, and doth cry,
'ake him away, or presently I die!" [know,
ıilst that knave-fool, which well himself doth
iles at the coxcomb, which admires him so;
ı time and wealth thus lewdly that doth spend,
it were lent him to no other end:
til this Moon-Calf, this most drunken puff,
'n like a candle burnt into the snuff,
'd with surfeit, in his own grease fries,
arkles a little, and then stinking dies.
The wealth his father by extortion won,
us in the spending helps to damn the son,
d so falls out indifferently to either,
ıereby in Hell they justly meet together;
d yet the World much joys in her behalf,
d takes no little pleasure in her Calf.
l this declining time the freedom now,
ıich the brave Roman once it did allow,
th wire and whipcord ye should see her pay'd,
l the luxurious whore should be afraid
prostitution; and such lashes given,
make her blood spirt in the face of Heaven,
at men, by looking upwards as they go,
ıuld see the plagues lay'd on her here below.
But now proceed we with the other twin,
ıich is most woman, who shall soon begin
show herself. No sooner got the teens,
t her own natural beauty she disdains;
th oils and broths most venomous and base
: plasters over her well-favour'd face;
d those sweet veins by Nature rightly plac'd,
ıerewith she seem'd that white skin to have
lac'd,

She soon doth alter; and with fading blue
Blanching her bosom, she makes others new,
Blotting the curious workmanship of Nature;
That ere she be arriv'd at her full stature,
Ere she be drest, she seemeth aged grown,
And to have nothing on her of her own.
Her black, brown, auburn, or her yellow hair,
Naturally lovely, she doth scorn to wear;
It must be white, to make it fresh to show,
And with compounded meal she makes it so,
With fumes and powd'rings raising such a smoke,
That a whole region able were to choke:
Whose stench might fright a dragon from his den,
The Sun yet ne'er exhal'd from any fen,
Such pestilentious vapours as arise [curies.
From their French powd'rings, and their mer-
Ireland, if thou wilt able be alone,
Of thine own power to drive out thy Tyrone,
By heaping up a mass of coin together,
Shear thy old wolves, and send their fleeces hither.
Thy white goats' hair, Wales, dearer will be sold
Than silk of Naples, or than thread of gold.
Our water-dogs and islands here are shorn,
White hair of women here so much is worn.
Nay, more than this, they'll any thing endure,
And with large sums they stick not to procure
Hair from the dead, yea, and the most unclean;
To help their pride they nothing will disdain.
Then in attiring her, and in her sleep,
The day's three parts she exercis'd doth keep;
And in ridiculous visits she doth spend
The other fourth part, to no other end
But to take note how such a lady lies,
And to glean from her some deformities,

Which for a grace she holds, and till she get,
She thinks herself to be but counterfeit.
Our merchants from all parts 'twixt either Ind,
Cannot get silk to satisfy her mind;
Nor Nature's perfect'st patterns can suffice
The curious draughts for her embroideries.
She thinks her honour utterly is lost,
Except those things do infinitely cost,
Which she doth wear; nor thinks they can her dress,
Except she have them in most strange excess.
And in her fashion she is likewise thus,
In ev'ry thing she must be monsterous.
Her piccadil above her crown up-bears;
Her fardingale is set above her ears,
Which like a broad sail with the wind doth swell,
To drive this fair hulk headlong into Hell.
After again note, and you shall her see
Shorn like a man; and for that she will be
Like him in all, her congies she will make
With the man's court'sy, and her hat off take,
Of the French fashion; and wear by her side
Her sharp stiletto in a riband ty'd;
Then gird herself close to the paps she shall,
Shap'd breast and buttock, but no waist at all.
But of this She-Calf now to cease all strife,
I'll by example limn her to the life:
Not long ago it was my chance to meet
With such a fury, such a female sprite,
As never man saw yet, except 'twere she,
And such a one as I may never see
Again, I pray; but where I will not name,
For that the place might so partake her shame:

But when I saw her rampant to transcend
All womanhood, I thought her (sure) some fiend;
And to myself my thoughts suggested thus,
That she was gotten by some incubus;
And so remembring an old woman's tale,
As she sat dreaming o'er a pot of ale,
That on a time she did the devil meet,
And knew him only by his cloven feet;
So did I look at her's where she did go,
To see if her feet were not cloven so.
Ten long-tongu'd tapsters in a common inn,
When as the guests to flock apace begin,
When up-stair one, down-stair another hies,
With squeaking clamours and confused cries,
Never did yet make such a noise as she;
That I dare boldly justify, that he
Who but one hour her loud clack can endure,
May undisturbed, safely and secure,
Sleep under any bells, and never hear
Tho' they were rung, the clappers at his ear;
And the long'st night with one sweet sleep beguile,
As tho' he dreamt of music all the while.
The very sight of her, when she doth roar,
Is able to strike dumb the boldest whore
That ever traded: she'll not stick to tell,
All in her life that ever her befell;
How she hath lain with all degrees and ages,
Her ploughboys, scullions, lackies, and some pages,
And swear, when we have said all that we can,
That there is nothing worth a pin in man;
And that there's nothing do so please her mind,
As to see mares and horses do their kind:
And when she's tipsy, howso'er 't offend,
Then all her speech to bawdry doth intend;

en's secrets, and she'll name ye all
the midwives at the Surgeons-hall.
he poor coxcomb her dull husband dead,
durst then this female Moon-Calf wed,
quite put down the Roman, which once
burning gulf, thereby to keep [leapt
ntry from devouring with the flame:
ave we her, of all her sex the shame.
igst the rest at the World's labour, there
od old women most especial were,
had been jolly wenches in their days,
h all the parish and had borne the praise
ry tales; one, mother Redcap hight,
ther Owlet, somewhat ill of sight,
had hurt her eyes with watching late;
iother Bomby, a mad jocund mate
gossipp'd; and with her there came
imer Gurton, a right pleasant dame
best of them: being thus together,
s'ness done for which they had come thither,
olly mother Redcap at the last,
he night is quickly like to waste;
ce the World so kindly now is laid,
child safe, which made us all afraid,
ve a night on 't, wenches; hang up sorrow,
at sleep wants now, take it up to-morrow.
the fire, and let us have our ale,
r our cups let each one tell her tale:
est gossips, and to put you in,
k the ice, and thus doth mine begin.
re was a certain prophesy of old,
to an isle had anciently been told,
er many years were com'n and gone,
then came out, and the set time came on;

Nay, more, it told the very day and hour,
Wherein should fall so violent a show'r,
That it new rivers in the earth should wear,
And drops and bridges quite away should bear;
But where this isle is, that I cannot show,
Let them inquire that have desire to know:
The story leaves out that; let it alone,
And, gossips, with my tale I will go on.
Yet what was worse, the prophecy this spake,
(As to warn men defence for it to make)
That upon whom one drop should chance to lig
They should of reason be deprived quite.
This prophecy had many an age been heard,
But not a man did it one pin regard;
For all to folly did themselves dispose,
(On verier calves the Sun yet never rose)
And of their laughter made it all the theme,
By terming it, the drunken wizard's dream.
There was one honest man, amongst the rest,
That bare more perfect knowledge in his breast,
And to himself his private hours had kept,
To talk with God, whilst others drank or slept,
Who, in his mercy to this man, reveal'd
That which in justice he had long conceal'd
From the rude herd, but let them still run on
The ready way to their destruction.
This honest man the prophecy that noted,
And things therein more curiously had quoted,
Found all those signs were truly come to pass,
That should foreshow this rain, and that it was
Nearly at hand; and from his depth of skill
Had many a time forewarn'd them of their ill,
And preach'd to them this deluge (for their goo
As to th' old world Noe did before the flood,

But lost his labour; and since 'twas in vain
To talk more to those idiots of the rain,
He let them rest, and silent sought about
Where he might find some place of safety out,
To shroud himself in; for right well he knew,
That from this show'r, which then began to brew,
No roof of tile or thatch he could come in
Could serve him from being wet to the bare skin.
At length this man bethought him of a cave
In a huge rock, which likely was to save
Him from the show'r, upon a hill so steep,
As up the same a man could hardly creep;
So that, except Noe's flood should come again,
He never could be raught by any rain:
Thither at length, tho' with much toil he clomb,
List'ning to hear what would thereof become.
It was not long ere he perceiv'd the skies
Settled to rain, and a black cloud arise,
Whose foggy grossness so oppos'd the light,
As it would turn the noonsted into night.
When the wind came about with all his pow'r,
Into the tail of this approaching show'r,
And it to lighten presently began,
Quicker than thought from east to west that ran;
The thunder following did so fiercely rave,
And through the thick clouds with such fury drave,
As Hell had been set open for the nonce,
And all the devils heard to roar at once:
And soon the tempest so outrageous grew,
That it whole hedge-rows by the roots upthrew,
So wond'rously prodigious was the weather,
As Heaven and Earth had meant to go together;
And down the show'r impetuously doth fall,
Like that *which men* the hurricano call;

As the grand deluge had been come again,
And all the world should perish by the rain,
And long it lasted; all which time this man,
Hid in this cave, doth in his judgment scan
What of this inundation would ensue,
For he knew well the prophecy was true:
And when the show'r was somewhat overpast,
And that the skies began to clear at last,
To the cave's mouth he softly put his ear,
To listen if he any thing could hear,
What harm this storm had done, and what becam
Of those that had been soused in the same.
No sooner he that nimble organ lent
To the cave's mouth, but that incontinent
There was a noise, as if the garden bears,
And all the dogs together by the ears,
And those of Bedlam had enlarged been,
And to behold the baiting had come in.
Which when he heard, he knew too well (alas!)
That what had been foretold was come to pass;
Within himself, good man, he reason'd thus;
' 'Tis for our sins this plague is fall'n on us.
Of all the rest, tho' in my wits I be,
(I thank my maker) it grieveth me
To see my country in this piteous case;
Woe's me that ever they so wanted grace!
But when as man once casts off virtue quite,
And doth in sin and beastliness delight,
We see how soon God turns him to a sot.
To show myself yet a true patriot,
I'll in amongst them, and if so that they
Be not accurst of God, yet, yet I may,
By wholesome counsel (if they can but hear)
Make them as perfect as at first they were.'

And thus resolv'd, goes this good poor man down;
When at the entrance of the neighbouring town
He meets a woman with her buttocks bare,
Got up astride upon a wall-ey'd mare,
To run a horse-race, and was like to ride
Over the good man; but he stept aside;
And after her, another that bestrode
A horse of service, with a lance she rode
Arm'd, and behind her on a pillion sat
Her frantic husband, in a broad-brimm'd hat,
A mask and safeguard; and had in his hand
His mad wife's distaff for a riding wand.
Scarce from these mad folk had he gone so far,
As a strong man will eas'ly pitch a bar,
But that he found a youth in tissue brave,
(A daintier man one would not wish to have)
Was courting of a loathsome measled sow,
And, in his judgment swore he must allow
Hers the prime beauty that he ever saw.
Thus was she su'd to (by that prating daw)
Who on a dunghill in the loathsome gore
Had farrowed ten pigs scarce an hour before.
At which this man in melancholy deep,
Burst into laughter, like before to weep.
Another fool, to fit him for the weather, [feather,
Had arm'd his heels with cork, his head with
And in more strange and sundry colours clad,
Than in the rain-bow ever can be had;
Stalk'd through the streets, preparing him to fly
Up to the Moon upon an embassy.
Another seeing his drunken wife disgorge
Her pamper'd stomach, got her to a forge,
And in her throat the feverous heat to quench,
With the smith's horn was giving her a drench.

One his next neighbour halter'd had by force,
So frantic that he took him for a horse,
And to a pond was leading him to drink.
It went beyond the wit of man to think,
The sundry frenzies that he there might see.
One man would to another married be;
And for a curate taking the town bull,
Would have him knit the knot. Another gu
Had found an ape was chained to a stall,
Which he to worship on his knees doth fall;
To do the like and doth his neighbours get,
Who in a chair this ill-fac'd monkey set,
And on their shoulder lifting him on high,
They in procession bear him with a cry;
And him a lord will have at least, if not
A greater man. Another sort had got
About a pedlar, who had lately heard
How with the mad-men of this isle it far'd;
And having nothing in his pack but toys,
Which none except mere madmen and fond b
Would ever touch, thought verily that he
Amongst these Bedlams would a gainer be,
Or else lose all; scarce had he pitch'd his pac
Ere he could scarcely say, 'What do ye lack
But that they throng'd about him with their n
As thick as flies about a pot of honey.
Some of the lunatics, these frantic asses,
Gave him spur-rials for his farthing glasses:
There should you see another of these cattle
Give him a pound of silver for a rattle:
And there another, that would needsly scorse
A costly jewel for a hobby horse.
For bells and babies, such as children small
Are ever us'd to solace them withal,

they did buy at such a costly rate,
t was able to subvert a state.
ı when this wise and sober man beheld,
:ry grief his eyes with tears were swell'd.
that ere I saw this day!' quoth he,
I my native countrymen should see
estate!' When out of very zeal
o his native earth and common weal,
ust amongst them, and thus frames his speech:
)ear countrymen, I humbly ye beseech,
ne a little, and but mark me well.
it is not long since first ye fell
is frenzy, these outrageous fits;
, I pray you, so out of your wits,
ll to mind th' inevitable ill
ıll on ye, if ye continue still
nad and frantic; therefore be not worse
'our brute beasts, to bring thereby a curse
/our nephews, so to taint their blood,
wenty generations shall be woo'd;
is brave land, for wit that hath been fam'd,
le of Idiots after shall be nam'd:
rains are not so craz'd, but leave this riot,
s no question, but with temp'rate diet,
ınsel of wise men, when they shall see
·sperate estate wherein you be,
:h such med'cines as they will apply,
quickly cure your grievous malady.'
he would proceed with his oration,
the chiefest of this Bedlam nation,
old on him, and asks who he should be:
ellow,' quoth this lord; 'where had we thee?
thou to preach to us that be so wise?
wilt thou take upon thee to advise

Us, of whom all underneath the sky
May well be seen to learn frugality?
Why surely, honest fellow, thou art mad.'
Another standing by, swore that he had
Seen him in Bedlam fourteen years ago.
'O,' quoth a third, 'this fellow do I know.
This is an arrant coxcomb, a meer dizard:
If ye remember, this is the same wizzard,
Which took upon him wisely to foretel
The show'r, so many years before it fell;
Whose strong effects being so strange and rare,
Have made us such brave creatures as we are.'
When of this nation all the frantic rout
Fell into laughter the poor man about:
Some made mouths at him, others, as in scorn,
With their forkt-fingers pointed him the horn:
They call'd him ass and dolt, and bade him go
Amongst such fools as he himself was, who
Could not teach them. At which this honest man,
Finding that nought but hate and scorn he wan
Amongst these idiots and their beastly kind,
The poor small remnant of his life behind,
Determineth to solitude to give,
And a true hermit afterwards to live."
The tale thus ended, "Gossips by your leave,"
Quoth mother Bumby, "I do well perceive
The moral of your story, which is this
(Correct me, dame, if I do judge amiss:)
But first I'll tell you, by this honest ale,
In my conceit this is a pretty tale;
And if some handsome players would it take,
It (sure) a pretty interlude would make.
But to the moral: this same mighty shower
Is a plague sent by supernatural power

on the wicked. For when God intends
lay a curse on men's ungodly ends,
understanding he doth them deprive;
hich taken from them, up themselves they give
beastliness; nor will he let them see
ie miserable estate wherein they be.
ie rock, to which this man for safety climbs,
ie contemplation is of the sad times
the declining world. His counsels told
the mad rout, to spoil and baseness sold,
ows, that from such no goodness can proceed:
ho counsels fools, shall seldom better speed."
Quoth mother Redcap, "You have hit it right."
oth she, "I know it, gossip; and to quit
ur tale, another you of me shall have,
erefore awhile your patience let me crave.
Out in the north tow'rds Groenland, far away,
here was a witch, (as ancient stories say)
s in those parts there many witches be:
et in her craft above all other she
as the most expert, dwelling in an isle,
hich was in compass scarce an English mile;
hich by her cunning she could make to float
hither she list, as though it were a boat;
nd where again she meant to have it stay,
here could she fix it in the deepest sea.
he could sell winds to any one that would
uy them for money, forcing them to hold
hat time she listed, tie them in a thread,
hich ever as the seafarer undid,
hey rose or scantled, as his sails would drive,
o the same port whereas he would arrive.
he by her spells could make the Moon to stay,
nd from the east she could keep back the day,

Raise mists and fogs that could eclipse the light,
And with the noonsted she could mix the night.
Upon this isle whereas she had abode,
Nature (God knows) but little cost bestow'd;
Yet in the same some bastard creatures were,
Seldom yet seen in any place but there;
Half men, half goat, there was a certain kind,
Such as we satyrs pourtray'd out to find;
Another sort of a most ugly shape,
A bear in body, and in face an ape;
Other, like beasts, yet had the feet of fowles,
That demi-urchins were, or demi-owls;
Besides, there were of sundry other sorts,
But we'll not stand too long on these reports.
Of all the rest that most resembles man,
Was an o'er-worn ill-favoured Babian;
Which of all other (for that only he
Was full of tricks, as they are us'd to be)
Him in her craft so seriously she taught,
As that in little time she had him brought,
That could afore this ape be set,
That presently he could not counterfeit:
She learnt him med'cines instantly to make;
Him any thing whose shape he pleas'd to take;
And when this skill she had on him bestow'd,
She sent him for intelligence abroad.
Thus fully furnish'd, and by her sent out,
He went to practice all the world about.
He like a gypsy oftentimes would go,
All kinds of gibb'rish he had learnt to know,
And with a stick, a short string, and a noose,
Would show the people tricks at fast and loose:
Tell folks their fortunes, for he would find out
By sly inquiry as he went about,

What chance this one he, or that she had prov'd,
Whom they most hated, or whom most they lov'd,
And looking in their hands, as there he knew it,
Out of his skill would counterfeit to show it.
Sometimes he for a mountebank would pass,
And show you in a crucible of glass
Some rare extraction, presently and run
Through all the cures that he therewith had done.
An aspic still he carri'd in a poke,
Which he to bite him often would provoke,
And with an oil, when it began to swell,
The deadly poison quickly could expel:
And many times a juggler he would be,
(A craftier knave there never was than he)
And by a mist deceiving of the sight,
(As knavery ever falsifies the light)
He by his active nimbleness of hand
Into a serpent would transform a wand,
As those Egyptians, which by magic thought
Far beyond Moses wonders to have wrought.
There never was a subtilty devis'd,
In which this villain was not exercis'd.
Now from this region where they dwelt, not far,
There was a wise and learn'd astronomer,
Who skilful in the planetary hours,
The working knew of the celestial powers,
And by their ill, or by their good aspect,
Men in their actions wisely could direct;
And in the black and gloomy arts so skill'd,
That he e'en Hell in his subjection held;
He could command the spir'ts up from below,
And bind them strongly, till they let him know
All the dread secrets that belong'd them to,
And what those did, with whom they had to do.

This wizard in his knowledge most profound,
Sitting one day the depth of things to sound;
For that the world was brought to such pass,
That it well-near in a confusion was;
For things set right, ran quickly out of frame,
And those awry to rare perfection came:
And matters in such sort about were brought,
The states were puzzled almost beyond thought,
Which made him think (as he might very well)
There were more devils than he knew in Hell:
And thus resolves, that he would cast about
In his best skill to find the engine out
That wrought all this, and put himself therein.
When in this bus'ness long he had not been,
But by the spirits which he had sent abroad,
And in this work had every way bestow'd,
He came to know this foul witch, and her factor,
The one the plotter, and the other th' actor
Of all these stirs, which many a state had spoil'd,
Whereby the world so long had been turmoil'd;
Wherefore he thought it much did him behove,
Out of the way this couple to remove,
Or (out of question) half the world e're long
Would be divided, hers and his among.
When turning over his most mystic books,
Into the secrets of his art he looks;
And th' earth and th' air doth with such magics fill,
That ev'ry place was troubled by his skill;
Whilst in his mind he many a thing revolves,
Till at the last he with himself resolves,
One spirit of his should take the witch's shape,
Another in the person of the ape
Should be join'd with him, so to prove by this,
Whether their pow'r were less, or more, than his;

Which he performs, and to their task them sets,
When soon that spirit, the witch that counterfeits,
Watch'd till he found her far abroad to be,
Into the place then of her home gets he:
And when the Babian came the news to bring
What he had done abroad, and ev'ry thing
Which he had plotted, how their bus'ness went,
And in the rest to know her dread intent,
Where she was wont to call him her dear son,
Her little play-feer, and her pretty bun;
Hug him, and swear he was her only joy,
Her very Hermes, her most dainty boy;
O most strange thing; she chang'd her wonted
And doth to him most terrible appear; [cheer,
And in most fearful shapes she doth him threaten
With eager looks, as him she would have eaten,
That from her presence he was forc'd to fly,
As from his death, or deadly enemy.
When now the second, which the shape doth take
Of the baboon, determining to make
The like sport with him, his best time doth watch,
When he alone the cursed witch might catch;
And when her factor farthest was remote,
Then he began to change his former note;
And where he wont to tell her pleasing stories,
Full of their conquests, triumphs, and their glories,
He turns his tale, and to the witch relates
The strange revolts of tributary states,
Things gotten back, which late they had for prize,
With new discoveries of their policies;
Disgusts and dangers that had cross'd their cunning,
With sad portents, their ruin still forerunning:
That thus the witch and the baboon deceiv'd
Of all their hopes, of all their joys bereav'd,

As in despair do bid the world adieu,
When as the ape, which weak and sickly grew,
On the cold earth his scurvy carrion lays,
And worn to nothing, ends his wretched days:
The filthy hag, abhorring of the light,
Into the north past Thule takes her flight,
And in those deeps, past which no land is found,
Her wretched self she miserably drown'd."

The tale thus ended, mother Owl doth take
Her turn, and thus to mother Bumby spake:
"The tale our gossip Redcap told before,
You so well riddled, that there can no more
Be said of it; and therefore as your due,
What you have done for her, I'll do for you.

"And thus it is: That same notorious witch,
Is the ambition men have to be rich
And great; for which all faith aside they lay,
And to the devil give themselves away.
The floating isle, where she is said to won,
The various courses are through which they run
To get their ends. And by the ape is meant
Those damned villains, made the instrument
To their designs. That wond'rous man of skill,
Sound counsel is; or rather, if you will,
The divine justice, which doth bring to light
Their wicked plots, not raught by common sight:
For tho' they never have so closely wrought,
Yet to confusion lastly they are brought."

"Gossip, indeed you have hit it to a hair;
And surely your morality is rare,"
Quoth mother Bumby. Mother Owl reply'd,
"Come, come, I know I was not very wide:
Wherefore, to quit your tales, and make 'em three,
My honest gossips, listen now to me.

"There was a man not long since dead, but he
Rather a devil might accounted be:
For Judgment, at her best, could hardly scan,
Whether he were more devil, or more man:
And as he was, he did himself apply
T' all kind of witchcraft and black sorcery;
And for his humour naturally stood
To theft, to rapine, and to shedding blood,
By those damn'd hags, with whom he was in grace,
And us'd to meet in many a secret place,
He learnt an herb of such a wond'rous pow'r,
That were it gather'd at a certain hour,
(For nature for the same did so provide,
As tho' from knowledge gladly it to hide,
For at sun-set itself it did disclose,
And shut itself up as the morning rose)
That with thrice saying a strange magic spell,
Which, but to him, to no man they would tell,
When as soe'er that simple he would take,
It him a war-wolf instantly would make;
Which put in practice, he most certain prov'd,
When to a forest he himself remov'd,
Thro' which there lay a plain and common road,
Which he the place chose for his chief abode,
And there this monster sat him down to thieve,
Nothing but stol'n goods might this fiend relieve.
No silly woman by that way could pass,
But by this wolf she surely ravish'd was;
And if he found her flesh were soft and good,
What serv'd for lust, must also serve for food.
Into a village he sometime would get,
And watching there (as for the purpose set)
For little children when they came to play,
The fatt'st he ever bore with him away:

And as the people oft were wont to rise,
Following with hubbubs and confused cries,
Yet was he so well-breathed, and so light,
That he would still outstrip them by his flight;
And making straight to the tall forest near,
Of the sweet flesh would have his junkets there
And let the shepherds do the best they could,
Yet would he venture oft upon the fold;
And taking the fatt'st sheep he there could find,
Bear him away, and leave the dogs behind.
Not could men keep so much as pig or lamb,
But if no sooner could drop from the dam,
By hook or crook but he would surely catch,
Tho' with their weapons all the town should watch.
Amongst the rest there was a silly ass,
That on the way by fortune chanc'd to pass,
Yet (it was true) he in his time had been
A very perfect man in shape and skin;
But by a witch (envying his estate)
That had borne to him a most deadly hate,
Into this shape he was transform'd, and so
From place to place he wander'd to and fro,
And oftentimes was taken for a stray,
And in the pinfold many a time he lay;
Yet held he still the reason that he had
When he was man, altho' he thus was clad
In a poor ass's shape, wherein he goes,
And must indure what Fortune will impose.
Him on his way this cruel wolf doth take,
His present prey determining to make.
He bray'd and roar'd, to make the people hear,
But it fell out, no creature being near,
The silly ass, when he had done his best,
Must walk the common way amongst the rest;

When tow'rds his den the cruel wolf him tugs,
And by the ears most terribly him lugs:
But as God would, he had no list to feed,
Wherefore to keep him still he should have need.
The silly creature, utterly forlorn,
He brings into a brake of briers and thorn,
And so entangles by the mane and tail,
That he might pluck and struggle there, and hale,
Till his breath left him, unless by great chance
Some one might come for his deliverance.
At length the people grievously annoy'd
By this vile wolf, so many that destroy'd,
Determined a hunting they would make,
To see if they by any means could take
This rav'nous war-wolf: and with them they bring
Mastiffs and mongrels, all that in a string
Could he got out, or could but lug a hog;
Ball, Eatall, Cuttail, Blackfoot, bitch and dog.
Bills, bats, and clubs, the angry men do bear;
The women, eager as their husbands were,
With spits and fireforks, sware if they could catch him,
It should go hard but they would soon dispatch him.
This subtle wolf, by passengers that heard
What forces thus against him were prepar'd,
And, by the noise, that they were near at hand,
Thinking this ass did nothing understand,
Goes down into a spring that was hard by,
Which the ass noted, and immediately
He came out perfect man, his wolf's shape left,
In which so long he had committed theft.
The silly ass so wistly then did view him,
And in his fancy so exactly drew him,

That he was sure to own this thief again,
It he should see him 'mongst a thousand men.
This wolf turn'd man, him instantly doth shroud
In a near thicket, till the boist'rous crowd
Had somewhat past him, then he in doth fall
Upon the rear, not any of them all
Makes greater stir, nor seems to them to be
More diligent to find the wolf than he.
They beat each brake and tuft o'er all the ground,
But yet the war-wolf was not to be found;
But a poor ass entangled in the briers,
In such strange sort, as ev'ry one desires
To see the manner, and each one doth gather
How'he was fasten'd so, how he came thither.
The silly ass yet being still in hold,
Makes all the means that possibly he could
To be let loose; he hums, he kneels, and cries,
Shaketh his head, and turneth up his eyes
To move their pity; that some said, 'twas sure
This ass had sense of what he did endure:
And at the last amongst themselves decreed
To let him loose. The ass no sooner freed,
But out he goes the company among,
And where he saw the people thick'st to throng,
There he thrusts in, and looketh round about;
Here he runs in, and there he rusheth out;
That he was likely to have thrown to ground
Those in his way: which when the people found,
Tho' the poor ass they seemed to disdain,
Follow'd him yet, to find what he should mean,
Until by chance that he this villain met,
When he upon him furiously doth set,
Fast'ning his teeth upon him with such strength,
That he could not be loos'd, till at the length

ling them in, the people make a ring,
ıek with the wonder of so strange a thing;
ilst they are cag'd, contending whether can
quer, the ass some cry, some cry the man:
the ass dragg'd him, and still forward drew
r'rds the strange spring, which yet they never
knew;
to what part the struggling seem'd to sway,
people made a lane, and gave them way.
engths the ass had tugg'd him near thereto,
people wond'ring what he meant to do;
seem'd to show them with his foot the well,
n with an ass-like noise he seem'd to tell
story, now by pointing to the men,
n to the thief, then to the spring again:
engths waxt angry, growing into passion,
ause they could not find his demonstration,
:xpress it more, he leaps into the spring,
en on the sudden (O most wond'rous thing!)
change his shape he presently began,
l at an instant became perfect man,
ov'ring speech; and coming forth, accus'd
: bloody murth'rer, who had so abus'd
: honest people, and such harm had done;
ore them all and presently begun,
show them in what danger he had been,
l of this wolf the cruelty and sin,
v he came chang'd again, as he had prov'd.
ereat the people being strangely mov'd,
ıe on the head, some on the back do clap him
l in their arms with shouts and kisses hap him;
:n all at once upon the war-wolf flew,
l up and down him on the earth they drew;

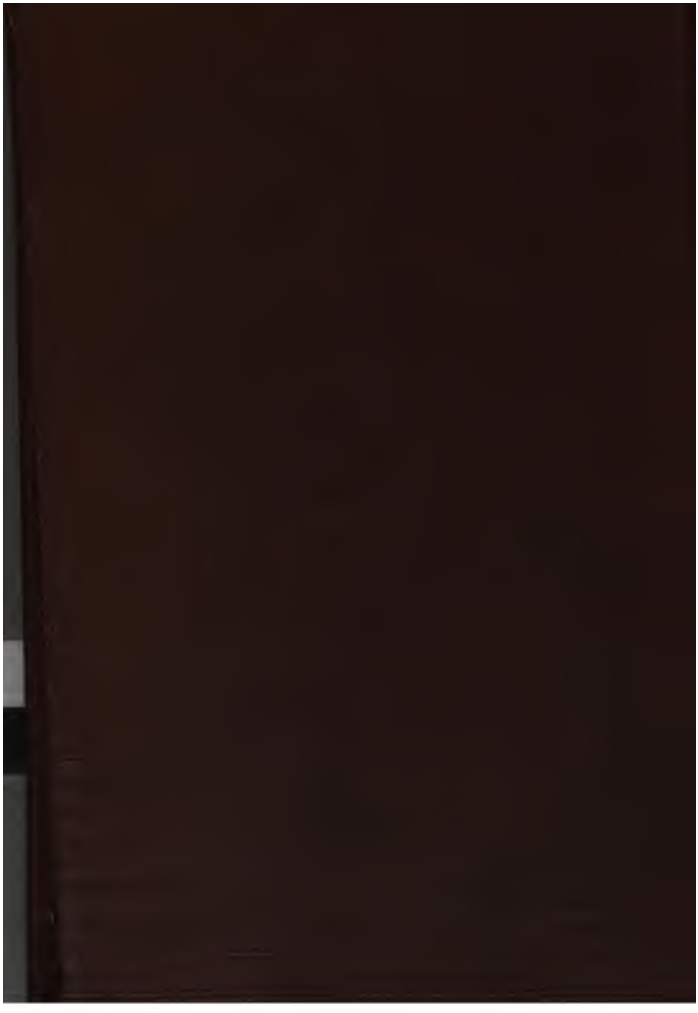
Then from his bones the flesh in collops cut,
And on their weapon's points in triumph put;
Returning back with a victorious song,
Bearing the man aloft with them along."
Quoth gammer Gurton, "On my honest word,
You've told a tale doth much conceit afford,
Good neighbour Owlet, and as ye have done
Each one for other since our tales begun,
And since our stand of ale so well endures,
As you have moral'd Bumby's, I will yours.
The fable of the war-wolf I apply
To a man given to blood and cruelty,
And upon spoil doth only set his rest;
Which by a wolf's shape liveliest is exprest.
The spring, by which he gets his former shape,
Is the evasion after every rape
He hath to start by. And the silly ass,
Which, unregarded, every where doth pass,
Is some just soul, who though the world disdain,
Yet he by God is strangely made the mean
To bring his damned practices to light."
Quoth mother Owlet, "You have hit the white."
"I thought as much," (quoth gammer Gurton:)
"then
My turn comes next, have with you once again.
"A mighty waste there in a country was,
Yet not so great as it was poor of grass.
'Twas said of old, a saint once curst the soil,
So barren and so hungry, that no toil
Could ever make it any thing to bear,
Nor would aught prosper that was planted there.
Upon the earth the spring was seldom seen,
'Twas winter there, when each place else was green;

'hen summer did her most abundance yield,
hat lay still brown as any fallow field;
pon the same some few trees scattering stood,
ut it was autumn ere they us'd to bud;
nd they were crookt and knotty, and the leaves
he niggard sap so utterly deceives,
hat sprouting forth, they drooping hung the head,
nd were near wither'd ere yet fully spread.
o mirthful birds the boughs did ever grace,
or could be won to stay upon that place;
ıly the night-crow sometimes you might see,
oaking, to sit upon some ranpick-tree,
hich was but very seldom too, and then
boded great mortality to men.
ı were the trees, which on that common grew,
ı were the cattle, starvelings; and a few
sses and mules, and they were us'd to gnaw
ıe very earth to fill the hungry maw;
hen they far'd best, they fed on fern and brack,
heir lean shrunk bellies cleav'd up to their back.
f all the rest in that great waste that went,
f those quick carrions the most eminent
as a poor mule, upon that common bred,
nd from his foaling farther never fed;
he summer well-near ev'ry year was past,
re he his ragged winter coat could cast;
nd then the jade would get him to a tree
hat had a rough bark, purposely, where he
ıbbing his buttocks and his either side,
ould get the old hair from his starved side,
nd tho' he were as naked as my nail,
et he would winny then, and wag the tail.

In this short pasture one day as he stood
Ready to faint amongst the rest for food,
Yet the poor beast (according to his kind)
Bearing his nostrils up into the wind,
A sweet fresh feeding thought that he did vent,
(Nothing, as hunger, sharpeneth so the scent;)
For that not far there was a goodly ground,
Which with sweet grass so greatly did abound,
That the fat soil seem'd to be over-fraught,
Nor could bestow the burthen that he brought;
Besides that bounteous Nature did it stick
With sundry sorts of fragrant flow'rs so thick,
That when the warm and balmy south-wind blew,
The luscious smells o'er all the region flew.
Led by his sense, at length this poor jade found
This pasture (fenc'd tho' with a mighty mound,
A pale and quickset circling it about,
That nothing could get in, nor nothing out)
And with himself thus wittily doth cast:
'Well, I have found good pasture yet at last,
If by some means accomplish'd it might be;'
Round with the ditch immediately walks he;
And long tho' 'twas, (good luck ne'er comes too
It was his chance to light upon a gate [late)
That led into it: tho' his hap were good,
Yet was it made of so sufficient wood,
And every bar that did to it belong
Was so well jointed, and so wond'rous strong,
Besides a great lock with a double ward,
That he thereby of entrance was debarr'd,
And thereby hard beset; yet thought at length,
'Twas done by sleight, that was not done by strength.

Fast in the ground his two fore-feet doth get,
Then his hard buttocks to the gate he set,
And thrust, and shook, and labour'd, till at last,
The two great posts, that held the same so fast,
Began to loosen; when again he takes
Fresh foot-hold, and afresh he shakes and shakes,
Till the great hinges to fly off he feels,
And heard the gate fall clatt'ring at his heels;
That neighs and brays with such an open throat,
That all the waste resounded with his note.
The rest, that did his language understand,
Knew well there was some good to them in hand,
And tag and rag thro' thick and thin came running,
Nor dale nor ditch, nor bank nor bushes shunning;
And so desirous to see their good hap,
That with their thronging they stuck in the gap.
Now they bestir their teeth, and do devour
More sweetness in the compass of one hour,
Than twice so many could in twice the time,
For now the spring was in the very prime;
Till prickt with plenty, eas'd of all their lacks,
Their pamper'd bellies swoln above their backs,
They tread and waddle all the goodly grass,
That in the field there scarce a corner was
Left free by them; and what they had not swallow'd,
There they had dung'd, and laid 'em down and wallow'd.
One with another they would lie and play,
And in the deep fog batten all the day,
Thus a long while this merry life they led,
Till ev'n like lard their thicken'd sides were fed.
But on a time the weather being fair,
And season fit to take the pleasant air,

To view his pasture the rich owner went,
And see what grass the fruitful year had sent:
Finding the feeding, for which he had toil'd
To have kept safe, by these vile cattle spoil'd,
He in a rage upon them sets his cur,
But for his bawling not a beast would stir;
Then whoots and shouts, and claps his hands; but he
Might as well move the dull earth, or a tree,
As once but stir them: when all would not do,
Last with his goad amongst them he doth go,
And some of them he grindeth in the haunches,
Some in the flanks, that prickt their very paunches:
But when they felt that they began to smart,
Upon a sudden they together start,
And drive at him as fast as they could ding,
They flirt, they yerk, they backward fluce and fling,
As though the devil in their heels had been,
That to escape the danger he was in,
He back and back into a quagmire by,
Though with much peril, forced was to fly:
But lightly treading thereupon, doth shift,
Out of the bog his cumber'd feet to lift,
When they the peril that do not forecast,
In the stiff mud are quickly stabled fast:
When to the town he presently doth fly,
Raising the neighbours with a sudden cry,
With cords and halters that came all at once,
For now the jades were fitted for the nonce:
For by that time th' had sunk themselves so deep,
That scarce their heads above ground they could keep,

esently they by the necks them bound,
ıey led them to the common pound."
mother Redcap, "Right well have you
ne,
nmer Gurton; and as we begun,
ɔnclude: 'tis time we parted now;
of my morality allow.
mon that you speak of here, say I,
ɡ else but want and beggary,
ɔrld common; and the beasts that go
: same, which oft are famish'd so,
poor, bred in scarcity. The mule,
'r cattle that doth seem to rule,
fty fellow that hath slily found
thrive by. And the fruitful ground
, which he by subtilty doth win;
ssession which not long hath been,
'ith riot and excess doth waste,
ls ill-gotten do consume as fast,
ı the law they lastly do contend,
e last the prison is the end."
gammer Gurton "Well yourself you quit."
he dawn usurp'd upon the night,
ıe window biddeth them good day,
ıey departed each their several way.

END OF VOL. II.